Feb. 8, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

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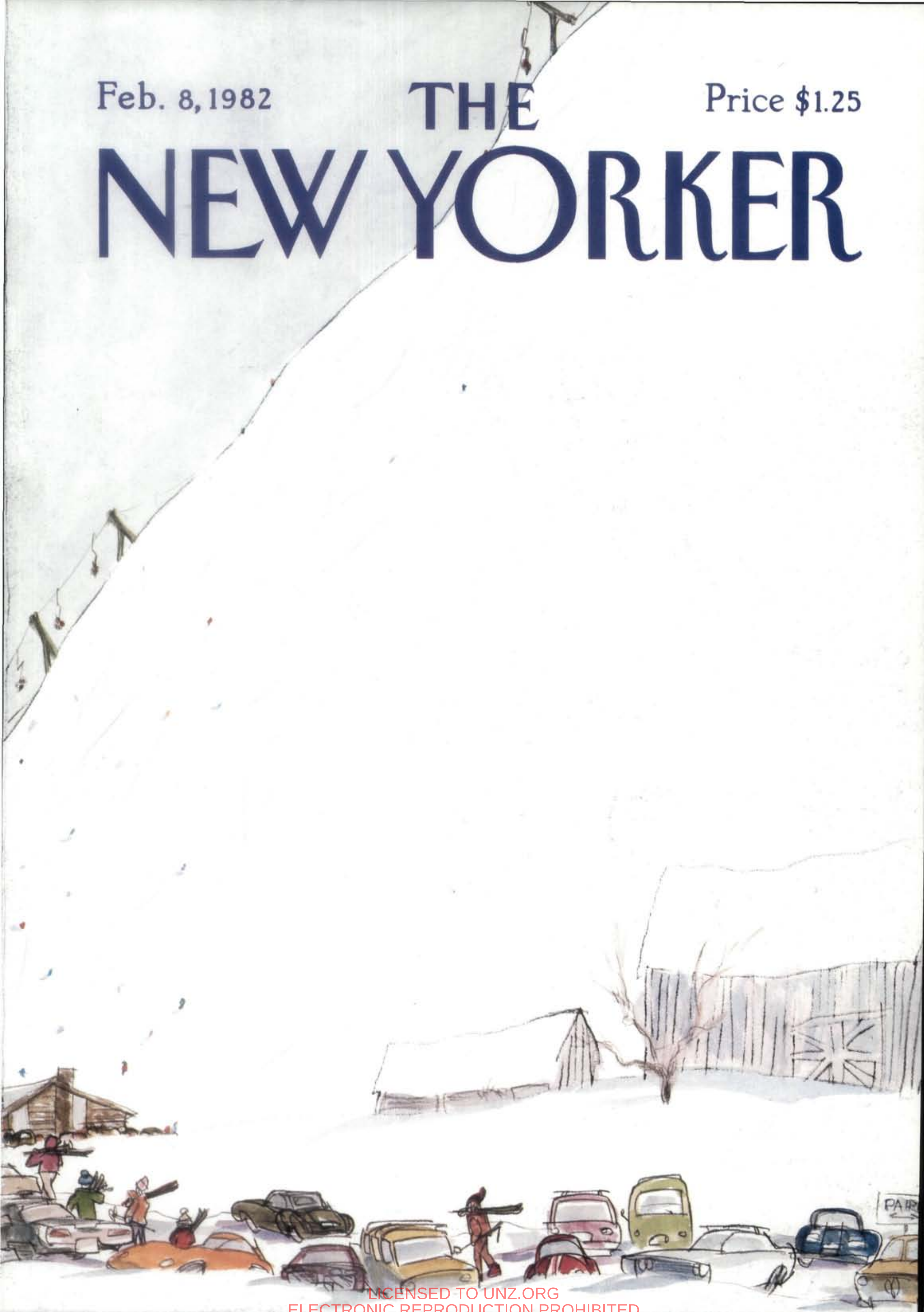

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Brixton Recovery—A play by Jack Gilhooley. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/1/81.) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Confluence—Three frail, sporadically entertaining one-acters, by three generally robust dramatists: John Bishop's eponymous "Confluence;" "Am I Blue," by Beth Henley; and "Thymus Vulgaris," by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The perfect cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Raymond Baker, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Curse of an Aching Heart—William Alfred, who wrote "Hogan's Goat," has returned to the setting of that play—the Irish-Catholic lower depths of a long-since-vanished Brooklyn—but has been content to give us lyrical glimpses of life rather than a robust play. Faye Dunaway is superb in the leading role. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Grown Ups—Jules Feiffer has written an almost plotless play about a neurotic *Times* man and his dreary family. The literary method employed is largely that of furious harangue, with a few Feifferian jokes thrown in. (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The House Across the Street—A play by Darrah Cloud. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 3.)

Keyboard—A play by Matt Robinson, with Cleavon Little as a rhythm-and-blues singer trying to make a comeback. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 7: **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 10: **princess ida.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Me—If this musical (book by Neil Simon, music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh) wasn't a very joyful enterprise when it first played on Broadway, twenty years ago, it has gone off sharply with time. Sex and death are the means by which the heroine makes her way to the top. Mr. Simon's views on women date from the Stone Age. (2/1/82) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Duncan's mistake was to invite himself for a weekend at the Macbeths' country place. The Macbeths were a very

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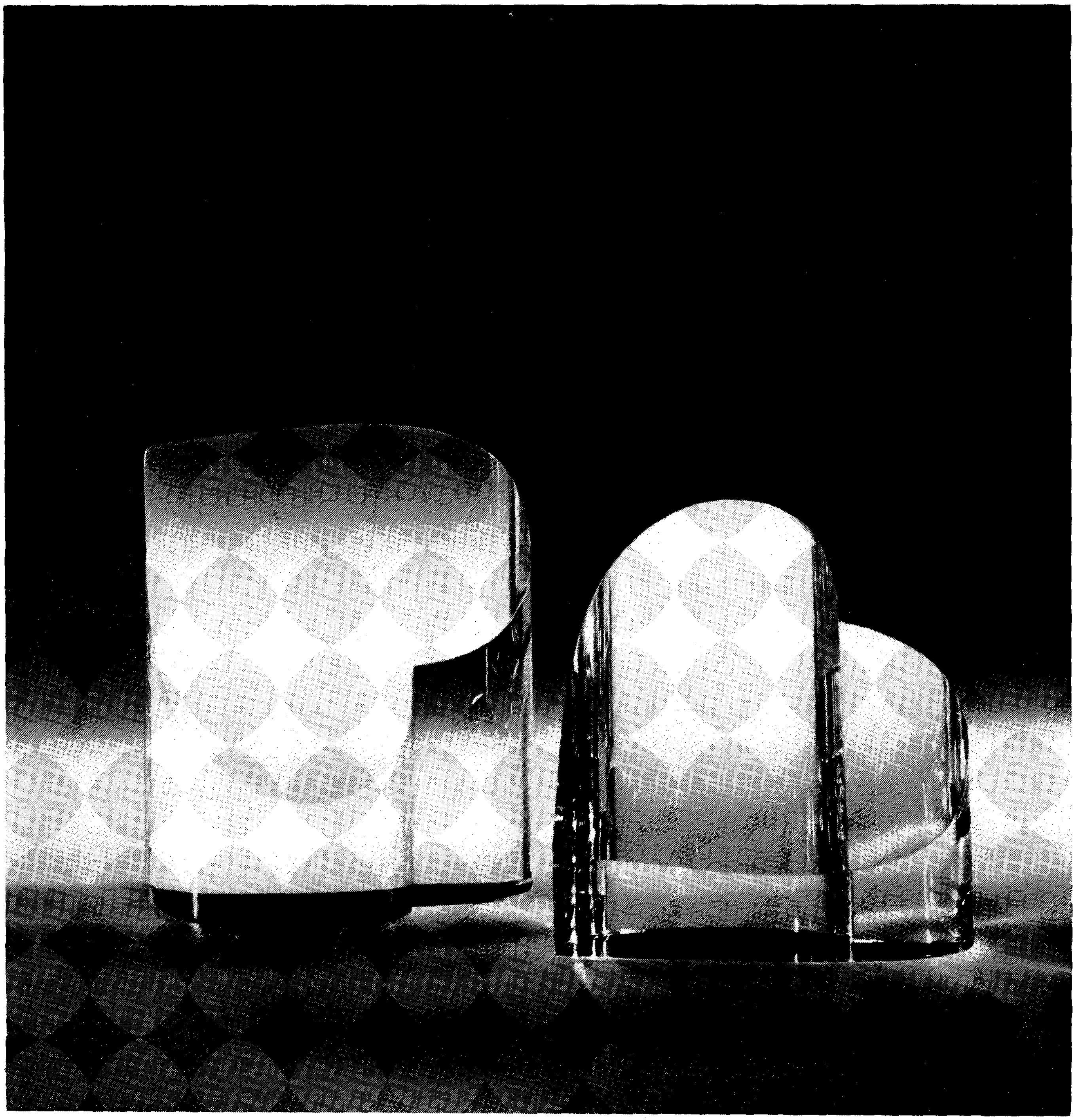

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STEUBEN GLASS

high-strung couple, bent on social advancement. In this production, Nicol Williamson displays his gift for ill-controlled hysteria, and Andrea Weber is his deteriorating consort. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Julie and **Playing with Fire**—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A Soldier's Play** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 14.)

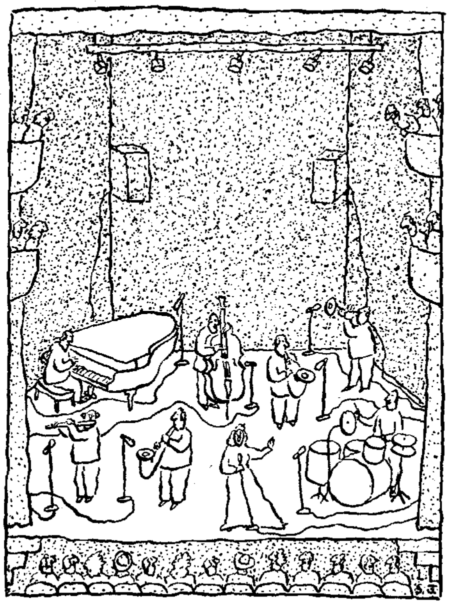
Othello—James Earl Jones and Christopher Plummer in Shakespeare's tragedy. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 3, and will run through Sunday, March 7. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Feb. 4, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—The reappearance of a thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. A Dodger Theatre Company production. Reopens Thursday, Feb. 4. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Special Occasions—Suzanne Pleshette and Richard Mulligan portray a divorced couple in a two-character play by Bernard Slade. Gene Saks is the director. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 7. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Strange Snow—This play about two war-damaged Vietnam veterans and the sister of one of them is in-and-out absorbing (to say nothing of plausible), but the playwright, Steve Metcalfe, surely seems to be in the right profession. With Christopher Curry, Dann Florek, and Kaiulani Lee. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 21.)



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Tomfoolery—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. His performance is stylish and very good, and he is ably supported by, among others, Estelle Getty as his mother on a visit from Miami, and Matthew Broderick, as a street kid he is trying to adopt. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When We Dead Awaken—A decent production of Ibsen's final play, which perhaps requires a little more than that. With Kim Hunter and Anne Twomey at the head of the cast. (2/1/82) (Open Space, 133 Second Ave., at 8th St. 254-8630. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

The World of Sholom Aleichem—A revival of Arnold Perl's dramatization of three stories by Sholom Aleichem and I. L. Peretz. Jack Gilford, who appeared in the original 1953 production, stars. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 11, at 6:45. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zastrozzi—The great Czech actor Jan Triska in a murky drama. (2/1/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Ain't Misbehavin':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Amadeus:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Annie:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **Barnum:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **Children of a Lesser God:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A Chorus Line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Dancin':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Deathtrap:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Evita:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** 9,056 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd Street:** Pleas-

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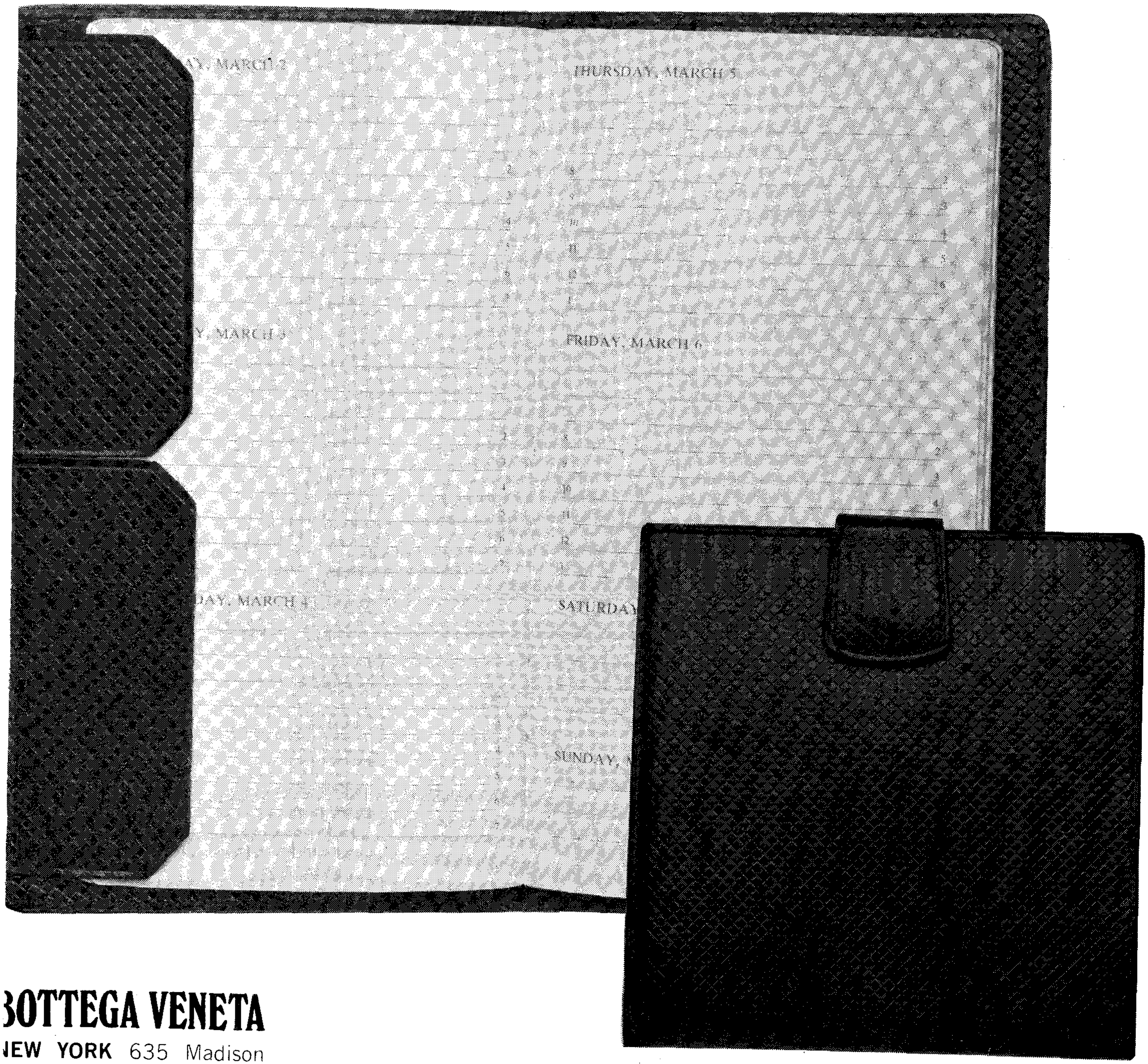

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

antly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Everyman—The medieval morality play performed by the Classical Theatre Ensemble. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6; Thursday, Feb. 11; Saturday, Feb. 13; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 19-20, all at 8.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill and Charlie Tickner. (Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 4, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 6, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 7, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "La Source," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Square Dance," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Agon," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: The new ballet, "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 7: "Capriccio Italien," "The Cage,"

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"Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 7: "La Source," "Irish Fantasy," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Square Dance," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Duo Concertant," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: The new ballet, divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Apollo," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Orpheus," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Chaconne," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "Apollo," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday, Feb. 3, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Songs of the Auvergne," "Banda," and "Mirage." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: "Paquita," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Troy Game." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Equus: the Ballet," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 11-12, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: "Fête Noire," "The Four Temperaments," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

José Limon Dance Company—"Magrite Magrite," "The Moor's Pavane," "Cleopatra," and other dances. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Dancemobile Winter Series—Thursday, Feb. 4: "Jubilee Spirituals" (première), a program of works choreographed by Talley Beatty and presented by a dozen dancers and singers. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5: Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre and La Rocque Bey Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6: International Afrikan-American Ballet and Ladji Camara African Music and Dance Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 7: Newark Dance Theatre and Fred Benjamin Dance Company. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11: Alpha-Omega Dance Company and Dinizulu Dancers & Drummers. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12: Danz, Inc. and Troupe Shango. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13: Philadelphia Dance Company and Al Perryman's Brooklyn Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 14: Rod Rodgers Dance Company and Eleo Pomare Dance Company. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Dance Ensemble—Two programs of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Friday Feb. 5, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2.)

James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company—"The Attic Window," and two premières—"Supper at Home" and "A Crack on the Ceiling." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Two really fine pianists and their trios will hole up here on successive weekends—**KENNY BARRON** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, and **JAKI BYARD** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **RED GARLAND,** Miles Davis's pianist twenty-five years ago, showed up in New York in 1978 after a long absence—he had been playing local gigs in Dallas for some time. Since then, he's been making visits to the city more frequently, drawing large crowds who happily pretended it was 1957 again, and Garland's playing—his unmistakable locked chords and swinging, punching, buoyant comping—certainly made it seem so. He's back again, with a trio, through Sunday, Feb. 7. On Tuesday, Feb. 9, trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** and drummer **MEL LEWIS** will join forces and begin co-piloting a quartet. The music begins at ten. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 3, folk and blues singer **TAJ MAHAL;** Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, protest poet and R. & B. singer **GIL SCOTT-HERON** and the Midnight Band; Wednesday, Feb. 10, vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI:** Thursday, Feb. 11, two bluegrass bands, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL** and **TONY TRISCHKA & SKYLINE;** Friday, Feb. 12, singer, guitarist, and instrument maker **DAVID BROMBERG;** and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 13-14, **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO,** whose ranks include **LESTER BOWIE, JOSEPH JARMAN, ROSCOE MITCHELL, MALACHI FAVORS,** and **DON MOYE,** and its enormous array of musical instruments and avant-gardisms. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **LARRY WILLIS** is at the piano and **EDDIE GOMEZ** is at his bass through Sunday, Feb. 7. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

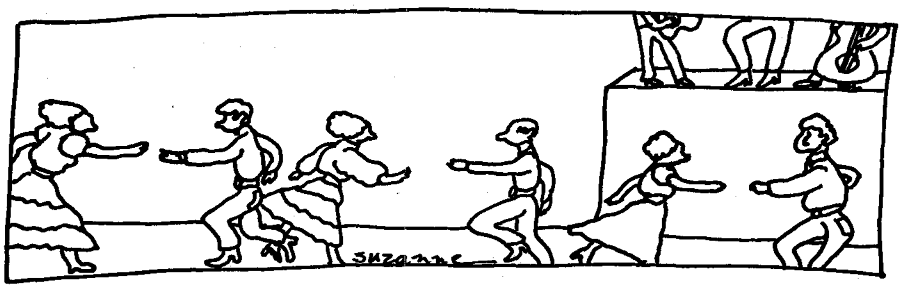
Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, trumpeter **JONAH JONES** and his quartet are performing through Saturday, Feb. 6; on Tuesday, Feb. 9, **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a wonderfully clear, ringing soprano, will arrive with her pianist, Wally Harper. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—



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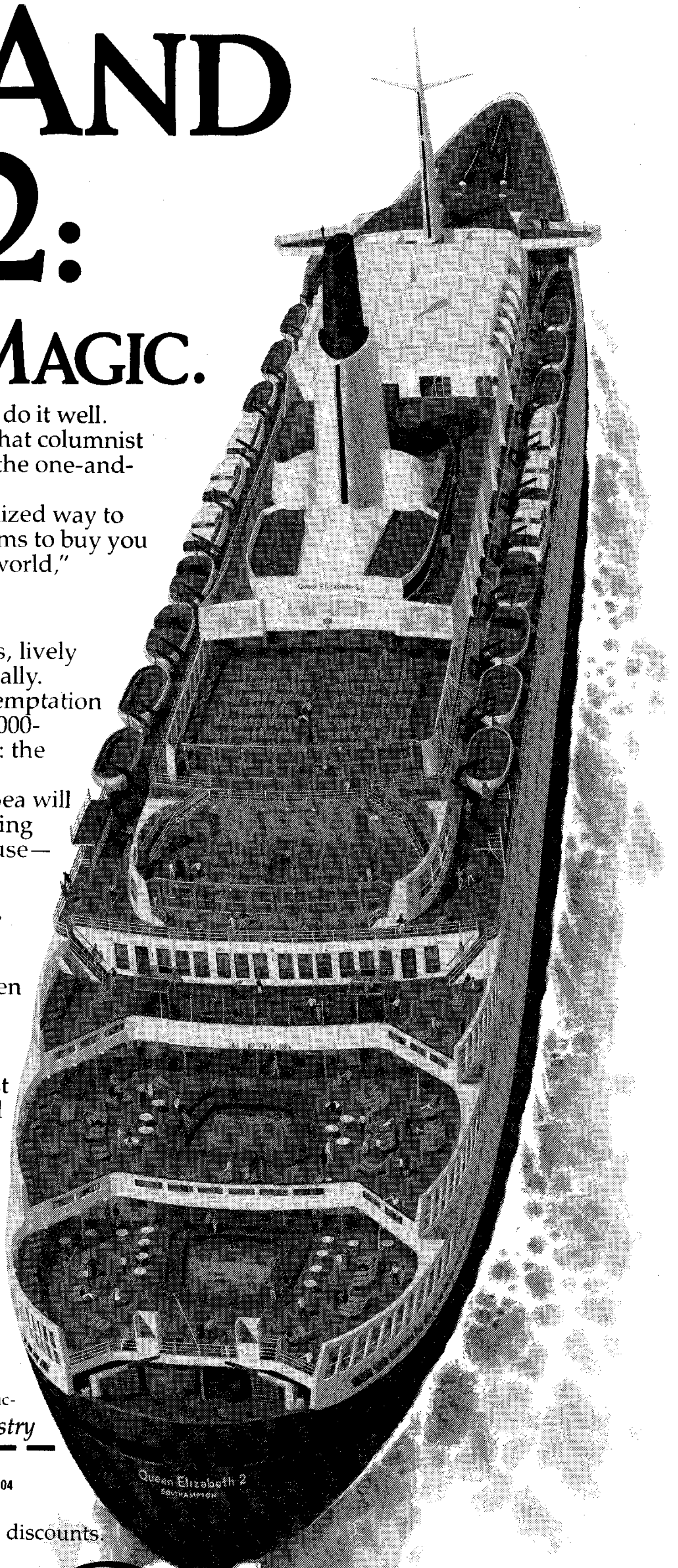

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 3, the Corpsicles, the Listeners, Redex, and Beau Jest; Thursday, Feb. 4, the Ronni Crooks band, the Hipnotics, and the Trebles; and Friday, Feb. 5, Bad Brains, Scream, and Government Issue. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MICHAEL MORIARTY**, who is best-known for his acting, has settled in to sing some of the songs he's written. He gets assistance from bassist **JAY LEONHART** and pianist **DAVID LAHM** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Sundays and Mondays are now devoted to singer, pianist, and composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, who is given to doing a slew of medleys—medleys of show tunes (his "New Faces" medley includes "Monotonous" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," which he wrote for the 1952 show), medleys of songs with the word "love" as a pivot, medleys of Jerome Kern songs, and Depression medleys. His sets, at nine and eleven, are warm, intelligent, and, all in all, charming. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Feb. 3, Charlie O'Hegarty; Thursday, Feb. 4, Stivers & Becker; Saturday, Feb. 6, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his bluegrass band, **SKYLINE**; Sunday, Feb. 7, guitarists Jonathan Kalb and Bob Zaidman; Wednesday, Feb. 10, Around the World for Sport, a traditional Irish band; Thursday, Feb. 11, Claire Reynolds and Dave Rimelis; and Saturday, Feb. 13, Out to Lunch, a bluegrass band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 7, Lynn Welshman will be in charge of a tentet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. **STAN GETZ**, the silken, melodic tenor saxophonist, has begun a two-week stint with his latest quartet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, bassist **AL HALL**, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, pianist **GENE RODGERS**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, and drummer **SHELTON GARY**—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. Music from nine.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The music lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 3, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON**; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 4-6, Platinum Hook, a soul combo; Monday, Feb. 8, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**, and vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON**; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 9-10, singer Miles Jaye; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 11-13, **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and **HANK CRAWFORD**, two bluesy, gutbucket veterans of the Ray Charles saxophone section of the fifties and sixties. On Sundays, a band called Kenia performs Brazilian music. Sets run Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist Bill Triglia, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sunday, Feb. 7, singer Kitt and pianist Mike Moran are present from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Mike LeDonne is at the piano, leading a trio through Saturday, Feb. 6; on Tuesday, Feb. 9, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY**, buzzing and bowing, will begin performing with pianist **RICHARD WYANDS**. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything that crosses his mind, in a seamless stride style, Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Hal Schaefer is the pianist on Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. **MARTY NAPOLEON** plays piano and leads a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Bob Curtis alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER** will be in charge of a sextet that features saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, trumpeter **BUTCH MORRIS** will drop by with a twelve-piece band. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who comprise the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettle drum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant, Type-A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during Carnaval. Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Saturday, Feb. 6, and, then, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 9, they'll be listening to pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**. Sundays and Mondays belong to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**, a bouncy, bluesy piano-bass duo. Music from about ten.

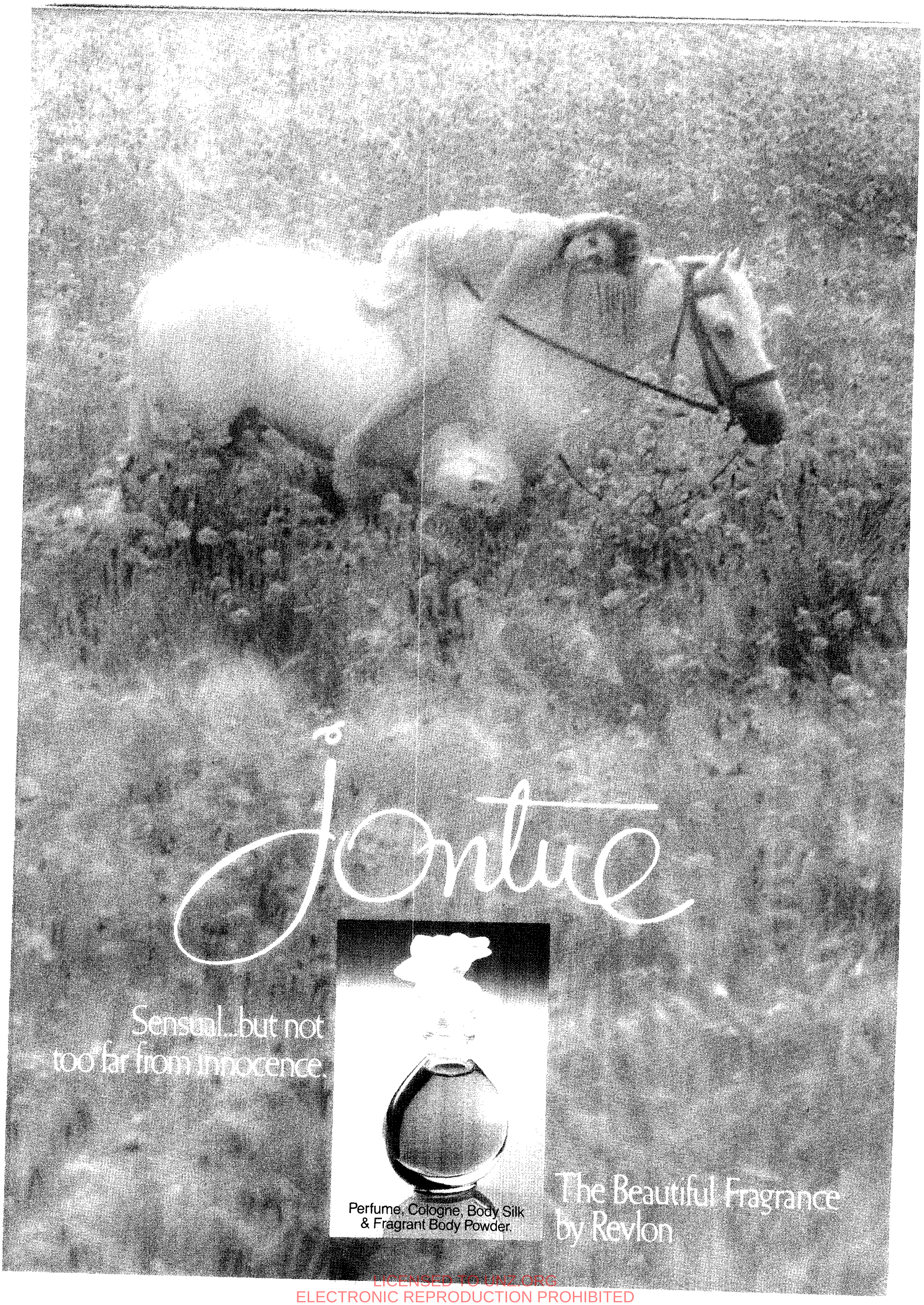
Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 3, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL**; Monday and Tuesday, Feb 8-9, the New Riders of the Purple Sage; and Wednesday, Feb. 10, the Rockats. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively, and even though it's only a few weeks old, it has an established, exciting feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will be visiting here through Saturday, Feb. 6, and he'll have a quartet with him that will feature pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN**; Sunday, Feb. 7, will be big-band night, with a band co-led by drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** and pianist **DON PULLEN**; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY'S** quartet will be on the stand; and on Wednesday, Feb. 10, cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** and alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will perform with their quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and of a comedian, **MORT SAHL**, who, newspaper in hand, briefs audiences through Saturday, Feb. 6. On Monday, Feb. 8, singer Johnnie Ray, whose recordings of "The Little White Cloud That Cried," "Broken Hearted," and "Cry" resulted in the three most touching hits of 1951, will come in. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is working here with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 3, Soft Power, featuring Joe Passaro and Chuck Loeb; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, guitarist **DOC POWELL** and his lyrical and driving rhythm-and-blues sextet; Saturday, Feb. 6, hard-bop drummer **ROY HAYNES**; Sunday, Feb. 7, Full Hand, a reggae band; Monday, Feb. 8, singer Miles Jaye; Tuesday, Feb. 9, the Tony DeCaprio Band; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, **ERIC GALE**, the honey-toned R. & B. gui-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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tarist, and his reggae band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Thursdays are given over to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** saxophonist **ALEX FOSTER,** singer **ESTHER MARROW,** and their rhythm-and-blues band, the **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SOUL,** and Fridays and Saturdays are claimed by Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Feb. 3, the Rockats; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, the Damned; and Saturday, Feb. 6, **DEFUNKT,** the avant-garde R. & B. sextet. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Thursday, Feb. 4, Bob January and the New York Satin Swing band; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, Fingerprintz; Monday, Feb. 8, Red Rockers; Tuesday, Feb. 9, Dirty Looks; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, **DAVID JOHANSEN.** Shows after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Jerome Kern is under way. It features a cast of four: Chris Groenendaal, Judy Kaye, Armelia McQueen, and Ken Page. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, Feb. 3, Roland Vazquez; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 4-7, **JAMES MOODY,** who plays saxophone and flute, sings a little, tells one-liners, and leads his quartet; Monday, Feb. 8, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Feb. 9, Nitesprite; Wednesday, Feb. 10, Steve Tarshis; and beginning Thursday, Feb. 11, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO.** Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, informal room. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will be working with superbassist **RON CARTER,** and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, pianist Joe Ruddick will head up a trio. Music from ten. Dining.

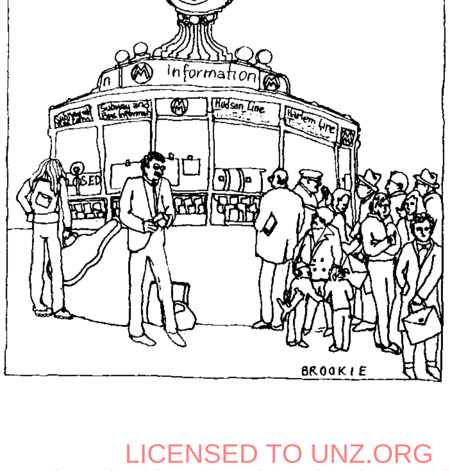
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON,** the alto saxophonist and penetrating-baritone R. & B. singer, started out with Milt Larkins' Houston-based band in the late thirties, and he has been a main keeper-of-the-flame blues shouter ever since. Mr. Vinson is here performing "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," and his other twelve-bar-melodrama staples with his quartet through Saturday, Feb. 6. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 7-8, **TINY GRIMES,** who was Art Tatum's guitarist in the forties, will play his four-string, tenor guitar on "Tiny's Tempo," Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," "Lady of Spain," and other tunes. On Tuesday, Feb. 9, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who sounds equally good whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular hard bop, will arrive with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Right now (Wednesdays through Saturdays) the stage belongs to **COUSIN JOE,** who hails from New Orleans by way of Wallace, La., just up the Mississippi from the Vieux Carré. Cousin Joe, whose real name is Pleasant Joseph and who is known as Smilin' Joe in the Crescent City, just recently turned seventy-four. He sings, chortles, and plays piano—a mixture of loose, imprecise, rolling New Orleans piano and blues and boogie-woogie piano. His lyrics tend to be standard blues lines strung together, but that doesn't stop him from constantly interrupting his vocals with the manically gleeful aside, "Nobody writes like me." Dressed in a natty suit and wearing horn-rimmed glasses, Cousin Joe has a studied earthiness resulting from having played Bourbon Street for years. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 3, Numbers and Ronnie & the Jitters; Thursday, Feb. 4, Howl; Friday, Feb. 5, Mark McMillen, Willa Bassen, and Joe Salvo; Saturday, Feb. 6, **NONA HENDRYX** & Propaganda and the Pacific Orchestra; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 7-8, **FINN & THE SHARKS;** and Tuesday, Feb. 9, George Sanders. Music after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on Feb. 8, there will be two bands, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA COMPANIA** and **LUIS ORTIZ,** and one guest soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Meanwhile, on Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Pianist **MAL WALDRON** is here through Sunday, Feb. 7, with his all-star colleagues **CHARLIE ROUSE, BENNY BAILEY, REGGIE WORKMAN,** and **ED BLACKWELL;** on Tuesday, Feb. 9, the **RED RODNEY-IRA SULLIVAN** quintet will descend the staircase. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.



West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: Saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** and his quintet provide the music through Sunday, Feb. 7; on Wednesday, Feb. 10, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will bring in a quartet. On Mondays pianist Gene Rodgers works with a quartet, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES** himself. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bobby and the Midnites—With Billy Cobham, Bob Weir, Alphonso Johnson, and others. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—Bobbi Baird, Burton Lane, Michael Renzi, Larry Kert, Anita Ellis, and others in a tribute to E. Y. Harburg. The first in a series of five programs devoted to lyrics written for the movies. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 7-8, at 8.)

Black Sabbath—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Buddy Rich and his orchestra, with Steve Marcus. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8 and 10.)

Savoy—Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 3-6, at 9: Angela Bofill. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 12-14, at 9: Rufus and Chaka Khan. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, Feb. 5, at 9:30: Nana Vasconcelos. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 9:30: Beaver Harris-Don Pullen 360-Degree Music Experience. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 9:30: Jimmy Lyons quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 9 and midnight: Sun Ra & His Arkestra. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Akira Arita—Realist drawings and paintings of still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Color-field paintings. Through Feb. 18. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Abstract paper collages. Through Feb. 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Igor Galanin—Recent paintings, surreal in nature and somewhat naïve in style. Through Feb. 27. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent portraits, landscapes, and interiors by a realist who now and again breaks out into surrealism. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Herriman (1878-1944)—Twenty-five

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original ink drawings (dated 1916-30) for "Krazy Kat," one of the pioneer comic strips. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Budd Hopkins—An installation in mixed mediums mounted on the gallery wall (and taking up part of the floor), plus four maquettes for outdoor sculptures; all the work was influenced by Greek temples the artist saw on a trip last summer. Through Feb. 20. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Rex Lau / Roxanne Blanchard—Stylized paintings of mountains and of cypress trees bent by the wind, done in oil on hydrostone. / An installation—a macabre room that might be a taxidermist's workshop, with animal pelts drawn on the wall and beakers of chemicals lying around. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Small (fifteen to thirty inches), highly articulated sculptures of female nudes, in bronze and hydrocal. Through Feb. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alice Phillips—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Walasse Ting—Figurative paintings in acrylic washes on rice paper; some of them are of nudes. Through Friday, Feb. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Winter (1905-76)—A small retrospective of oils, drawings, and monotypes, from 1929 to 1956. Through Feb. 18. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Melanie Wygonik—Large scratch drawings—decorative grids picked out with a stylus on a checkerboard of colors. Through Feb. 20. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Adja Yunkers—Large abstract works, most of them incorporating strands of cordage collaged across a field of soft color, by this veteran artist, now eighty-two. Through March 17. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **aca,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century, early-twentieth-century, and contemporary artists, including Robert Henri, Georgia O'Keeffe, Ernest Fiene, and Jeffrey Kronsnoble. Through Feb. 27. . . . **adler-castillo,** in a new location at 58 E. 79th St.: Early-twentieth-century Russian art: eleven gouaches by Popova, a watercolor by Kandinsky, and five drawings by Malevich are among the paintings and works on paper by nearly twenty artists. Through Feb. 27. . . . **cordier & ekstrom,** 417 E. 75th St.: Four small black-and-white collages by Jean Arp are the cornerstones of this showing of twenty works by several artists, among them Margaret Israel and Varujan Boghosian. Through Thursday, Feb. 11. . . . **gibson,** 205 E. 78th St.: Five contemporary French artists, Jean Le Gac and Arman among them. Through March 6. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: About a hundred and thirty American paintings and drawings from the Colonial and Federal periods: Portraits (by, among others, John Singleton Copley, Gilbert Stuart, and anonymous limners), landscapes, and seascapes (John Smibert, Thomas Cole). Through Wednesday, Feb. 10. . . . **kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Robert Cottingham's Photo-Realist city façades are shown alongside the naturalism of Andrew and James Wyeth in a display of about thirty paintings by a score of twentieth-century American realists. Through Feb. 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **saidenberg,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Feb. 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Thelma Appel—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through Feb. 17. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—Self-portraits treated as fantasy; e.g., the artist depicts himself as a horseman of the Apocalypse. Through March 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Charlotte Brown—Recent collages in which rich, Oriental-tapestry designs are carried out in combinations of clay, fabric, and handmade paper. Through Feb. 27. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sydney Butchkes—Color-field paintings inspired by seascapes on Long Island, plus drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Paintings with references to art history. Through Feb. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Sketchy architectural forms, hints of floor plans, and bits of Spencerian penmanship are perceptible in these abstract collages done on crusty, heavy-duty handmade paper, sometimes as thick as a bath mat. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Maurice Freedman—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes done over the past fifty years on the Mediterranean, in Maine, and in various other parts of the world. Through Feb. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—New abstract works: a different selection from (but faithful in style to) her previous show, which ran at this gallery during the past month. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Gordin—Recent geometric paintings, plus collages and reliefs. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A series of colored acrylics on paper, done in the six months before the artist's death, and not seen here before. Through Tuesday, Feb. 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Craig Kauffman—Elements of still-lifes and interiors enlarged and rearranged in these light-colored abstractions, in which pale yellows seem to predominate. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ray Lewis—Ovals, arcs, and triangles in pastel stick and acrylic on large canvases. Through Feb. 27. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Miniature slices of architectural structures—a beach-house outdoor shower, an art-gallery interior—contained in boxes. Through Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Maud Morgan / Sandra Lerner—New collages, made of Japanese mulberry paper. / Subtly textured abstract paintings influenced by the gardens and mountain scenery of Japan. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—Drawings in this artist's highly personal style, including studies of weeds of the Northeast. . . . ¶ In the back room is a sizable group of avant-garde Russian posters made when Russia had an avant-garde, which is to say in the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Large canvases (ten feet by eight) on which a big egg-shaped outline frames various amorphous figures in misty, surreal settings. Through Feb. 20. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Paintings, often depicting scenes of the South, with photographs incorporated into—or substituting for—canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—New work. Through Feb. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Fanny Sanin—Geometric abstractions. Through Feb. 20. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rolph Scarlett—A series of small nonobjective gouaches painted in 1940 by an artist, now ninety-two, who was deeply influenced by the Russian Constructivist movement. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jerome Witkin—About two dozen oils (including a large narrative triptych entitled "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933") by a realist. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century European and American folk artists, including Edward Hicks, Henri Rousseau, and Grandma Moses. Through March 6. . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artists who received their training at the Art Institute of Chicago: Roger Brown, Philip Hanson, Jim Nutt, Ed Paschke, Suellen Rocca, H. C. Westermann, and Karl Wirsum. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. . . . **signs,** 37 W. 57th St.: A survey of Cuban painting and drawing over the past fifty years, sanctioned by their government and ours. The first of a three-part exhibition by artists of the island. Through Feb. 27. . . . **the urban center,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: McKim, Mead & White's New York, in photographic reproductions (of architectural drawings, of other photographs): the Washington Square Arch, the original Madison Square Garden, and so forth. Through Friday, Feb. 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: Wall sculptures (by Alexander Archipenko, John Storrs, Mary Frank, and others) which have the human figure as their common theme. Through Saturday, Feb. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Joseph Beuys—Souvenirs from performances by this German art-world celebrity—basins he washed people's feet in, photographs, documents, scribbled drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

Natalie Bieser—Outsize watercolors crowded with billowing abstract forms. Through Feb. 17. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Constance Dodge—Wire-and-stained-cloth sculptures, some of them suspended from the ceiling. Through Feb. 18. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Donald Newman—Photographic blowups worked over with paint and charcoal. Through Feb. 27. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Edith Seltzer—Pattern paintings in which geometric forms are incorporated. Through Feb.

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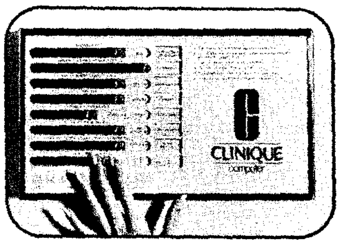

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14. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Joel Shapiro—Drawings in black, black, charcoal lines, mostly abstract but some related to the figure; the artist is best known as a sculptor. . . . ¶ Single works by some of the gallery regulars in the front room—Alan Shields, Donald Judd, and Lynda Benglis, for example. Through Saturday, Feb. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Robert Straight—Nonobjective paintings on shaped canvases and paper. Through Feb. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Group Show—The first installment of a two-part fifth-anniversary exhibit, which consists in total of a hundred and seventy-four of the artists whose work has been featured here. Through Feb. 27. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Bang—Wall objects in black and red wax and in cast iron; also floor pieces and stencilled-graphite drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Mary Ann Unger—A painted-plywood construction that borrows its symmetry and scale from the formal garden. Through Thursday, Feb. 11. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: Paintings and drawings by New York artists in a show of twenty-one current museum purchases—for example, Ellsworth Kelly's "Tulips" (Museum of Modern Art), Howardena Pindell's "Memory Test" (Metropolitan), and John Duff's "White Wall Piece" (Whitney). Through Feb. 17. (Open daily.) . . . **fraunces tavern museum,** 54 Pearl St.: The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of George Washington's birth is the occasion for a show of contemporary renderings of G.W. by such artists as Roy De Forest, George Deem, and Audrey Flack. Through April 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by six New York artists: Tom Butter, Tom Evans, John Fekner, Judith Hudson, Peter Julian, and Cheryl Laemmle. Through March 25. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Albok (1894-1982)—A hundred and twenty pictures of New York and its inhabitants, from 1921 to the present, by a Madison Avenue tailor who died recently. Many of the photographs were taken from the window of his shop (above which he lived for sixty years), near Ninety-seventh Street. Through May 4. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Twenty-two prints by Mr. Albok of New York during the thirties and forties are at the Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Through Feb. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

Marilyn Bridges—Sixty aerial photographs of the "ground drawings" attributed to the Nazca Indians of Peru—the titanic (one is over ten miles wide) renderings of plants, animals, and geometric forms which range across thirty miles of a desert plain southeast of Lima and which are thought to date back to 400 B.C. Also included are twenty pieces of Nazca pottery, bearing these same forms and figures—on a more diminutive scale, to be sure. Through Feb. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Robert D'Alessandro—Photographs of landscape and sky (New Mexico) and architecture and sky (New York and other cities). Through Friday, Feb. 5. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Patrizia della Porta / Edwin Hale Lincoln (1848-1938)—Abstract photographic renderings of architectural details. / Platinum-print studies (made in the photographer's studio) of the wild flowers found in the Berkshires. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Andreas Feininger—Photographs: examples of photojournalism, nudes and portraits, architectural studies, abstractions. Through Feb. 27. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Evelyn Hofer—New work, including color portraits of Saul Steinberg and Diana Vreeland. Through March 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Werner Mantz—Architectural photographs of Germany during the twenties and thirties. Through March 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—A few obscure photographs paired with such well-known works as "Walk to Paradise Garden." Through March 6. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

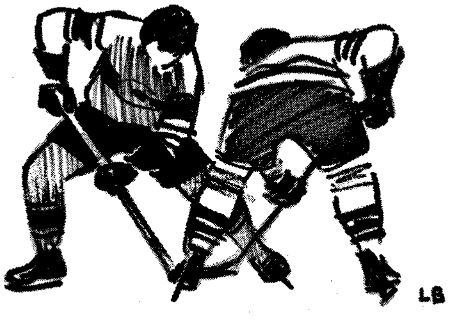
Arthur Taussig / Niki Logis—Photographs. / A large-scale painted-wood sculpture, plus related models. Through Saturday, Feb. 13. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Nineteenth-Century German Photography—More than two hundred photographs on loan from the Agfa-Gevaert museum in Leverkusen, West Germany, in a show that documents the early work and subsequent developments in the field: portraits, landscapes, and motion studies. Through Feb. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another room at the center: Hugo Erfurth's portraits of Paul Klee (1920), Oskar Kokoschka (1923), Mies van der Rohe (1936), and other members of the German avant-garde. Through Feb. 14.

Group Show—An inventory of photographic techniques is provided in an exhibit of the work of eleven contemporary women photographers. Through Feb. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Michael C. Rockefeller Wing houses the permanent collection of traditional objects from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas in grand, newly constructed first-floor galleries that occupy nearly an acre of space overlooking Central Park to the south. Among the almost two thousand items (given largely by Nelson Rockefeller in memory of his son) are a Peruvian gold-and-shell nose ornament, which would mask the lower half of the face, and nine twenty-foot-high carved ancestor poles collected by Michael Rockefeller on his final expedition to New Guinea. . . . ¶ Two acquisition shows: thirty-one paintings and sculptures by contemporary artists and a hundred or so purchases, from seventeen curatorial departments, each costing under five thousand dollars. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for a few months for construction work.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Munich: 1896-1914," the first of three exhibits planned by the museum (to be held at two-year intervals) to follow the artist's development as influenced by the various cities where he lived. Most of the nearly three hundred works assembled here (paintings, works on paper, furniture and ceramic designs, art-related books) are by Kandinsky himself, most are on loan, and all are intended to show the interrelation between the artist and the city where he arrived, at the age of thirty, to begin the formal study of art. Through March 21. . . . ¶ A fluorescent-light sculpture by Dan Flavin. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly and Richard Shaw. Through Sunday, Feb. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nineteen winners of crafts competitions showing their current works in metal, glass, fibre, and so forth. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred original drawings (plus furniture, silver, and ceramics) by the Scottish architect Robert Adam (1728-92), as well as some by those who were influenced by his neoclassical style. Through April 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of Asian art from the collection of the Idemitsu Museum of Art, Tokyo, centering on Japanese paintings and ceramics; a Yüan-dynasty cobalt-glaze jar stands out. The Nanga school, the Ukiyo-e school, and the painter Sengai Gibon are well represented. Through March 14. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The many worlds of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson (a.k.a. Lewis Carroll), the focal point of which is the original 1864 manuscript (with drawings) of the prototypical "Alice's Adventures Under Ground." Also, five illustrations by John Tenniel for "Wonderland" (which appeared the following year); holographic poems and riddles; photographs; and correspondence. Through April 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.

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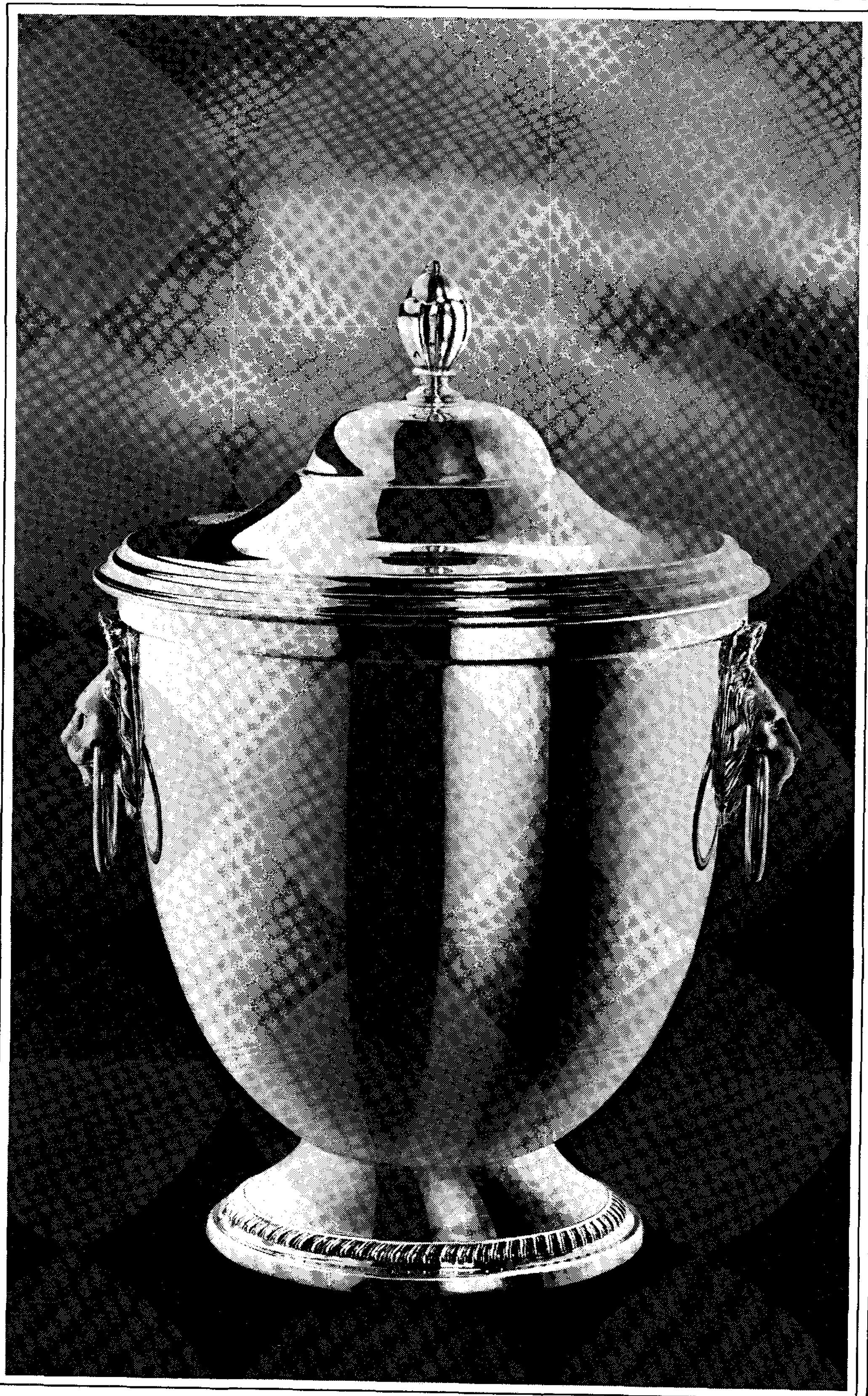

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—The Berg Collection's nod to the centennials of Virginia Woolf and James Joyce. Excerpts from Woolf's four decades of diaries (where one learns that she regarded "Ulysses" as "an illiterate, underbred book") are here, as are her letters and essays (in working drafts and final copies) and the bulk of her novels (manuscripts, first editions). The Joyce material focusses on his years in Paris (1920-40) and includes the first English (1922) and French (1929) editions of "Ulysses," along with the many pages of work involved in the translation of the novel. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—An index to black American history, ranging from a broadside (1812) offering freedom to slaves enlisting in the Army to a photograph (1963) of Martin Luther King addressing Freedom Marchers in Washington. *Through March 27.* (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Larry Fuente's sculptures, both freestanding and hung on the walls, which incorporate familiar objects (bottle tops, coins) as decorative elements. . . . ¶ Portraits by fourteen artists, Duncan Hannah, Lucas Samaras, and Jolie Stahl among them. Both shows through Feb. 27.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—*Installations by Jenny Holzer* and Peter Nadin (together), Jim Iserman, Jim Sanborn, and Hudson (a.k.a. Buzz Tone Outlet). Through Saturday, Feb. 13.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Nearly a hundred and fifty books by Russian avant-garde writers and artists, from 1910-30. Through Feb. 20.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—The Arch Ensemble (music), Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; videotapes from France, Sunday and Monday, Feb. 7-8, at 3 and 9; Jana Haimsohn, Ed Blackwell, Don Pullen, and Fred Hopkins (music), Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Diamánda Galás (music), Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A display of photographs and videotapes derived from pictures made at the Goddard Space Flight Center. *Starts Thursday, Feb. 4.*

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings and works on paper in a show (one of many here) in which eight art critics personally invited artists to exhibit work. Lynda Benglis, Michael McClard, and Catherine Porter-Scully are some of the sixty-six selectees. Through March 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

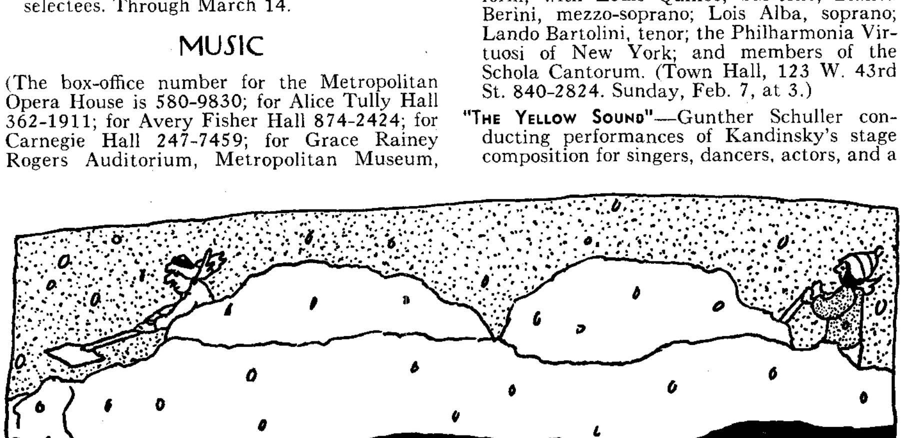
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 3: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; directed by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 8: "Norma," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Viorica Cortez, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Così Fan Tutte," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Maria Ewing, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, James Morris, and Donald Gramm; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 13: "Norma," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Placido Domingo, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 13: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Brent Ellis; Jeffrey Tate. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 1.)

Bel Canto Opera—Henry Shek conducting performances of Puccini's "La Rondine," staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Opera Rediviva—Richard Kapp conducting Giovanni Pacini's opera "Sappho," in concert form, with Louis Quilico, baritone; Bianca Berini, mezzo-soprano; Lois Alba, soprano; Lando Bartolini, tenor; the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York; and members of the Schola Cantorum. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

"The Yellow Sound"—Gunther Schuller conducting performances of Kandinsky's stage composition for singers, dancers, actors, and a chamber orchestra, using the original score by Thomas de Hartmann. With the Zero Moving Dance Company; Speculum Musicae; Beverly Morgan, soprano; and Russell Sherman and Dennis Helmrich, piano. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 9-12, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2. Tickets at the door one hour before the performances.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Barber-Bruch-Beethoven program Thursday, Feb 4, at 8; Friday, Feb. 5, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8 (all with Glenn Dicterow, violin). . . . ¶ Larry Newland conducting the same program, with Mr. Dicterow, on Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting a Weber-Liszt-Schubert program Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8; Friday, Feb. 12, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra of Israel—Noam Sheriff conducting a varied program, including his own work "Mai Ko Mashma Lan." With Emily Mitchell, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Orchestre de Paris—Daniel Barenboim conducting the first in a series of five concerts devoted to the complete symphonic works of Beethoven, this one featuring the Second and Third Symphonies. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Rossini-Bloch-Rimski-Korsakov program, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Claudio Abbado conducting Mahler's Third Symphony, with Hanna Schwarz, mezzo-soprano; the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

Boston Pops Orchestra—John Lanchbery conducting, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins conducting a program that includes the première of Richard Hundley's "The Sea Is Swimming Tonight." With Valery Klein-Whyte, soprano; Mimi Lerner, mezzo-soprano; Bruce Reed, tenor; Robert Briggs, bass; Stephen and Frieda Manes, piano; and Claire Brook, harmonium. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of Haydn-Mozart programs, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Christian Badea conducting a Berlioz-Brahms-Bartók program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Janaček-Brahms program, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program entitled "Johannes Ockeghem & His Circle: Music in France in the 15th Century." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Zaidee Parkinson and Curtis Rayam—Piano and tenor, with Alexandra Hunt, soprano. (Mer-

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kin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Betty Oberacker—Piano, in a performance of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier," Book II. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Marilyn Dubow and Allen Shawn—Violin and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Eugenia Zukerman—Flute, with the Primavera String Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by the Atlantic String Quartet; Robert Pollock and Steven Gerber, piano; David Hamilton, narrator; the Dinosaur Annex; and Jacques Monod and Malcolm Peyton, conductors. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Martha Argerich—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 24. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 5 at 8.)

Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Rebecca La Brecque—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Hoch, soprano; Arthur Thompson, baritone; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; Carol Wincenc, flute; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 7, at 5.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2:30.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Katherine Ciesinski—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Ruth Glasser—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

David Golub—Piano. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available forty-five minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of music entitled "From Burgundy to Barcelona." (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

Daniel Pollack—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 4.)

Concord String Quartet—With Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Chamber Sound—Ronald Roseman conducting, with Paul Clive and John Hanulik, oboe, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Haydn on Original Instruments—The first in a series of three programs, this one performed by Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

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Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of four all-Brahms programs, this one with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With David Starobin, classical guitarist; the SUNY/Purchase Guitar Ensemble; and others. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 777-3240.)

Borealis and Steven Machamer—A joint concert by a wind quintet and a vibraphonist. With Jack Kripl, saxophone. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin, with the New York Philharmonic conducted by David Zinman. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Stephanie Chase—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 8.)

Ursula Oppens—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Edelton Gloeden—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the Jubal Trio and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music on original instruments, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 663-7565.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Svjetlana Kabalin and Susan Carlson, flute, and Kenneth Cooper, keyboard. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

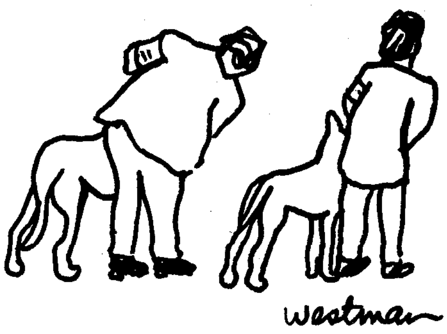
New Repertory Ensemble of New York—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Dong-Suk Kang, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Colin Carr, cello; and Cecile Licad, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the twentieth century. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Ensemble for Early Music—An all-Haydn program commemorating the composer's two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Music for strings, winds, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)



MISCELLANY

North / South Consonance—A program of Latin and American music, performed by Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; David Aks, cello; the Mannes Percussion Ensemble; and others. The concert will take place at 8; a prelude featuring dancers Linda Diamond, Micki Goodman, Micki McLaughlin, and Donna Waks, as well as the New York première of "Wavelines II," a film by Reynold Weidenaar, will start at 7. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Feb. 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Philip Glass—With his ensemble in a program of his own works. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 11-13, at 9.)

Benefit Concert—Lorin Hollander, Cecylia Barczyk, the Yale University Cello Ensemble, Roman Totenberg, Aldo Parisot, and others in a benefit for the people of Poland. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Golden State, Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Feb. 12. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:05: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 5:05: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 6. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, March 12.

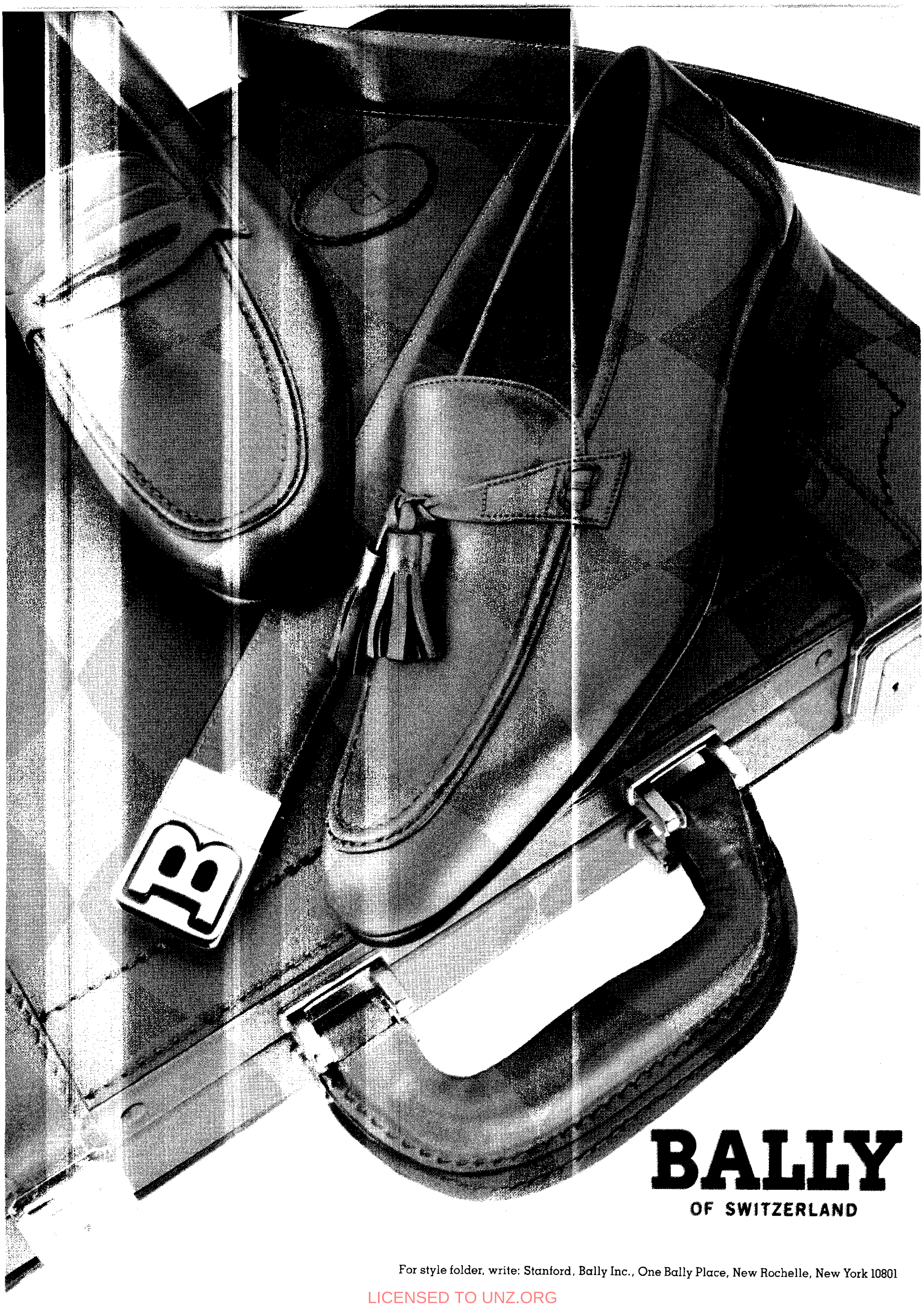
Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 12, at 6.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Michael Burkard and Charles Wright reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Patricia Goedicke and M. L. Rosenthal reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Houseman and Frank MacShane in a benefit reading from the works and letters of Raymond Chandler. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 472-0600.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Antique and other jewelry. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 1 to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 6, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 11, at 10 and 2: Silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 5.



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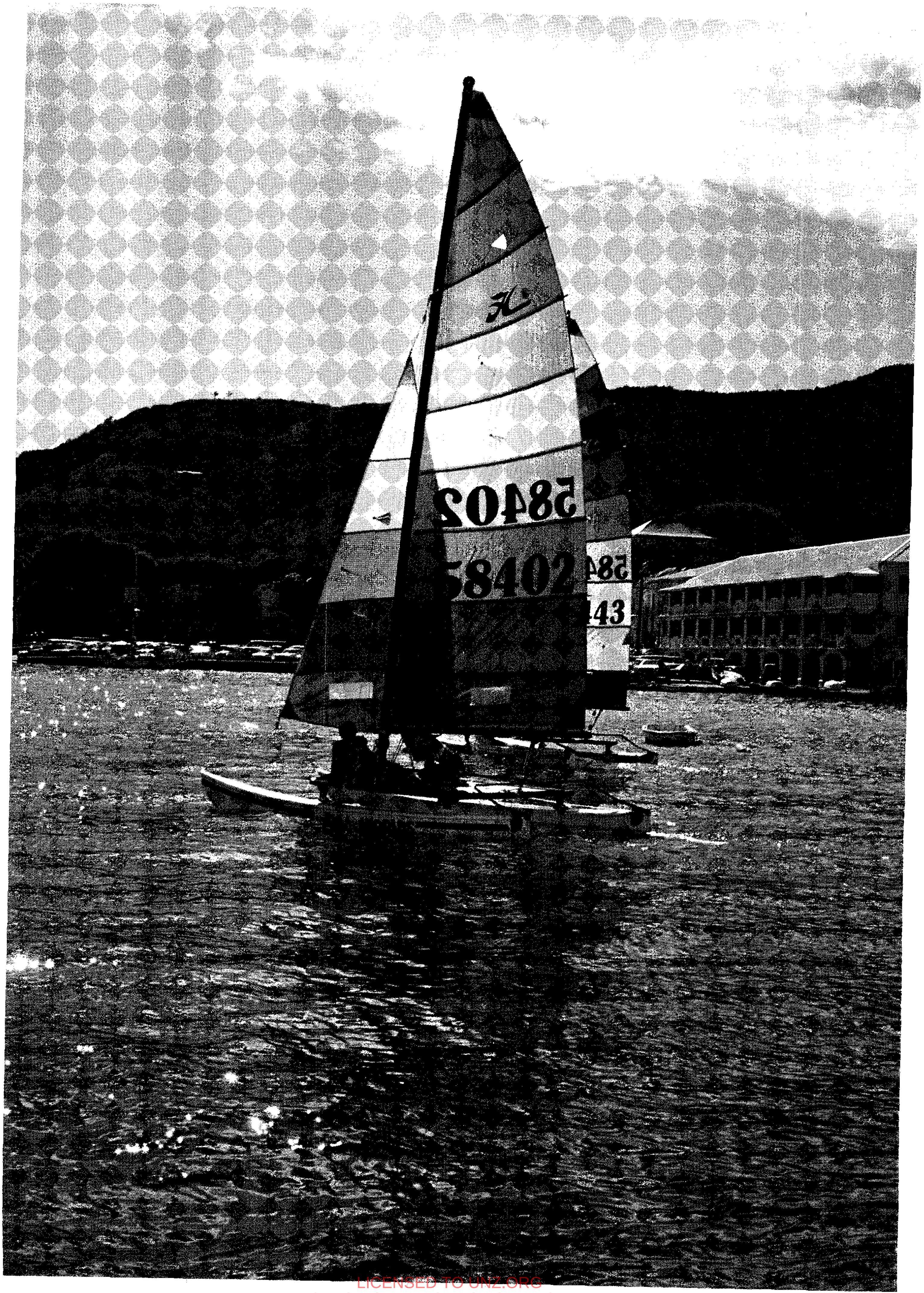
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"An island of superlatives."

"Vogue" magazine discovers St. Croix, Dec. '81.

"most attractive"..."a joy"..."superb"..."magnificent"... "luxurious"..."excellent"..."special"..."greatest"... "staggering beauty"..."incredible"..."overwhelming"..."the best!" These are just *some* of the adjectives in "Vogue's" fabulous review of the island of St. Croix. Send for a copy of the entire review–then make this the year *you* see what all the excitement's about. See your travel agent.

St. Croix

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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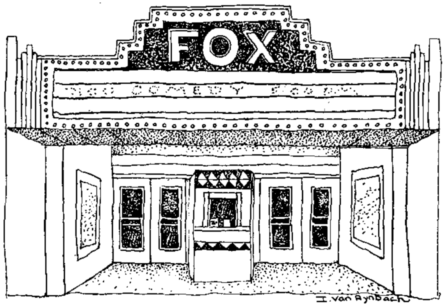

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 7: "Careless" (1962; directed by Mauro Bolognini; in Italian), with Claudia Cardinale, Anthony Franciosa, Betsy Blair, and Philippe Leroy.
From Feb. 9: "The Hungry i Reunion" (Thomas Cohen), a documentary.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 4: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas; and "Resurrection" (†).
Feb. 5-11: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol; and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (†).
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Atlantic City" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 11: "The Border" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Four Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 4: "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 5: "Blow Out" (†) and "Dressed to Kill" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 4: "The Last Waltz" (†).
From Feb. 5: "Personal Best" (Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway and Scott Glenn.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 11: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 4: "Atlantic City" (†).
From Feb. 5: "Butterfly" (Matt Cimber), with Stacy Keach and Orson Welles.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime" (†).
Theatre 2: "Reds" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Shoot the Moon" (†).
Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn. From Feb. 10: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 4: "Prince of the City" (†).
Feb. 5-11: "The Last Waltz" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Missing" (Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek.

LOEWS NEW YORK I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Four Friends" (†).
Theatre 2: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Feb. 11: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
From Feb. 12: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 10: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From Feb. 11: "One from the Heart" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 4: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Feb. 5-11 (tentative): "Ticket to Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Border" (†).

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Feb. 5: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.
Theatre 2: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 11: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn.
From Feb. 12: "True Confessions" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. I AND 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "On Golden Pond" (†). From Feb. 10: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson. From Feb. 12: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "John Heartfield, Photomontagist" (1977; directed by Helmut Herbst; in German), a documentary; and "A Good Example" (1979; Bertrand Sauzier), with David Rothauser.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Man of Marble" (1977; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). Feb. 10-11: "The Aviator's Wife" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière. From Feb. 12: "Every Man for Himself" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Absence of Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.
Theatre 2: "Four Friends" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Prince of the City" (†). Feb. 5-11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. From Feb. 5: "Pixote" (†).
Theatre 4: "On Golden Pond" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 4: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
From Feb. 5: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 11: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Quest for Fire" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Everett McGill.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Four Friends" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 11: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Feb. 12: "Love and Money" (James Toback), with Ray Sharkey and Ornella Muti.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (†).
From Feb. 5: To be announced.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Feb. 6: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.
Feb. 7-10: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 11: "Circle of Deceit" (Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sisters, or the Balance of Happiness" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Jutte Lampe and Gudrun Gabriel.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 10: "Absence of Malice" (†).
From Feb. 11: "One from the Heart" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "David" (Peter Lilienthal; in German).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Pixote" (†). From Feb. 7: "The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From Feb. 12: "The Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard. From Feb. 12: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). From Feb. 8: "Road Games" (Richard Franklin), with Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 4: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd. From Feb. 5: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss. From Feb. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. From Feb. 12: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 11: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Feb. 12: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).
Theatre 2: "Four Friends" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn

Douglas; and "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. Feb. 5-11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 4: "Ticket to Heaven" (†). From Feb. 5: "Pixote" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: "Atlantic City" (†). Feb. 5-11: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson. From Feb. 12: "Pennies from Heaven" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton. From Feb. 12: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Prince of the City" (†). From Feb. 5: "Modern Problems" (1981; Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 3: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

Theatre 4: "Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 11: "Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson. From Feb. 12: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Feb. 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

From Feb. 5: "Night Crossing" (Delbert Mann), with John Hurt and Jane Alexander.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Four Friends" (†). From Feb. 5: "Ragtime" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 11: "Revenge of the Shogun Women" (Tsang Mei-Chun), with Shiusen Leong and Shirley Han. In 3-D. From Feb. 12: "Return of Bruce."

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 4: "Atlantic City" (†). From Feb. 5: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Reds" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Vice Squad" (Gary A. Sherman), with Season Hubley and Gary Swanson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Ragtime" (†). From Feb. 5: "Venom" (Piers Haggard), with Sterling Hayden and Klaus Kinski.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Chariots of Fire" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Border" (†).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "A Stranger Is Watching" (Sean Cunningham), with Kate Mulgrew and Rip Torn. From Feb. 10: "House of Wax" (1953; André de Toth), with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 4: "Saturday the 14th" (Howard R. Cohen), with Richard Benjamin and Paula Prentiss. Feb. 5-11: "Dressed to Kill" (†) and "Blow Out" (†). From Feb. 12: "Cannery Row" (David Ward), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Feb. 3: "Kanal" (1956; directed by Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.

Feb. 4: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939; Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "Stagecoach" (1939; John Ford), with Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Louise Platt, John Carradine, and George Bancroft.

Feb. 5-6: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.

Feb. 7: "Keep on Rockin'" (1973), a documentary; and "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

Feb. 8: "Story of Sin" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in Polish); and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Feb. 9: "Zatoichi Challenged" (1967; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Two Musashis" (1960; in Japanese).

Feb. 10: "The Lusty Men" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 11: "California Split" (†) and "The Gambler" (†).

Feb. 12-13: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortesa.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Feb. 6: "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, and Jocelyn Brando; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Feb. 7-9: "Arthur" (†); and "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.

Feb. 10-13: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent. (On Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7, and Friday, Feb. 12, at 7:30, two programs of new German films.)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 4: "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlow, Private Eye;" 1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, and Michelle Phillips; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.

Feb. 5-6: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

Feb. 7-9: "Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia" (1974; Sam Peckinpah), with Warren Oates; and "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" (†).

Feb. 10-11: "An Enemy of the People" (1977; George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning; and "Tom Horn" (†).

Feb. 12-13: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julia Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both in 3-D.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 4: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

Feb. 5-6: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Feb. 7-8: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Feb. 9: "Nashville" (†).

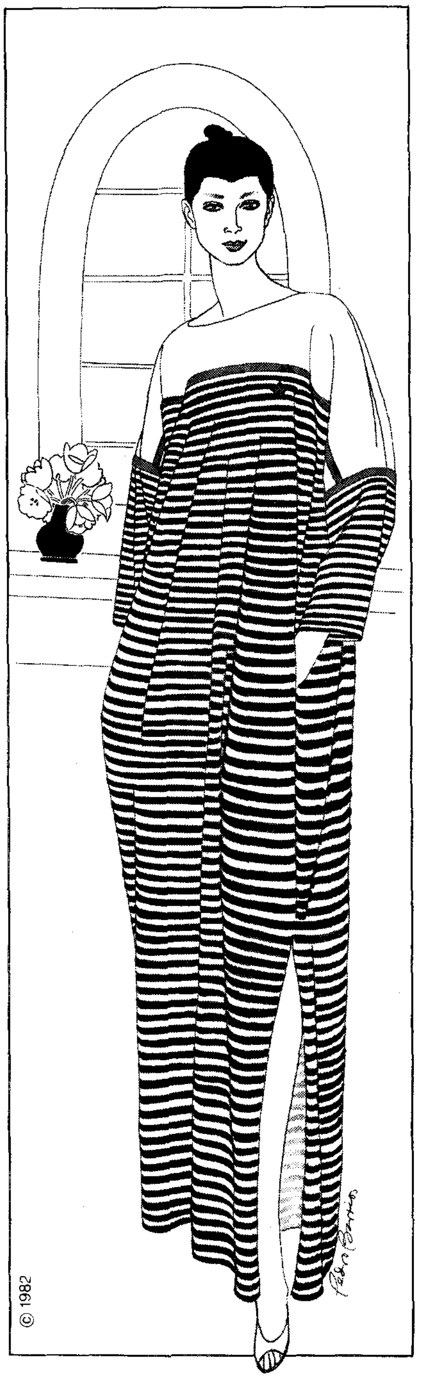
Feb. 10-11: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Feb. 12-13: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 3: "The Subject Was Roses" (1968; Ulu Grosbard), with Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson, and Martin Sheen; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

Feb. 4-5: "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore,



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Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Feb. 6-7: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.

Feb. 8-10: "The Caine Mutiny" (1954; Edward Dmytryk), with Humphrey Bogart, José Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray; and "High Noon" (†).

Feb. 11-12: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Shampoo" (1975; Hal Ashby), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

From Feb. 13: "All the King's Men" (1949; Robert Rossen), with Broderick Crawford, Joanne Dru, Mercedes McCambridge, John Ireland, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; and "Of Mice and Men" (1940; Lewis Milestone), with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 3: "Irma la Douce" (1963; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Lou Jacobi, and Herschel Bernardi; and "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom.

Feb. 4-5: "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), with Roger Moore; and "The Amityville Horror" (1979; Stuart Rosenberg), with James Brolin, Margot Kidder, and Rod Steiger.

Feb. 6-7: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery.

Feb. 8-10: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

Feb. 11-12: "Carrie" (†) and "The Andromeda Strain" (†).

From Feb. 13: "Fiddler on the Roof" (†).

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Feb. 4: "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; "El" ("This Strange Passion;" 1952; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova, Delia Garcés, and Luis Beristain; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.

Feb. 5-6: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, and Claudia Cardinale.

Feb. 7-9: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophuls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.

Feb. 10-11: "Pather Panchali" (1954) and "The World of Apu" (1959), both films in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.

Feb. 12-13: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, Geneviève Bujold, Michel Piccoli, and Jean Dasté.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 3: "Major Barbara" (1941; Gabriel Pascal), with Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, and Robert Newton; and "Caesar and Cleopatra" (1946; Gabriel Pascal), with Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Flora Robson, and Stewart Granger.

Feb. 4-6: "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

Feb. 7-8: "The Lady from Shanghai" (†) and "Gilda" (†).

Feb. 9-10: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland, and Virginia Vincent; and "Johnny Belinda" (†).

Feb. 11-13: "A Woman's Face" (†); and "Now, Voyager" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 3: "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston.

Feb. 4: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson; and "The Last Detail" (1974; Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid.

Feb. 5-6: "Who Shot the Teacher?" (1979; Silvio Narrizano; a Canadian film), with Bud Cort and Samantha Eggar; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Feb. 7: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Persona" (†).

Feb. 8: "Le Samourai" (†) and "Borsalino" (†).

Feb. 9: "Coup de Tête" (†); and "The Best Way" (1978; Claude Miller; in French), with Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal.

Feb. 10: "Running Wild" (1927; Gregory La Cava; a silent film), with W. C. Fields and Mary Brian; and "Sally of the Sawdust" (†).

Feb. 11: "The Harder They Fall" (†); and "In a Lonely Place" (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

Feb. 12-13: "The Cat and the Canary" (1978; Radley Metzger), with Edward Fox, Wendy Hiller, Olivia Hussey, and Wilfrid Hyde-White; and "Sleuth" (†).

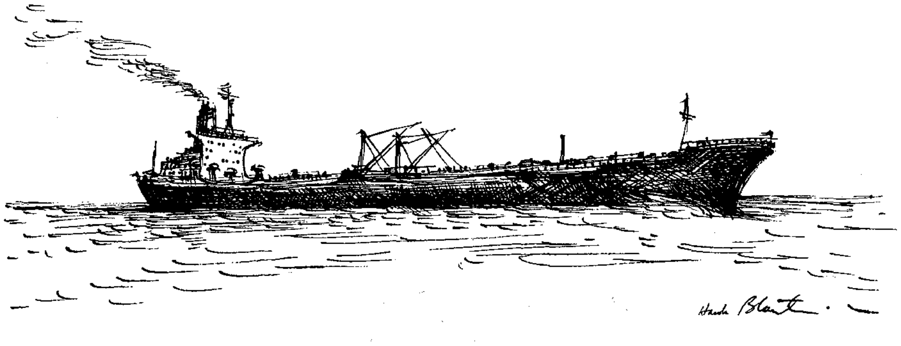
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 3: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

Feb. 4: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone; and "Front Page Woman" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Roscoe Karns.

Feb. 5-6: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Alice Brady, and Mischa Auer.

Feb. 7: "The Wrong Man" (†); and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with



Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

Feb. 8: "Ex-Lady" (1933; Robert Florey), with Bette Davis, Gene Raymond, and Frank McHugh; and "The Rich Are Always with Us" (1932; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis, Ruth Chatterton, and George Brent.

Feb. 9: "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles) and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), both films with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Feb. 10: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941, Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier.

Feb. 11: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

Feb. 12: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†); and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Louis Jouvet, Robert Le Vigan, and Vladimir Sokoloff.

From Feb. 13: "The Thin Man" (†); and "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Feb. 9: "Discord" (1981; directed by Bill Lundberg), a film installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 3 at 8: "Mat" ("Mother;" 1926; Vsevolod Pudovkin; a Russian silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 8: "Triumph of the Will" (1936; Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Olympia" (1939; Leni Riefenstahl), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2: A video program by Howard Fried and Paul Koss. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 8: A program of films by Pat O'Neill, Ron Rice, and Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 8: A program of early French films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 8: A second program of early French films by Georges Méliès. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 8: A program of films by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 8: "No. 12" ("Heaven and Earth Magic;" 1958-61; Harry Smith). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2: A video program by Karen Finley, Ann Radner, and Carol Shymanski. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "Sausalito" (1948; Frank Stauffacher) and "Wavelength" (1967; Michael Snow).

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice—A well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the insensitive, eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a false story leaked to her by the head of a federal strike force (Bob Balaban). The federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim who turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. The script is by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, the director is Sydney Pollack, and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Feb. 10.)

The Andromeda Strain (1971)—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, having chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style, has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. With Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson, Kate Reid, and Paula Kelly. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 11-12.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7-9.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Plaza, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Feb. 4.)

Blow Out—What happens seems to go right to your head. It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as an unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; Feb. 5-11. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 5.)

The Border—In this solid, impressive muckraking movie directed by Tony Richardson and filmed largely on location in El Paso, Texas, Jack Nicholson plays a United States border patrolman whose job is to shove Mexicans back to their side of the Rio Grande. The patrolman hates his work; it fills him with disgust, because most of his colleagues are in cahoots with the American businesses that hire wetbacks, and the patrolmen make their money—their big money—by closing their eyes to vans full of workers earmarked for their business partners. It's an ugly life—persecuting enough Mexicans to keep the government bureaus happy while functioning as slave dealers. Working from a script by Deric Washburn, Walon Green, and David Freeman, and with the cinematographers Ric Waite and Vilmos Zsigmond, Richardson is able to encompass so much in the wide-screen frame that he shows how the whole corrupt mess works. Nicholson's role is much like that of the hero of Kurosawa's "Ikiru," who knew that he couldn't do anything big to fight the bureaucracy but was determined to do one small thing. Nicholson tries to help an unspoiled young Mexican girl (Elpidia Carrillo), who is the opposite of his giggly sexpot wife (Valerie Perrine), and has to fight his pals and go through hell to do it. Nicholson is completely convincing as a man who has been living in dung up to his ears, so that when he feels he has to do something decent before it covers his head, there's nothing sentimental about his need. It's instinctive—like a booze-soaked man's need for a drink of water. With Harvey Keitel, Warren Oates, Shannon Wilcox, and Jeff Morris. (2/1/82) (Gemini, U. A. East, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Feb. 11.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Cinematography by Marcel Lucien; with Charles Grandval, Marcelle Hainia, Jean Gehret, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 12.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 11-12.)

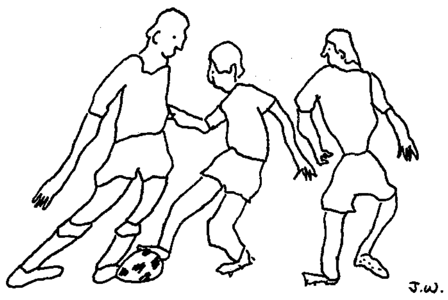
Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, Lincoln Plaza, and Movieland.)

Coup de Tête (1980)—A broad, unsatisfying satire about an unjustly jailed misfit who is suddenly catapulted to fame and respectability by his overnight success as a soccer star in a provincial French town. The film suffers from jarring uncertainties of tone and from our own home-bred familiarity with the banalities and foolishness of contemporary sports madness. With Patrick Dewaere; directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 9.)

Dressed to Kill (1980)—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson, as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected; she's married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; Feb. 5-11. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 5.)

Every Man for Himself (1980)—This picture, which Jean-Luc Godard calls his "second first film," has been widely hailed as a return to his great, innovative work of the sixties. It's wonderful to feel the pull of Godard's images again, but the movie may also make you feel empty. The setting is a nameless Swiss city, where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." It's simplistic cynicism, like that of the barroom pundit who tells you that every man has his price. The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. He also tickles the audience with a variety of jokes about the joylessness of sex, but he's too despairing to be really funny. In French. (11/24/80) (Film Forum; starting Feb. 12.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—This joyously square musical succeeds in telling one of the root stories of American life. Tevye, the shtetl dairyman pulling his wagon, is a myth-sized version of a limited, slightly stupid Common Man. As Tevye's daughters marry and disperse, and the broken family is driven off its land and starts the long trek to America, his story becomes the story of the Jewish people who came to America at the turn of the century—what they left behind and what they brought with them. The movie offers the pleasures of big, bold strokes; it's American folk opera, commercial style. It's not a celebration of Jewishness: it's a celebration of the sensual pleasures of staying alive and of trying to hang on to a bit of ceremony, too. Isaac Stern plays the theme (as he does in the solo parts throughout the movie) with startling brio and attack, and Topol's Tevye has the same vitality and sweetness and gaiety as Stern's music; he's a rough presence, masculine, with burly, raw strength. Directed by Norman Jewison, from Joseph Stein's play, based on Sholom Aleichem's stories. The music is by Jerry Bock; the functional, uninspired lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. With Leonard Frey, Rosalind Harris, Paul Mann, Molly Picon, Neva Small, Michele Marsh, Norma Crane, Paul Michael Glaser, and Raymond Lovelock. The picture was originally three hours long and was run in two parts, with an intermission; then it was trimmed, and trimmed again, for the current reissue. Altogether, it has lost thirty-two minutes. (In 1939, a Yiddish film, "Tevye," starring Maurice Schwartz, was adapted from the same stories.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; starting Feb. 13.)



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Four Friends—Arthur Penn goes laboriously, painfully wrong in this story about the friendship of three boys and the girl whom each of them loves at some time—a friendship that spans the American social changes of the sixties and takes the four through adolescence (in Indiana) to maturity. The script is Steve Tesich's semi-autobiographical account of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian youth, Danilo, who comes with a heavy, symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in Tesich's writing, and Penn brings out its hearty bouquet. The film combines the worst of the Freudianism and the self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." The characters are always learning life's important lessons, and the movie carefully spells out which side it's on. The colorless quartet is made up of Craig Wasson as Danilo, Jodi Thelen as the girl, and Jim Metzler and Michael Huddleston. Also with Miklos Simon, Reed Birney, Julia Murray, James Leo Herlihy, and Lois Smith. (1/4/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, Greenwich Playhouse, Festival, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Feb. 4.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" very vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 4.)

The Gambler (1974)—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks and potential great novelist. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. Although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous, fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Regency; Feb. 7-8.)

The Harder They Fall (1956)—Directed by Mark Robson. Humphrey Bogart is an unemployed sportswriter who belies his nature by joining a racketeer (played by Rod Steiger) in promoting a witless seven-foot Argentinian who can't fight at all. It's hard to tell whether the character Bogey plays is more disgusted by the puppet's ineptitude at boxing, or by the Rod Steiger character's morals, or by his own participation in it all: no one on screen ever expressed such a scorching lack of affection for himself as Bogey did. The movie is to be seen, though the script (by Philip Yordan, from a Budd Schulberg novel) is pretty on-the-nose stuff, and the direction is four-square. (Thalia; Feb. 11.)

High Noon (1952)—The Western form is used for a sneak civics lesson. Gary Cooper is the marshal who fights alone for law and order when his cowtown is paralyzed by fear. Much has been made of the film's structure (it runs from 10:40 A.M. to high noon, coinciding with the running time of the film); of the stark settings and the long shadows; of the psychological insight of the screenwriter, Carl Foreman, and his buildup of suspense. When the film came out, there were actually people who said it was a poem of force comparable to "The Iliad." But its insights are primer sociology, and the demonstration of the town's cowardice is Q.E.D. It's a tight piece of work, though—well directed by Fred Zinnemann; it was produced by Stanley Kramer. With Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado, Lee Van Cleef, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Henry Morgan, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Otto Kruger. The cinematography is by Floyd Crosby, and the score is by Dimitri Tiomkin (who took an Academy Award for it). Cooper won the Best Actor award, and the editors were also honored. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 8-10.)

Johnny Belinda (1948)—Jane Wyman, previously known as a giddy second-string blonde, surprised audiences with her touching performance as the brunette deaf-mute Belinda and won an Academy Award. The setting is an island off Nova Scotia, where a poor, proud farmer, appropriately named McDonald (Charles Bickford), lives with his acidulous sister (Agnes Moorehead) and his afflicted daughter, who is generally regarded as an idiot. Along comes a kindly young doctor (Lew Ayres), who teaches her sign language and encourages her to comb her hair, and she becomes presentable enough to attract a leering local bully (Stephen McNally, earlier known as Horace McNally), who rapes her. She has a baby—Johnny Belinda. This Jerry Wald production might have been as exasperating as the Broadway play by Elmer Harris that it's based on, but the director, Jean Negulesco, managed to provide an atmosphere in which the hokey, tearjerking elements are used for more than mere pathos—an example of technique over subject matter. With Jan Sterling as an unscrupulous tart, Rosalind Ivan, Dan Seymour (sometimes mistaken for Zero Mostel), and Mabel Paige. Cinematography by Ted McCord. (Regency; Feb. 9-10.)

Kramer vs. Kramer (1979)—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and later the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 5-11.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Regency; Feb. 7-8.)

The Last Waltz (1978)—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a rock-and-roll performance by The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as passé—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (Sutton; through Feb. 4 . . . ¶ Beekman; Feb. 5-11.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nashville (1975)—The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. The director, Robert Altman, uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 9.)

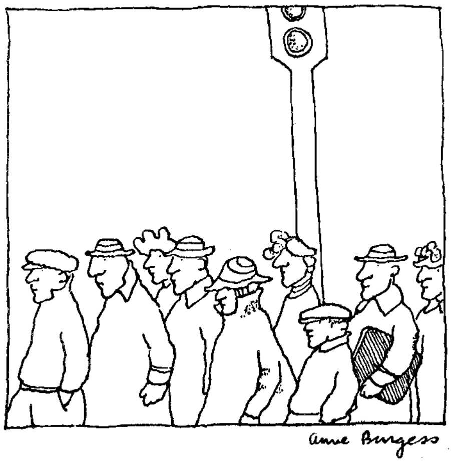
One from the Heart—Francis Ford Coppola's jewelled version of a film student's experimental pastiche—the kind set in a magical junk yard. You get the feeling that the movie grew by accretion—that he piled so many visual ideas and comedy bits on top of the small story he started with that it disappeared from sight and the movie turned into something like a poet's salute to the banal silver screen. It's set in a metaphorical Las Vegas (constructed at Zoetrope Studios) on Independence Day, when Frannie (Teri Garr), who works at the Paradise Travel Agency, walks out on the man she has been living with—Hank (Frederic Forrest), who runs Reality Wrecking. The holiday is treated like Mardi Gras, with crowds dancing through the street. All we're asked to care about is whether Hank, who's in love with Frannie, will win her back. Or, rather, this story being negligible, what we're asked to respond to is Coppola's confectionary artistry. The movie is very pretty and sometimes eerily charming, but the effects don't have any emotional meaning in terms of the characters, and the video-editing techniques that Coppola uses seem to destroy the dramatic definition of the scenes; a day later the film is as blurry in the mind as the memory of a psychedelic light show. With Nastassia Kinski, Raul Julia, Harry Dean Stanton, and Lainie Kazan. From a script by Armyan Bernstein and Coppola; there's a song track, with Tom Waits and Crystal Gayle telling us the meaning of what we're seeing and wailing words of wisdom. (2/1/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; starting Feb. 11.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St., through Feb. 9.)

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid (1973)—An ambitious, erotic, peculiarly unrealized account of how Garrett (James Coburn) hunts down his best friend Billy (Kris Kristofferson). Bob Dylan (who sings the score, written by him) appears as a buddy of Billy's. Sam Peckinpah directed, from a screenplay by Rudolf Wurlitzer. With Jason Robards, Katy Jurado, Rita Coolidge, Emilio Fernandez, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills, and Elisha Cook, Jr. Probably nobody involved was very happy about the results; Dylan doesn't come off at all. (Cinema Village; Feb. 7-9.)

Pennies from Heaven—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and out of them come the voices on hit records of the thirties. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinematographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross. (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 12.)

Persona (1967)—In this film, as in his very early "Prison," the writer-director Ingmar Bergman involves us in the making of a movie. He gives us a movie within a movie, but he seems hardly to have made the enclosing movie, and then he throws away the inner one. (You can *feel* it go—at the repeated passage, when the director seems to be trying an alternate way of shooting a sequence.) It's a pity, because the inner movie had begun to involve us in marvellous possibilities: in it, an actress (Liv Ullmann) who has abandoned the power of speech is put in the care of a nurse (Bibi Andersson), and the nurse, like an analysand who becomes furious at the silence of the analyst, begins to vent her own emotional disturbances. The two women look very much alike, and Bergman plays with this resemblance photographically by suggestive combinations and superimpositions. Most movies give so little that it seems almost barbarous to object to Bergman's not giving us more in "Persona," but it is just because of the expressiveness and fascination of what we *are* given that the movie is so frustrating. There is, however, great intensity in many of the images, and there's one great passage: the nurse talks about a day and night of sex on a beach, and as she goes on talking, with memories of summer and nakedness and pleasure in her voice and the emptiness of her present life in her face, viewers may begin to hold their breath in fear that the director won't be able to sustain this almost intolerably difficult sequence. But he does, and it builds and builds and is completed. It's one of the rare truly erotic sequences in movie history. With Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jörgen Lindström as the boy. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. In Swedish. (Thalia; Feb. 7.)



Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli (Marília Pera), the whoriest whore imaginable—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 5.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired in order to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak, the music by Paul Chihara. (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; through Feb. 4.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: the character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, and Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, and Baronet. . . . ¶ Loews State; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 5.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film works, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 5.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Resurrection (1980)—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. With Sam Shepard, Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 4.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (or much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Thalia; Feb. 10.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 8.)

Shoot the Moon—As Faith and George Dunlap, whose marriage has become poisoned because she knows all his weaknesses and failures, and because her knowledge eats away at his confidence, Diane Keaton and Albert Finney give the kind of performances that in the theatre become legendary. And, in its smaller dimensions, Dana Hill's performance as their thirteen-year-old daughter is perhaps equally fine. This unapologetically grownup movie about separating is perhaps the most revealing American film of its era. Though the director, Alan Parker, doesn't do anything innovative in technique, it's a modern movie in terms of its consciousness. The characters in the script, written by Bo Goldman, aren't taken from the movies, or from books either. Their emotions are raw and rawness is what makes this film get to you. It goes way past coolness. Diane Keaton has no vanity; Faith's angry misery is almost like a debauch—it makes her appear sodden. And both as a character and as an actor, Finney seems startled and appalled by what has been let loose in him. He's an actor possessed by a great role—pulled into it kicking and screaming. With Peter Weller, Karen Allen, George Murdock, and three child actresses—Viveka Davis, Tracey Gold, and Tina Yothers. Filmed on locations in northern California. (1/18/82) (Cinema I.)

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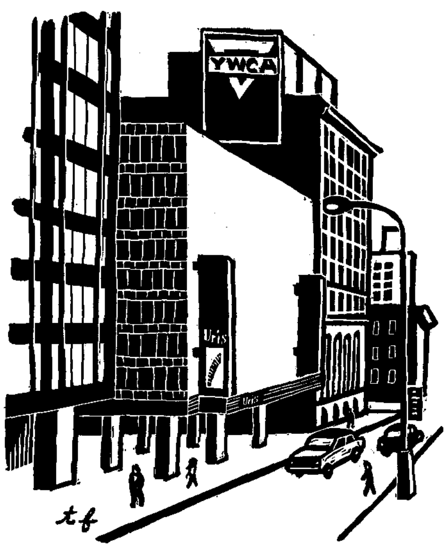
Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks that the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. Cinematography by Oswald Morris. (Thalia; Feb. 12-13.)

The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by the whirlwind W. S. Van Dyke, this Dashiell Hammett detective novel took only sixteen days to film, and the result was one of the most popular pictures of its era. New audiences aren't likely to find it as sparkling as the public did then, because new audiences aren't fed up, as that public was, with what the picture broke away from. It turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions. In one scene, Nick takes the air gun his complaisant wife has just given him for Christmas and shoots the baubles off the Christmas tree. (In the seventies, Lillian Hellman, who by then had written about her long relationship with Hammett, reported that Nora was based on her.) A married couple, Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, wrote the script; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. The cast includes the lovely (not wildly talented here) Maureen O'Sullivan, the thoroughly depressing Minna Gombell (her nagging voice always hangs in the air), and Cesar Romero, Harold Huber, Edward Brophy, Nat Pendleton, Edward Ellis (in the title role), and a famous wirehaired terrier, called Asta here. Warning: There's a lot of plot exposition and by modern standards the storytelling is very leisurely. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 13.)

Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Eastside Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 5-11, tentative.)

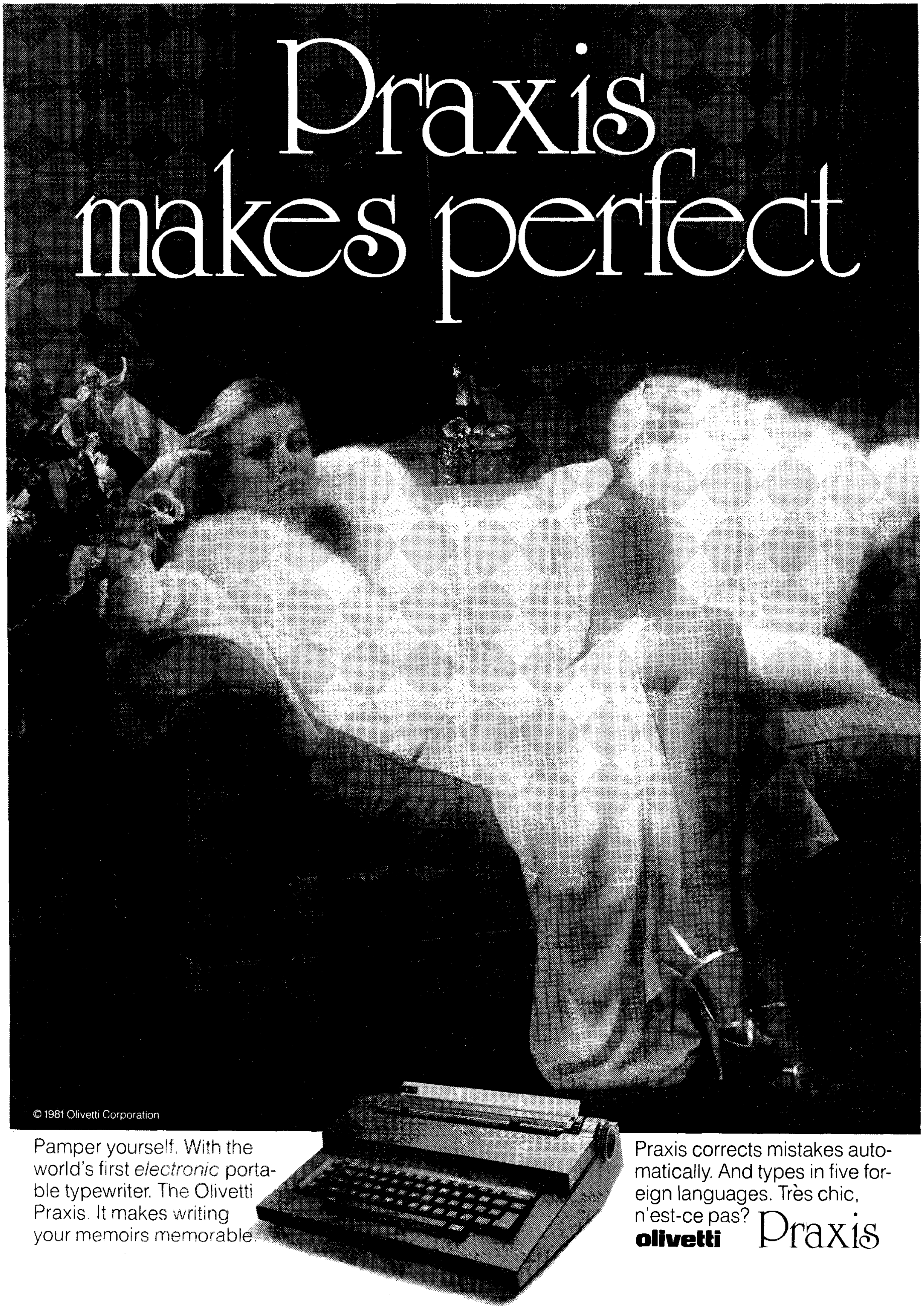


Tom Horn (1980)—A handsome, vapid Western starring Steve McQueen as a worn-down gunslinger hired by some Wyoming cattlemen to solve their "rustler problem," who does his work with such gory efficiency that he himself becomes the problem. The title role is roughly based on the life and later times of a famous government scout, but the script (by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake) offers little more than some pseudo-historical ironies and moral tableaux that form a backdrop to McQueen's effortless, entertaining portrayal of another hero-mechanic who is too laconic and pure of heart to survive. Directed by William Wiard, with Slim Pickens, Richard Farnsworth, and Linda Evans. (6/2/80) (Cinema Village; Feb. 10-11.)

True Confessions—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (86th St. East; starting Feb. 12.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Joan Crawford as a woman whose soul is blighted by the horrible disfigurement of one side of her face, in a remake of a Swedish film (based on a French play) that the very young Ingrid Bergman had been a hit in. The Swedish setting has been retained—rather inexplicably, since the story is about Crawford's ruthless blackmailing activities and then her spiritual transformation, once a surgeon (Melvyn Douglas) has healed her face. As her mad, treacherous lover, who wants to involve her in the murder of a child, Conrad Veidt is the gaudiest character. Too bad that the director, George Cukor, doesn't have a little more feeling for frenzied perversity; the loony, baroque story is treated much too soberly. However, Cukor toned down Crawford's notorious emotionalism—no small feat. Funniest sequence: a Swedish folk dance, with Crawford in a peasant getup. With Marjorie Main, Osa Massen, Albert Basserman, Reginald Owen, Connie Gilchrist, and Donald Meek. The screenplay is by Donald Ogden Stewart; cinematography by Robert Planck; music by Bronislau Kaper. (Regency; Feb. 11-13.)

The Wrong Man (1956)—An unusually drab Hitchcock film, based on a true story about an innocent man (Henry Fonda) sent to prison. The picture has an almost Kafka-esque nightmare realism to it, but the story line wanders diffusely instead of tightening, and the developments become tedious (though the final discovery of the right man is chillingly well done). With Vera Miles, Anthony Quayle, Esther Minciotti, and Harold J. Stone. Written by Maxwell Anderson and Agnus MacPhail; music by Bernard Herrmann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)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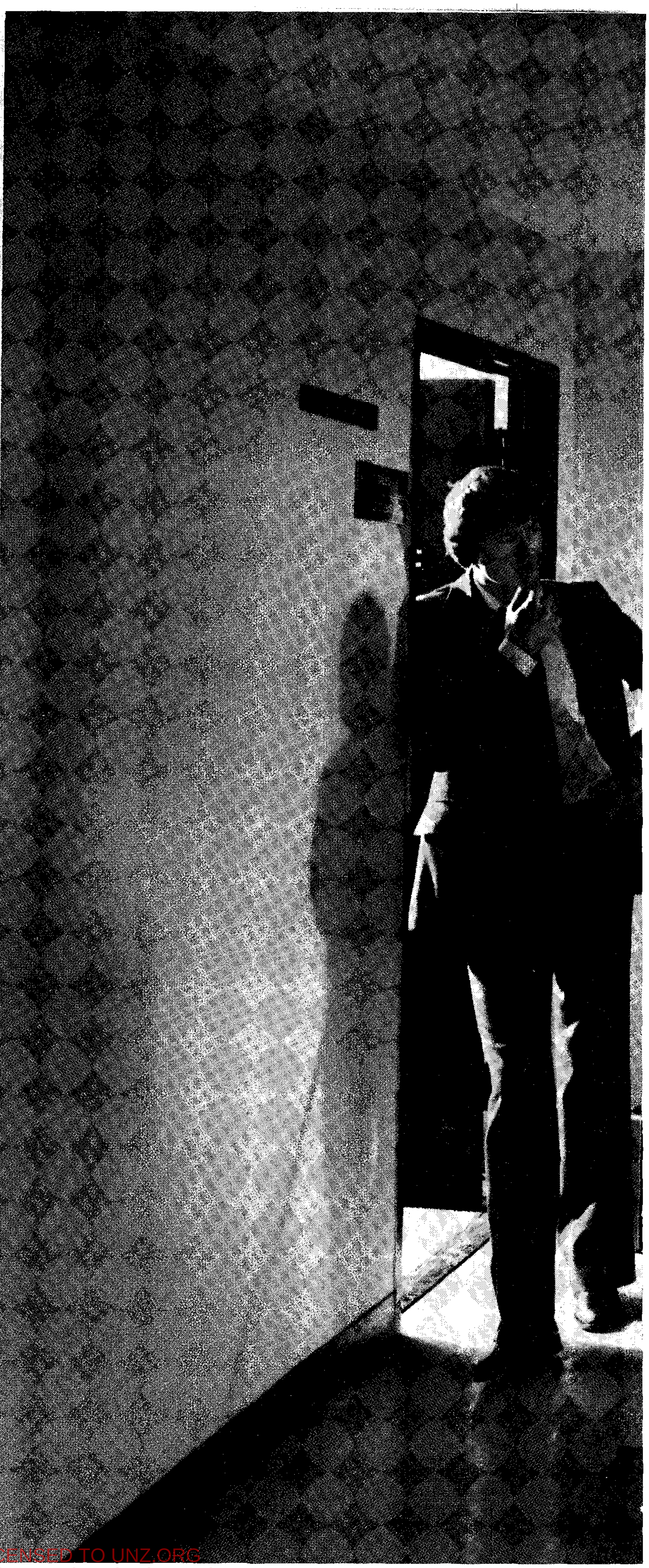

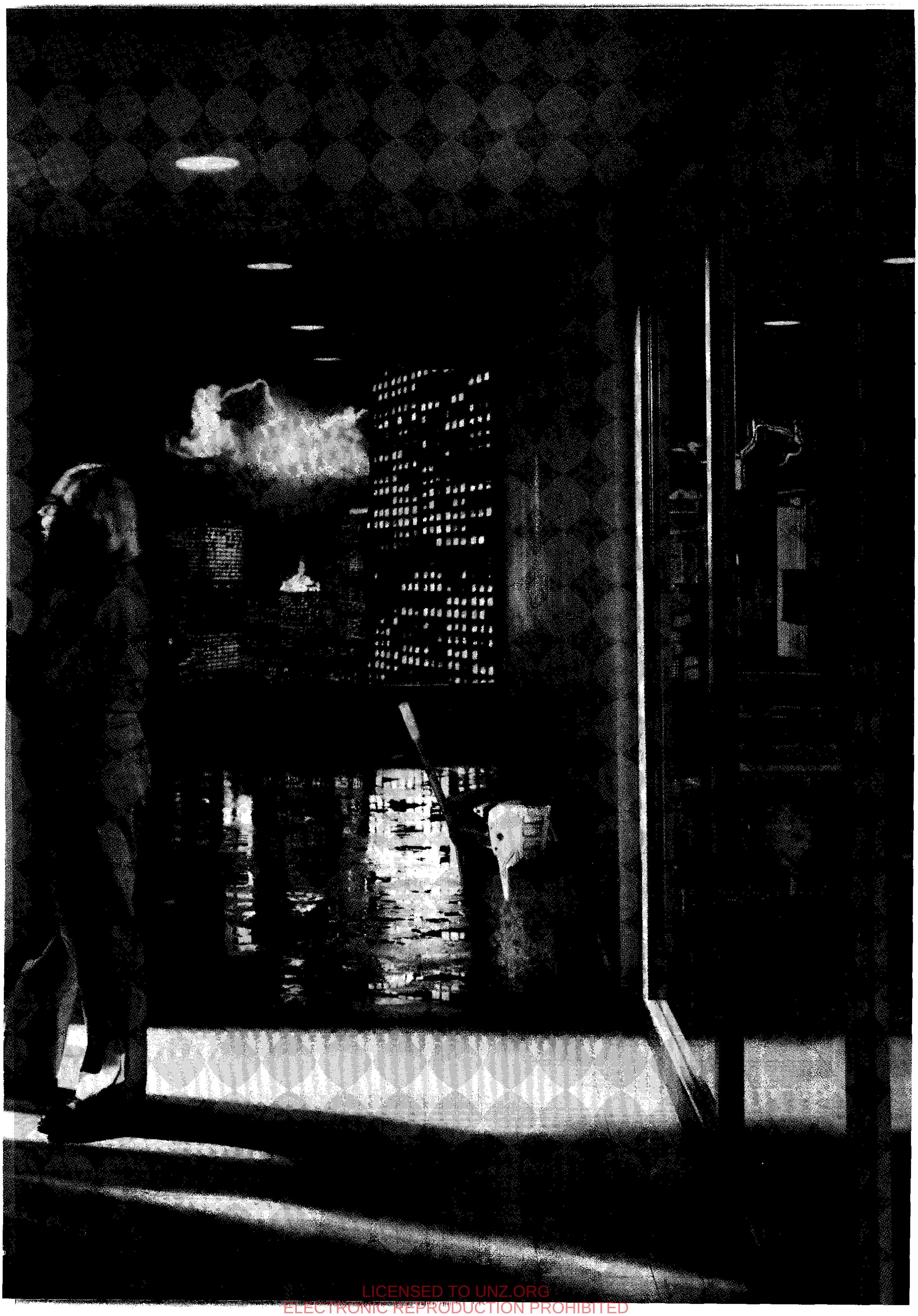

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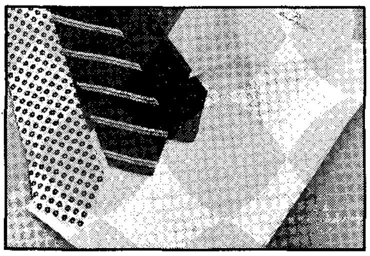

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

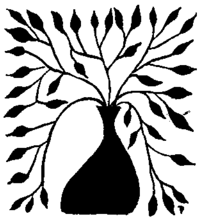
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I've been thinking quite a lot lately about something that caught my attention when I was in Paris for a few days last November. My hotel was a small hotel on the Left Bank, on a quiet street just off the Rue du Bac, and when the porter had shown me to my room and deposited my luggage I walked over to the window and stepped out on a little balcony. It was around ten o'clock in the morning, and the street below—three floors below—was empty except for the usual every-which-way scramble of parked cars and a derelict curled up asleep in the narrow shelter of a recess in the façade of the building across the way. It was beginning to rain. I unpacked and made a couple of telephone calls and put on my raincoat, and took another look out the window. The derelict, *le clochard*, was awake and sitting up and smoking a cigarette. He was dressed in a long overcoat and had a cloth cap pulled down to his eyes, and his face below his eyes was masked by a short sandy-red beard. He was either deeply tanned or very dirty: the cigarette was as white as chalk in his hand. I watched him for a moment or two. Sitting there on cold stone in a drizzling rain, he somehow looked almost enviably at ease and content. I went out and rang for the elevator, and when I came out on the street he was gone.

I thought, if I thought about it at all, that was the end of that. But it wasn't. It was only a beginning. I got back to my room around four o'clock, and when I happened to look out the window I saw that he, too, was back. Just back. He was where I had seen him before, but standing with a bulging shopping bag at his feet and a roll of newspapers under his arm. He seemed deep in thought. Then he squatted down and carefully spread out the papers, sheet by sheet, to form a kind of pallet in his niche. I watched him settle himself, scrunch around and get comfortable, then dig into his shopping bag and bring out a big plastic trash bag and shake it open and work it up and over and under his feet and legs and tuck it around his waist. I watched him dig back into the bag and bring out a bottle—a high-shouldered wine bottle. He tipped it up and took a long drink. He put the bottle carefully down, and got out a cigarette and lighted it. He smoked deliberately, with concentration, puff by puff by puff. He rubbed the cigarette out on the sidewalk at his elbow and took up the bottle again. He drank, another long and deliberate drink. He put the bottle back in his bag. He carefully lighted another cigarette.

He was asleep when I went out to dinner. He was gone when I returned. I looked down at the empty niche and wondered. It was almost midnight. I pictured him walking the streets in his long overcoat and lugging his big shopping bag. But where? And why? On the way to bed, I looked out again. His niche was still empty. But in the morning he was back. He was wrapped in his plastic sleeping bag, curled up like a shrimp and asleep. I came back to my room for a moment on the way to lunch. And, of course, looked out the window. He was sitting up on the edge of his niche in a warming wedge of sunlight, with a bottle between his legs and a cigarette in his hand. He moved his hand, and I caught a flash of metal. It was a watch—a golden watch, with a glittering golden band.



That was the last I saw of him that day, and he was still asleep when I went out the next morning. But that afternoon, when I came back to the hotel before dinner, he was sitting up with his bottle and his cigarette. And his glittering golden watch. I watched him drink, I watched him smoke, I watched him drink again. And then he reached into his shopping bag and brought out a book—a book about the size of an average novel, with a plain white cover. I watched him turn some pages, turn back, and settle down to read, and then it was time for me to leave. But I carried him with me—to dinner, through dinner, back to my room, and to bed. It was all questions. I knew they could never be answered, but they hung there just the same. Who was this man? What was he? Where did he go when he left his niche? And why? How did he live? And on what?

The next morning at breakfast, my last day in Paris, I made up my mind. I had to know something more about him. I wanted, if nothing else, to get a closer look. I waited at the window with my second cup of coffee and watched him wake up. I watched him fold away his sleeping bag and get out his bottle and light a cigarette. All right. I came out of the hotel and circled around the block to approach him from behind. I came up toward his half-hidden back. The sidewalk at his side was strewn, littered, thick with cigarette butts, and as I came up he added still another. His bottle was between his legs, his book was open in his lap. I had a five-franc piece ready, and I dropped it into his hand. He jerked up his head. "*Hein!*" "*Pour vous*," I said, and I moved on. I had had my look. His overcoat had a frayed and faded velvet collar. His eyes were a watery blue, and most of his front teeth were missing. And his book—I couldn't see the title or the name of the author, but I had a glimpse of an open page, of the *arrangement of print on the page.* His book was a book of poetry.

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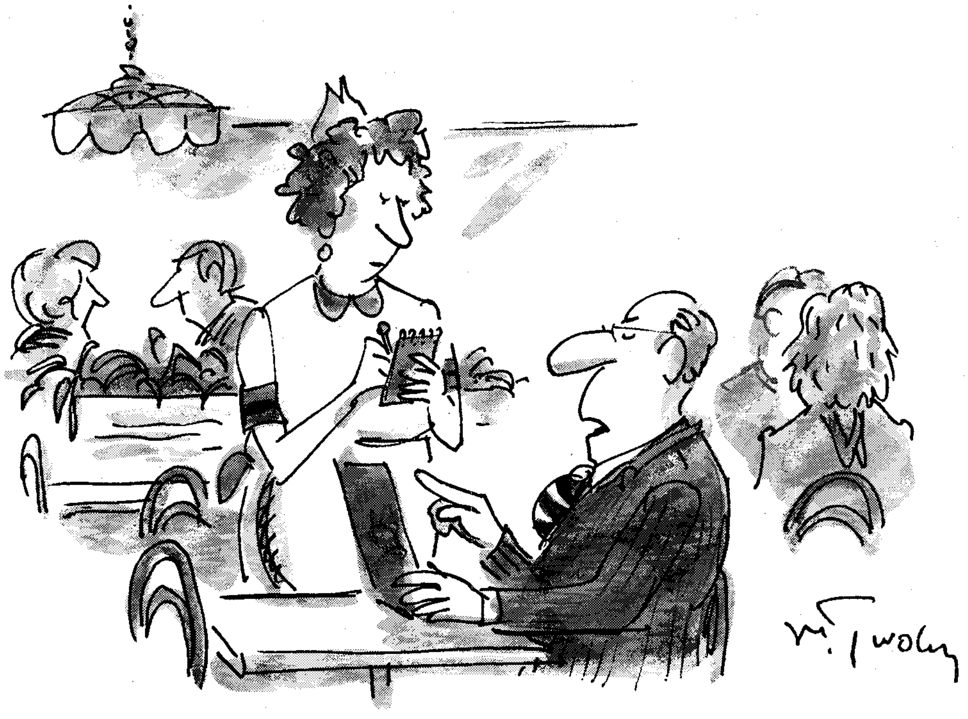
Boats

THE following report on the seventy-second National Boat Show (recently at the Coliseum) was sent to us by another friend, this one an out-of-town sailing friend:

Following the most approved tactics, I skipped the first weekend of the show and went after lunch on Tuesday, when crowds are normally at a low ebb. This time, the ebb was lower than in the recent past, perhaps because of back-to-back winter storms that had covered the sidewalks with free-form gunmetal-gray ice sculpture. On the Coliseum's main floor, which is, as it happens, the show's second level, exhibitors (recognizable by their name tags) outnumbered visitors by a ratio of about three to two. I have been coming to these things since they were held at the Grand Central Palace, which is to say since just after the Second World War. Not only do I remember the arrival of the first fibre-glass boats; I even recall the days when just about everything on display was varnished mahogany, and that makes me practically prehistoric. This year, it struck me that there had been little change since the 1981 show. I checked my impression with an exhibitor who has worked here for several years, and she agreed: "I think they just turned off the lights last year and then turned them on again Saturday morning."

At least one of the boats on the main floor is definitely different, though. She is the Hunter 54, proclaimed by the show's sponsors to be the "Queen of the Show"—press-agentese for the longest boat on display. (Most names of boat models include the boat's length, usually rounded up to the next whole foot; the Hunter is fifty-three feet eleven inches over all.) Her prototypes were designed to compete in single-handed and double-handed long-distance racing, but the version available at the Coliseum, for about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is a gussied-up cruising yacht, with a great deal of wood camouflaging the basic fibre-glass skin. Compared with the rather bloated vessels that have been in fashion for the last decade or so, she is very narrow—about eleven feet wide—and so has a rakish look. Her builders have incorporated a number of interesting innovations—most notably an eight-foot dinghy that lives in a sort of marsupial compartment beneath the cockpit. It can be launched through an opening in the parent boat's stern, presumably without the hurrah's nest normally created when one attempts to get a hard-shell dinghy from its stowed position upside down on the cabin top to the water, eight feet below.

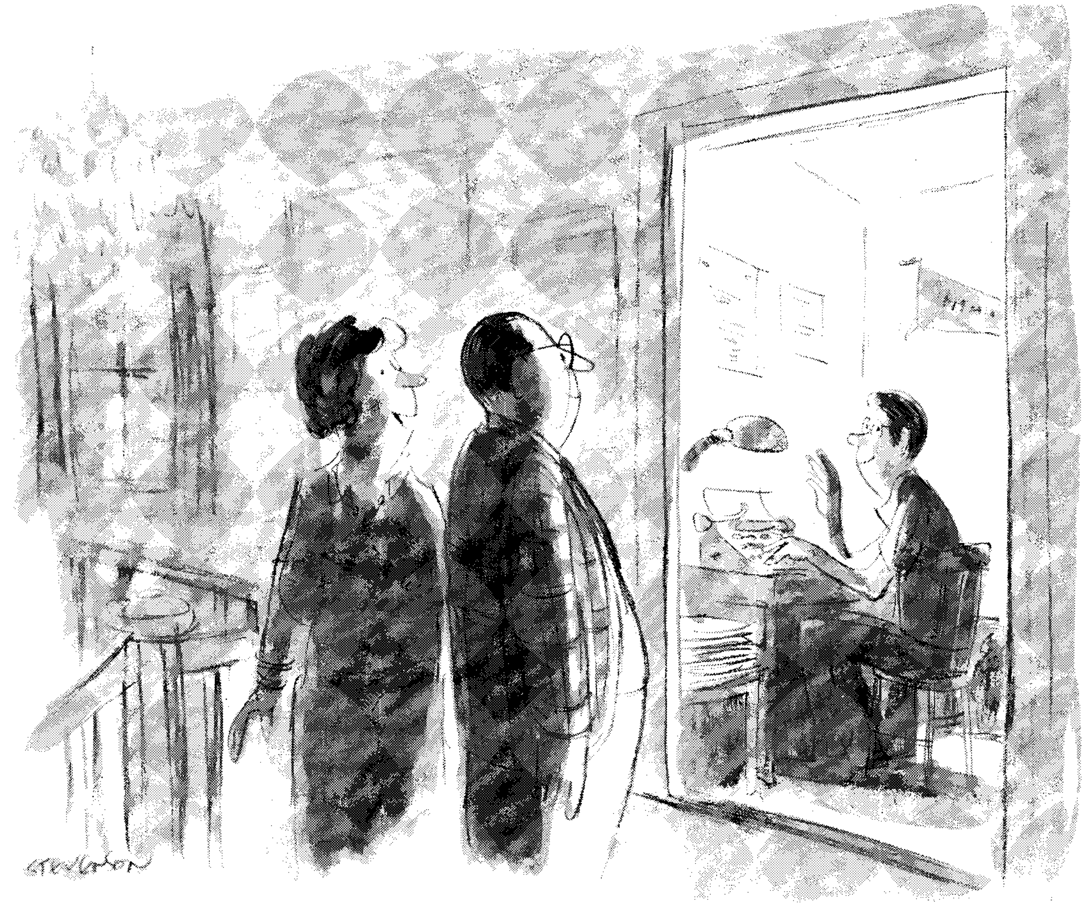


"I'll have the businessman's lunch. Blue-cheese dressing, sour cream and chives on the potato, bread lightly toasted, the fruit cup for dessert, and no coffee. Sincerely, Alden J. Thornton."

On the fourth, or top, floor is another boat conceived expressly for long-distance single-handing. Except for having the same original purpose, she could hardly be more different from the Hunter, however, for she is only ten feet long and appears to be nearly as wide. She is Yankee Girl, in which a Minnesotan named Gerry Spiess sailed across the Atlantic in 1979 and across most of the Pacific, from Southern California to Sydney, in 1981. In order to accommodate Mr. Spiess for several months at a time, Yankee Girl was designed with a very high cabin top and practically no cockpit. She is on display (to promote her skipper's book about his Atlantic crossing) in the condition she was in when she last sailed. That is, her interior is crammed with navigational equipment and supplies, and, even though as much gear as possible has been miniaturized, the tiny cabin has no bunk and barely room for an average male adult to sit. At the end of his Pacific excursion, which lasted some five months, Mr. Spiess was said to have renounced long-haul single-handed sailing, but one may be permitted to doubt this. Like some of the more dramatic degenerative diseases, the urge to sail alone has no known cure.

There are said to be fifteen sailboard firms at this year's show, exhibiting heaven knows how many different boards. These are essentially plastic or fibre-glass surfboards, propelled by a single sail whose mast is affixed to the board by a universal joint. The board's rider stands behind the mast, clutching the sail's wishbone boom, which extends along both sides of the sail. By varying the tilt of the mast and the angle of the sail vis-à-vis the wind, he can steer, accelerate, and fall into the water in a number of different ways. All the sailboards seem to derive from a single source—the Windsurfer—and the international sub-industry producing sailboards has for some time been convulsed by a complex and acrimonious legal fight between the Windsurfing International company, which holds patents on some of the crucial elements of the sailboard, and everybody else. At some boat shows, there have been writs and summonses flung back and forth, but on Tuesday, at any rate, there was no visible evidence of strife at this one.

If there is one increasingly obtrusive category of apparatus at boat shows generally, it is electronic equipment. Most of it has to do with navigation, of course: speedometers, depth sounders, radar systems, and—the newest and most popular toys—position-finders. These last come in two main types—the loran (an acronym for "long-range navigation") and the satellite navigator, or satnav. The satnav is periodically in contact with one of several man-made satellites circling the earth, and receives an accurate position fix about once an hour, which is how often a satellite is within range. Loran, on the other hand, is constantly receiving signals from several mainland transmitters; it notes the minuscule differences between the arrival times of these signals and translates the data into position lines. In practical terms, all that the owner of a loran or a satnav needs is the ability to read numbers—at least, as long as his magic box is working. Once the magic box breaks, as everything on a boat does sooner or later, the navigator is in the soup unless he has mastered the more traditional and tedious arts of position-finding. Not all electronic devices are concerned with navigation, though, as I realized quite suddenly on Tuesday. I paused at the booth occupied by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration—it prepares the government charts, among other things—and just as I was picking up a catalogue a loud voice seemingly at my shoulder exclaimed, "Burglar! Burglar!" I dropped the catalogue instantly, as you may imagine, only to be reassured by one of the N.O.A.A. personnel. "It's just an electronic alarm, on display in the next booth. They demonstrate it every half hour or so." Sure enough, examination revealed a device that can be attached to a yacht's electrical system to warn of forced entry. It will also call out "Fire!"—but not, one hopes, in a presumably crowded public place like a boat show.



"Good news! It's not a novel. It's economic theory."

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Every boat show seems to have at least one new seasickness nostrum. The one at the Coliseum is in the form of a wristband with a protruding button on the inside. The accompanying literature notes that the source for this device is the Japanese system of *Shiatsu*, a variant of acupuncture that relies upon constant pressure rather than upon needles. To prevent nausea, the sufferer wears a band on each wrist, with the button pressing down upon the *nai-kan* point, or "inner gate," which is supposed to be three fingers' width up from the crease on the inside of the wrist. The bands are available in beige, green, navy, orange, red, or yellow pairs or—inevitably—in a mixed port (red) and starboard (green) set.

The experienced visitor to any boat show recognizes that the most likely physical problem to be encountered there is not nausea but boat-show feet—a malady related to museum feet but exacerbated, as a rule, by a tendency to wear rubber-soled yachting shoes with virtually no support for the arches. Until *Shiatsu* can be brought to bear upon this difficulty, the only cure is to go away and sit down someplace—preferably someplace where you can spread the color brochures out on a table while decompressing.

Message ends.

Rockefeller Wing

WE dropped by the Metropolitan Museum one morning last week for a preview of the new Michael C. Rockefeller Wing, a forty-two-thousand-square-foot addition to the south side of the museum which is filled with a staggering collection of masks, statues, pottery, jewelry, textiles, ornamented canoes, household implements, and architectural elements from Africa, the Americas, and the Pacific Islands. Douglas Newton, the chairman of the Department of Primitive Art, was quick to point out that the term "primitive art" is an art-historical umbrella that was devised some seventy years ago to cover the arrival in the European art market of a large number of objects from the seemingly less developed cultures covered by the exhibit. "Nineteenth-century progressivism tended to regard these cultures as backward," he said, "but now we know that most of them were and are highly structured societies, with very complex customs and beliefs. They do have a few things in common—a strong faith in magical powers, an absence of what you might call pragmatic scientific thinking, and the use of tools rather than machines." Mr. Newton, a tall, scholarly Englishman with blue eyes and an aureole of curly gray hair, told us that the wing, which is square, had been divided at the outset into three rectangular sections approximately two hundred feet long and seventy feet wide to accommodate the collections of Nelson Rockefeller and a number of other people. The innermost gallery has a twenty-six-foot ceiling and contains objects from Africa and Mesoamerica. The central section, which has an eleven-foot ceiling, has been subdivided into several smaller galleries, displaying more material from Africa and the Americas and, in addition, artifacts from Polynesia and New Guinea. The outermost gallery, which has a fifty-foot ceiling and a sloping glass wall looking south on Central Park, provides a dramatic setting for some enormous wooden drums and statues that were collected by Michael Rockefeller, Nelson's son, shortly before he disappeared in New Guinea.

We began our tour in the first of the African galleries, admiring two sinuous upright wooden serpents carved by the Baga people of Guinea; a dramatically lit door that was decorated with a bas-relief of crocodiles and snakes; and a group of delicate stylized-antelope headdresses that were worn by the Bamana tribe of Mali. Then we followed Mr. Newton into the center section, where he showed us a smallish wooden sculpture of a bent-over woman carrying a stool on her back. "This is by the Buli Master," he said. "A famous piece carved by a remarkable artist who worked in what is now eastern Zaire during the late nineteenth century. We can identify about twenty pieces of his work." Nearby, we looked at a sinister black Fang head, from what is now Gabon, that had belonged to the sculptor Sir Jacob Epstein ("African art influenced both sculptors and painters such as Picasso at the turn of the century"); an exquisite ivory mask that had been worn at the hip by a sixteenth-century Benin king ("The decorative border combines the faces of Portuguese soldiers—representing power—with mudfish, an ancestral emblem of royalty"); and an impressive group of sixteenth-century Benin bronzes that are technically and aesthetically as good as anything the Renaissance ever produced.

We circled back to the Mesoamerican Room, where we were struck by a four-foot-tall dancing figure of red clay which had a curious slit-eyed face and a shaggy garment tied at the back. "This is a fifteenth-century Aztec priest, depicted wearing a costume of human skin inside out," said Mr. Newton. "The priests would sacrifice somebody to their fertility god, Xipe, and dance in his skin, including the face. It's a custom without parallel in any other culture that I know of."

We moved on to a very large Peruvian wall hanging made of alternating rectangles of blue and yellow feathers. "This was put together from nine matching pieces, which some workmen who were digging up earth to make adobe in a place called Hacienda España, in southern Peru, in 1942, found packed in jars," Mr. Newton told us. "The hanging was originally thought to be Inca, but now we know it's earlier—about 700 A.D. A lot of the feathers come from birds of the Amazon, and that indicates trade across the Andes." In the next room, we saw some even more spectacular Peruvian finds—two broad-faced gold Chimu funeral masks, one of which was half covered with red paint. "The Chimu didn't care a great deal for gold as such," said Mr. Newton. "It had symbolic importance for them, but red did, too. So they painted these masks red before wrapping them up in mummy bundles."

We passed rapidly through North America and emerged in the vast, glass-walled hall containing the material that Michael Rockefeller had obtained in New Guinea—from the Asmat tribe, in the southwestern region. There was a twenty-five-foot wooden crocodile; a cluster of three huge, vertical slit gongs, or wooden drums, with carved saucer-eyed faces; and a series of nine tall, thin *mbis*, or memorial poles, made up of elongated male figures standing on each other's shoulders. "In New Guinea, you never die a natural death," Mr. Newton said. "Either you're killed or you die by sorcery. And you must be avenged. These poles were put up for ceremonies of vengeance. The Asmat, who live in a ten-thousand-square-mile swamp, used to be pretty bloody-minded headhunters and cannibals. On the other hand, the Kwoma, of northeast New Guinea, from whom we got this roof"—he led us into a small adjacent gallery that had a low ceiling covered with brightly painted panels—"are a very *nice* people, who have a rich mythology, a talent for music, and a local history that includes only one or two stories of cannibalism."

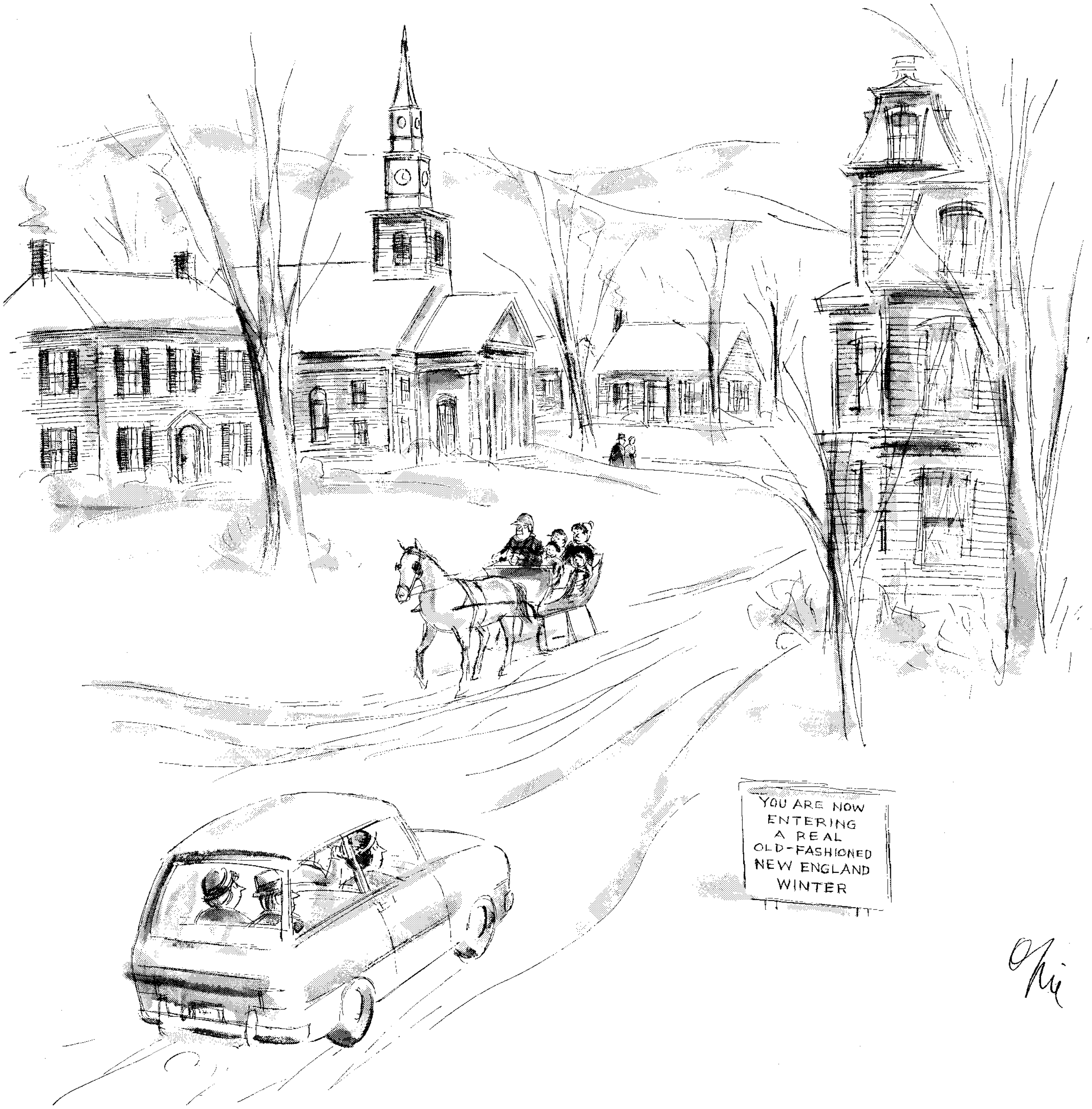
We asked Mr. Newton how the Met had obtained the ceiling, and he replied that he had commissioned it in 1970, during a field trip to the Kwoma country. "It reproduces the ceiling of a men's communal house in a village," he said, "and it was painted on a hundred and fifty individual sheets of sago-palm bark by twenty men, using traditional designs that have been passed down in the tribe for centuries. One crescent-shaped pattern representing flying foxes has also been found on some Melanesian pottery of 1200 B.C. that turned up recently in New Britain. So we think that there must have been an ancient island people who were great traders and made contact with some of the New Guinea tribes more than three thousand years ago."

"What would you like to add to this collection?" we asked.

"Maori things from New Zealand, eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century Hawaiian things," said Mr. Newton. "I'd like to find a carved Maori housefront, but it would have to come from an existing collection, because New Zealand has banned the export of antiquities. A Hawaiian feather cloak or a small eighteenth-century wood carving such as the spear-support figure that was recently sold at Sotheby's would be nice, but prices are high and good Hawaiian items are scarce. That wooden figure, which had been in the collection of a family in Rochester, New York, since 1789, sold for half a million dollars. But this is such an open field that it's still full of surprises. You never know from one day to the next what's going to be dug out of the ground, found in a village, or offered from a private collection. Opening the morning mail can be an exciting experience."

The Bijou

On a morning so cold that one's face puckered like a dried apricot, we were lurching along an icy stretch of sidewalk on Forty-fifth Street west of Broadway, and when we came to the Bijou Theatre we found it boarded up. Peering through an opening, we saw that the theatre was gutted: its front wall had been knocked down, and there was a big hole in the



roof. Then we remembered about the imminent Portman Hotel and its mall, for which a lot of the block is doomed. Where the orchestra seats of the Bijou had once been, there was now a bulldozer sitting in deep rubble, and a machine with a big claw. Part of the light-blue walls and proscenium were still intact, with panels of fancy floral decorations, which wouldn't be there long once the cold machines got started up again. A fire had been made in a wire basket, and a demolition worker had moved it near the engine of the claw.

We stared at the desolate shell for a while. The stage was very shallow; we wondered how we could ever have been caught up in the illusion, seeing plays here, that that narrow shelf held a reality. Then we thought: The destruction of a theatre is a particularly shocking thing to see, because it is a place based on faith, imagination, and feelings. If a theatre has to go, the curtain should come down, and it should disappear.

Next door was the Morosco Theatre, which is also threatened with demolition. We remembered that once, about fifteen years ago, we stood in the lobby of the Morosco talking to an elderly ticket-taker named Samuel J. Freedman. He was a jaunty man who had been in vaudeville when he was young. A Woody Allen comedy was playing at the Morosco then, and if patrons arrived late Mr. Freedman would give them a quick summary of what they had missed. "I know how disappointed they are when they're late," he told us. "So I brief 'em, and I cheer 'em up, and they go in smiling."

On this freezing morning, we realized that soon there might be no place left on this block to go in—smiling or otherwise—and we continued down the street.

COUSIN LILLIAN

WHENEVER my Aunt Lena or Uncle Albert telephoned from their house on Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn to our house in the Bronx, one of them would listen in on the extension downstairs in their drygoods store and my Cousin Sonny would pick up the receiver on his bedroom extension. When Sonny telephoned, my aunt would listen from the living-room extension. When my aunt or uncle picked up the phone in the store, the two others listened in on the upstairs extensions.

It was a Friday night and Ma was on the telephone with my Aunt Lena. Since Ma was going deaf, we had put in a special telephone, with amplified sound, so that a whisper could be heard all over the house.

"What will become of Lillian? What will become of her?" my aunt shouted. "She stayed out all night. She didn't come home all night. Who knows where she stayed out all night."

Ma said, "Lillian's talking to Leon right here in the living room, right now. She's been here since yesterday. She says she tried to call home and no one answered. The line must have been off the hook."

My aunt was skeptical. "Off the hook? No one answered? Albert was in the store until ten. Sonny was in his room all night, and I was in the parlor. Sonny was in his room. Albert was in the store."

Ma said that Lillian had slept over at our house. "On the sofa, Lena. I made up the bedding myself."

My aunt shouted, "You're an accomplice, Drezzle! That's right! An accomplice!" My aunt wanted Lillian to confess. If it was a man, my uncle and she would go together and see him. My uncle wouldn't last very long if he kept working himself up about Lillian.

Ma felt indebted to them for having taken us in the summer after Pa died. Pa had borrowed some money from them.

Cousin Sonny, listening from his bedroom extension, said to Ma, "Listen, Tante, that boyfriend Harry who Lillian brought home can't keep out of our kitchen even when Papa's about to eat after all day in the store. The day before yesterday, Tante, while Papa was trying to swallow, Harry had to creep into the kitchen and talk about socialism for cows and chickens. He came at Papa with 'Today's cow and chicken, by Hindu law, may be you and me tomorrow, Mr. Cooper.' "

Cousin Lillian looked out of our living-room window. The light from a street lamp was on her face. I'd never seen her in a tight-fitting blouse before. Forlorn on our sofa, she listened to Cousin Sonny, whose voice continued to trickle over the telephone. Raising one arm, she said to me, "Leon, Harry was just joking with Papa." Lillian leaned toward me to whisper. "Leon, I first met Harry in group therapy. He and Dora shared a room and were beginning to work out their problems when Dora left Harry for Bernard, also in group therapy. Harry came home and found an empty house and realized at once that Bernard had been studying his personality—even the way he used to say 'Let's face it' to Dora all the time. All of a sudden Bernard was saying 'Let's face it' to Dora, smiling where Harry never smiled. Leon, Harry was left with a split personality. He could joke with Papa, but when we were alone he called me Dora. . . ." Ma moved nearer to us with the telephone to pick up what Lillian was saying. "Leon, when we were in bed he was totally with Dora. He wanted me to move in with him without a license until we were sure it was us."

"Dora's in bed?" my uncle muttered from the extension in the store. "Who's Dora?"

From his room extension Cousin Sonny commented, "Free love. That's the new Party line."

"Dora is Dora and Lillian is someone else," Ma said, trying to smooth things over.

"Lillian's getting a license? What for?" asked my aunt.

"No, Lena," said Ma. "It's when she's sure she's not Dora that they'll get a license."

From the sofa, Cousin Lillian frowned at Ma's oversimplification. "I would have lived with Harry without a license but he was always eating, like a nervous tic. Papa caught him at the refrigerator and said, 'What?'—the only word he ever said to Harry. Then last week Harry ate Papa's whitefish and joked about it. 'I left you the eyes, Mr. Cooper.' Then Harry took Papa's wine. 'To wash down the whitefish, Mr. Cooper,' he said. Then Mama got good and mad at Harry and turned on the radio full blast every time he started to say something. Harry's trauma came back and he started to call me Dora again."

THE telephone rang, and Ma said, "Lena?"

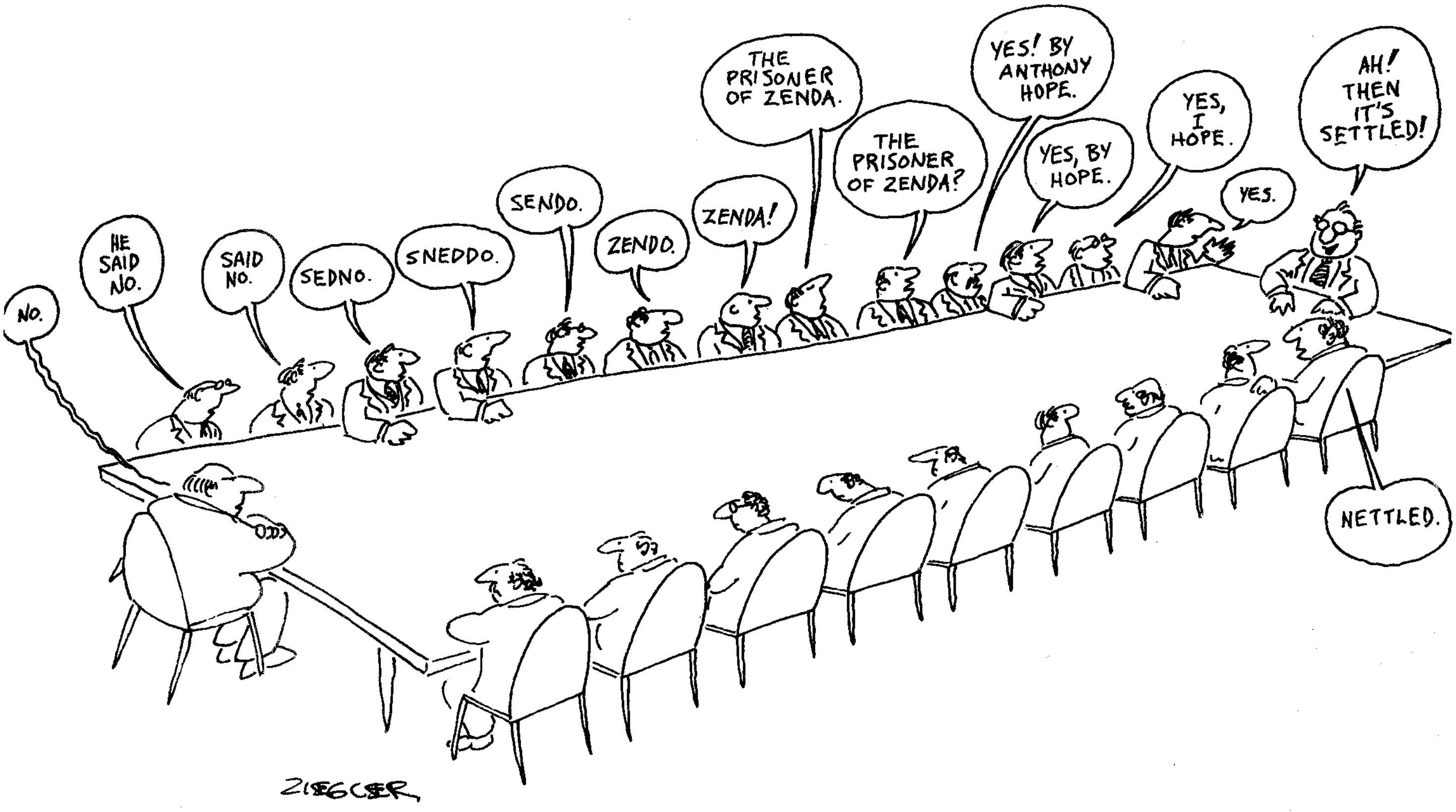
"Hello, Drezzle," said my aunt.

Sonny said, "Hello, Tante."

"Hello, Sonny."

My uncle said, "Hello, Drezzle."

"Lillian didn't come home last night, Drezzle," my aunt said. "She's there in your house, and we hold you responsible." She made a hullabaloo about people who were a half step away from the poorhouse. My aunt knew how to make comparisons, to draw inferences. "Albert and I


NO.
HE SAID NO.
SAID NO.
SEDNO.
SNEDDO.
SENDO.
ZENDO.
ZENDA!
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA?
YES! BY ANTHONY HOPE.
YES, BY HOPE.
YES, I HOPE.
YES.
AH! THEN IT'S SETTLED!
NETTLED.
ZIEGLER

• •

never owed a cent, and we never bought on the installment plan. Max left you with three small children, left you in desperate need. You were left without a piece of bread, with debts at the grocery store and the butcher's, and the month's rent unpaid."

"Don't aggravate yourself, Lena," said Ma. "Lillian just came in through the door with a young man with eyeglasses. A student, maybe."

Cousin Lillian had entered the living room enmeshed in a new boyfriend. Hugging and kissing, they crossed the floor in a cloud of talcum powder. It was hard to see where he began or what he looked like, they were so busy rubbing and caressing. A bird of passion, he pecked make-believe seeds out of Cousin Lillian's lips, puckered in love.

"Charles is an accountant, Tante," Cousin Lillian said.

"Does he make a living?" my aunt asked over the telephone. "What does he do for a living?"

"He's a certified public accountant with a college degree," Ma assured her.

"A certified public accountant?" my uncle asked unbelievingly, slurping from a plate of soup down in the store.

"From City College, I'll bet," said Cousin Sonny in a smirking voice. "City College certified public accountants are a dime a dozen. Accountants are being replaced one-two-three with computers and slide rules. An engineer, I could figure. Most accountants are going into business for themselves so they can do their own books."

"Charles is a junior executive!" Lillian shouted in the direction of Ma's phone. "Charles works at Columbia Pictures and makes out very well!"

"Accountants," Cousin Sonny continued, "are interested in one thing. Sex. Their work is monotonous. It's bookkeepers and clerks and particularly the certified public accountant that can most afford to hang around after work."

A customer must have come into the store—I could hear my uncle knocking on the ceiling with the broom, shouting to Aunt Lena that he had a customer at the underwear counter.

Sonny ran down to cover for him and finish what he was saying on the store phone. "You went to City College, didn't you, Charles?" he shouted.

Charles said, "Yes. And I'm an accountant. Why?"

"And isn't your last name Franklin?"

"Yes, my last name's Franklin. How did you know?"

"And Charles, didn't you get a divorce last year, and isn't your present wife's name Mary? And aren't you paying for the upkeep of two kids from your first marriage? And weren't you popular with the pinko lefties at City College?"

It seemed unlikely that my uncle and aunt could have burned with passion in the making of Cousin Sonny. Yet there must have been some consummation—a possessed Uncle Albert babbling like an approaching Myrtle Avenue train, an ejaculation of socks and ties, winter and summer underwear, children's garments, brassieres and bloomers and stray customers.

COUSIN LILLIAN, wearing a dress of sky-blue silk with splashes of violet, wandered about our house singing songs of love in the Piaf manner:

> . . . and yet deep in his eyes
> something magic lingered,
> a speck of blue skies . . .

"Leon," she said, "I met Eugene at the Modern Museum. He said, 'I know just what Kandinski had in mind.' And that's how we met. Eugene stands very erect and belongs to the Run 200 Miles a Year Club at the Y.M.C.A. Eugene is sixty-three, Leon. Six years older than Papa. We're very much in love, and Eugene acts half Papa's age at least."

Ma was pointing the telephone receiver at Cousin Lillian.

"Kandinski?" My uncle was boiling. "She's going with someone sixty-three? Why not with someone ninety? Yesterday a certified public accountant—today Kandinski, sixty-three!”

Lillian continued, “Eugene makes a good living playing sax with a jazz group.”

“Sex!” hissed Aunt Lena.

“Not sex,” Ma corrected. “He plays the sax, Lillian said.”

“Ha, Drezzle, you’ve been deceiving me. You’re as big a liar as she is. All week we’ve been waiting for her—”

Ma said, “Lena, a person ought never to interfere in the affairs of the heart.”

marisabina

My aunt was bellowing so loud we could hardly hear each other in the living room. In the store my uncle raised a terrible clatter on the ceiling with the broom handle. Cousin Sonny ran down.

DRESSED in a white piqué frock with lace trimmings, Cousin Lillian reminisced about one of her recent boyfriends, Carl. “Leon, Carl only wanted Papa to place business-opportunity ads with him in the New York *Times*. ‘Men with capital wanted’ type of ads. That was all Carl meant—to place ads together. He approached Papa at the wrong time. Just when Papa was coming to eat. ‘Do you know anything about mutual funds, Mr. Cooper?’ he asked, trying to communicate. You know how it is when no one talks, Leon. Papa was always hostile. When we were children, we had to bathe in one tub of water and Papa went around the house shutting off the electric lights to teach us a lesson. He never kissed us when we were little. Except Sonny. Papa didn’t kiss him, either, but he lifted him up sometimes and said, ‘Sonny boy.’ ”

My uncle seemed about to explode over the telephone. We could hear him pounding the table, something falling over onto the floor and scattering, Uncle tangled up in the telephone wire.

Ma put in a word. “Albert,” she soothed, “everything will settle. Soon you’ll have grandchildren running about.”

“What’s that? What’s that?” my aunt flung at Ma. “I don’t follow you. What’s that you say? What’s that you’re telling us? Who brought relatives over from Europe? Albert did. Everybody came in rags. We ourselves worked from six in the morning. Drezzle, we saw families being put out on the sidewalks. In our case we had absolutely no one in America.”

IT was an early spring on our sofa, and Cousin Lillian wore a large red hat topped with optimistic tangerines, happy grapes, and smiling leaves. A little stuffed bird, perched off center, chirped silently in the best of all possible worlds.

“Drezzle, what’s going on there?” asked my aunt.

COUSIN LILLIAN came in with Daniel. “He loves me, Leon.” She straightened her hat, her dress, and her gloves, then led him onto the sofa, where he folded into sleep with one eye open. “He’s tired, Leon,” she said, trembling, rubbing her nose in his ear.

“What did she say? Who is Daniel? Why is he so tired?”

PHIL was a tall man in a blue turtleneck sweater. Lillian wore a tight green satin dress trimmed with feathers. Her face, powdered chalk white, made a sharp contrast with her black hair, loosely brushed back from her forehead.

From the drygoods-store phone my uncle asked, “Who came in, Drezzle?” My aunt and Sonny echoed on their extensions, “Who came in?”

Ma said, “Lillian is here with a nice young man in trade-union work.”

A burly, impetuous athlete, Phil wouldn’t lie still on the sofa. “Herbert Hoover was responsible for my father’s unemployment during the Great Depression, so I told them, ‘I won’t sign a Happy Birthday Herbert Hoover petition and you can’t make me.’ So I was the first one laid off in our shop.”

Standing on a chair, Phil did an exercise, going up and down on one leg while explaining the woman question. “One, two . . . the woman’s revolution demands concentration. Three, four . . . it cannot tolerate orgiastic conditions such as are normal for the heroes and heroines . . . five, six . . . of a Henry Miller. Seven, eight . . . women are a rising class. Nine, ten . . . they don’t need intoxication . . . eleven, twelve . . . as a narcotic or stimulus. . . .”

“What do you mean, like Henry Miller?” the magnetic Cousin Sonny piped in from his bedroom extension.

“Thirteen, fourteen . . . self-control is not slavery, not even in sex.” Finished with one leg, Phil lay down on the floor “to let blood into the head.” Then he went on. “Left opportunism is always ready to destroy women’s as well as workers’ revolutions, to smash the machinery of the bourgeoisie, leaving nothing to produce wherewithal with, therefore making it possible for the return of exploitation and capitalism.”

Cousin Sonny asked, “If all the money was divided, then what?”

“Without wherewithal, there is no bread,” Phil said. “Now pushups.”

Cousin Lillian said, “Phil was clubbed on the head twice by company police during the textile strike in Raleigh last year, Leon. He’s a very militant trade unionist.”

“The rehabilitation of the ruble and the five-year plans proved once and for all how important wherewithal was.”

Cousin Sonny repeated, “If all the money was divided, then what?”

“After pushups, deep breathing. The . . . petty . . . bourgeoisie . . . is . . . the . . . handmaiden . . . of . . . reactionary . . . capitalism. . . . The . . . leaders . . . of . . . the . . . women’s . . . revolution . . . that . . . have . . . middle . . . class . . . orientation . . . will . . . sell . . . their . . . interests . . . and . . . become . . . the . . . watchdogs . . . of private . . . property. . . . Now situps, for stomach control.”

“Why do I have to divide a savings account with anyone?” persisted Cousin Sonny. “What’s mine is yours, and what’s yours is yours, right?”

“Kerenski was swept away by the tide of history. Social Democratic leaders never change their class spots. They talk revolution, yet under the whiplash of the boss they smile and wag their tails. . . . Now I do this for concentration.” Fixing his head on the floor, he lifted his legs and stood upside down, facing Ma and the telephone. “The small storekeeper is finished forever, caught in the nutcracker of history.”

Cousin Lillian beamed. “Tante,” she announced, “Phil and I got married yesterday.”

Uncle ran up and Tante ran down. Sonny ran out of the house, and a Myrtle Avenue train passed over their heads on the uptown side.

—LOU MYERS

SKATERS

HENRY'S son and granddaughter were there to meet him when his plane landed at Kennedy, on Sunday, New Year's Day. The first thing he noticed was that Robert and Rebecca were unusually pale, as if they hadn't quite recovered from the flu. Looking around, he was relieved to see that they were no paler than anyone else; then he saw the down coats and fur jackets and remembered he was no longer in Florida.

A few weeks before Thanksgiving, his son's wife had left him for a woman she'd met at a health spa. It was a Jack La Lanne, ten minutes from home, in Manhasset, and she'd met the woman in the spa's tiny indoor swimming pool. When Robert had told him all about it over the phone, Henry couldn't think of anything to say but how awful he thought the whole thing was; he hadn't offered to come up North, even though he sensed that was what Robert wanted from him. Retired and a widower, he enjoyed a life that was peaceful and well ordered; he just didn't want to be drawn into the heart of someone else's disaster. And he suspected that in living alone he had lost his gift for being patient with people, that he no longer knew how to be of comfort to anyone.

He was a big, solid-looking man, with thick silver hair, and he had spent more than half his life as a guidance counsellor in a junior high school in Queens. He had savored the work, mixing easily with students and parents, thinking of himself as a psychiatrist, social worker, and counsellor all in one. Every day at three-forty-five, when he left school, he had closed his mind to whatever had happened at work and gone straight home to help his wife, Sally, fix dinner. He liked to spend the last hours of the day in the little bathroom he had turned into a darkroom for himself. Summers, when school was out, he and his wife travelled, cross-country and to Europe. In Florida, where he went after he lost Sally, it was always summer, and the days were his to do with as he pleased.

Robert had waited until Christmas to tell Henry the news, and as Robert went on talking Henry began to think about how much he hated New York in the winter. He remembered the windows that leaked icy air into his old bedroom in Forest Hills, the mounds of filthy snow on Queens Boulevard, the freezing wind that made his cheekbones ache. Thirteen hundred miles away, in Fort Lauderdale, he shivered.

"I'm bereft," Robert said into the phone. "Utterly."

After a long silence, Henry said, "Well, I guess I'll call a couple of the airlines and see what I can do about getting up there."

"Thank God," Robert answered.

As they waited now for his luggage to come around on the carrousel, Henry buttoned his raincoat against the chill. He watched his son closely, looking for evidence: anything at all that would show that here was a man whose life was a shambles. Robert looked the same as always—like a high-school kid who would probably grow to his full size in a few more years. He was just five-six, blond and slight. What he needed was a full beard and mustache, but every time he stopped shaving he got colorless wisps that appeared to have settled onto his face by accident. For years Robert had confided in Henry, and Henry knew that before his marriage he had been disappointed by one woman after another, most of whom ended things by accusing him of being "too nice" or "too generous." When Henry had called to tell Robert the flight he'd be on—a call that cost Henry thirty-three dollars—Robert admitted that the accusations had always struck him as self-contradictory, and that it wasn't until his wife left him that he understood he'd been mistaken. (Listening to Robert, Henry nodded his head yes, thinking that anyone in the world could have told his son how wrong he'd been.)

"Isn't that your suitcase?" Rebecca pointed to a plaid zippered bag that had a large white "H" made out of masking tape on the front.

Henry pulled it off the carrousel just before it moved out of reach. "Thanks, Miss Eagle Eyes," he said.

"You're welcome. Want to hear me use the word 'meretricious' in a sentence?"

"What?"

Rebecca grinned. She was ten, but she looked like a miniature adult. She was wearing dungarees, a navy-blue

"Well, I, for one, see nothing intrinsically funny about the name Muffy. My mother's name happens to be Muffy."

turtleneck sweater, and a dark-green down vest. Her ears were pierced, and in each one there was a tiny gold hoop. "We wish you a meretricious and a happy new year," she said, and then she giggled.

"Very clever," Henry said. He wasn't exactly sure what "meretricious" meant but thought it had something to do with prostitutes. Last year, before he moved to Florida, he'd learned that Rebecca had been designated a gifted child, and that she had been put into a special class at school. He wondered just how much a child like that could be told about why she'd been abandoned by her mother. No matter how gifted she was, he decided sorrowfully, the information was bound to screw her up.

Henry insisted on going with Robert out to the parking lot to get the Datsun and on carrying his suitcase himself. In the car, Rebecca sat up front with Robert, and Henry in the back seat with his suitcase. "Did you know you're my precious girl?" he said, leaning forward and twisting Rebecca's hair into a braid like the one she'd worn last winter.

"Don't," Rebecca said sharply, and jerked her head away. "You're going to wrinkle my hair. I like it nice and straight."

"Excuse me." Henry could feel his face warming; under his raincoat perspiration dampened his shirt. He unzipped his suitcase and pretended to look for something that was buried at the bottom.

"Anyone have any ideas about dinner?" Robert said.

"I wouldn't mind McDonald's," Rebecca said, "although I have to say their French fries usually aren't as good as they're supposed to be."

"That's fine with me," Henry said. He didn't tell them he'd made a hamburger for himself for lunch.

At McDonald's, Robert settled Rebecca at a table in back while Henry went to give their order. The girl who took the order seemed bewildered when Henry asked for a Big Mac without lettuce and special sauce. "What's the point?" the girl said. "It makes no sense. You might as well just have a regular cheeseburger."

When their order was ready, he looked into the bags and saw that she had given them small Cokes instead of large ones, and that she had forgotten their McDonaldland cookies. For a moment he debated what to say to her, and then very carefully he said, "It doesn't matter, really, but I think I ordered the other size soda and some of those cookies."

"I've been telling myself all day that this job has got to go," the girl said, wiping tears from her eyes.

"It's all right," Henry said. "I just flew in from Florida, and they gave us a nice snack on the plane. So don't worry about it."

"I need this dumb job to stay in pharmacy school. Do you have any idea what that costs me?"

Robert stepped in front of Henry and grabbed the bags from the counter. "Let's get this show on the road," he said.

"Good luck," Henry called over his shoulder, as Robert steered him toward the table where Rebecca was waiting. "That was very rude of you. I'm surprised at you," he told Robert when they sat down. He took his hamburger out of the Styrofoam box and was about to take a bite from it when he noticed a man sitting alone at a table across the aisle. The man had very short hair, pale blond except for a patch of turquoise at the side of his head. There was a studded dog collar around his neck, and a safety pin through his earlobe. Henry put down his hamburger.

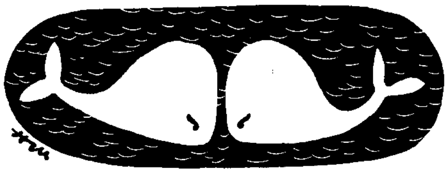
"No good?" Robert said.

"That man over there—"

"Punk-rocker," Rebecca said. "Don't you have them in Florida?"

"Why would anyone do that to himself? It doesn't make any sense."

"*Chacun à son goût*, if you know what I mean," Robert said. "What else can I tell you?"



AFTER Rebecca went to bed, Robert fixed Henry tea in the kitchen, Henry's favorite of all the

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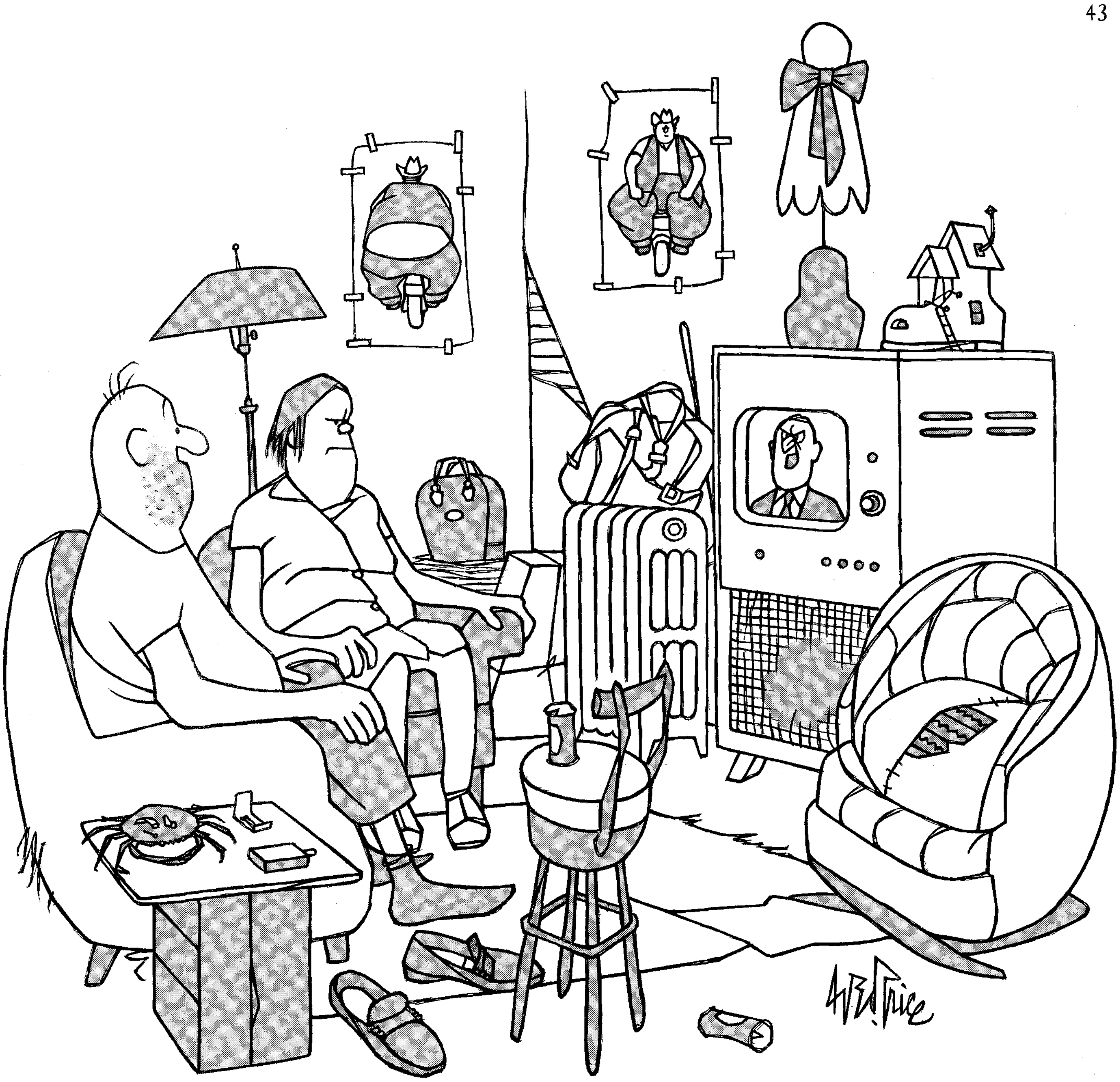
THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

I've finished with the listlessness
of snow on pine boughs, or the page's invitations,
also snow. That's why this morning
the pines shake it off in gusts,
why I'm tired of the ways we look at ourselves.
From the window I watch you
throwing pinecones for the dogs,
resin on your glove, their breath that rises
like the drastic lights of a winter city
and illustrates nothing. Before,
I thought our lives, these mornings,
could all be ennobling and abstract,
but the sky has whitened for days;
there are more than six sides to every question.

Last night you brushed your hair
a hundred strokes in the TV's light
that flickered thirties movies until dawn:
Hitchcock's "The Man Who Knew Too Much,"
who saved himself through irony
and fear. All these mazes of plot—
I can't let them go, as after those nights
we'd argue for hours, finally seeing
we'd come to nothing. We lived in a neighborhood
of blacks and Chicanos and I'd walk away
to the Mexican movies, though I'd lost
my Spanish years before. This is the way
it always seemed—someone talks and you know
you won't understand. The *hombre* puts a pheasant
on the kitchen table. The *mujer* begins to weep.
Abstract movement, where some feeling is trapped,
like the *hombre* frowning at a steamed-up mirror.
He cleans it and forgets what he was thinking.
And I'm leaving my seat, weary
of the dialogue, tired enough for home.

—DAVID WOJAHN



"We now return you to your local studios—and good riddance."

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rooms in the house. The kitchen had a slate floor and a large fireplace, and there was an oak icebox and an antique rocking chair Polly had stripped and refinished herself. Swedish ivy hung from the bay window, which had a pretty view of the pond just beyond the back yard. Henry waited nervously for Robert to start talking about Polly. He was always a little uneasy talking with his son, afraid that something he said might be misinterpreted by Robert and hurt him. Robert had never had much of a sense of humor about himself; he was always on guard against insults. Once, when he was about sixteen, and Henry had casually suggested that he was old enough to start going out with girls, Robert had turned on him in a fury. "It's great knowing your own father has doubts about you," Robert had yelled at him. "Thanks a lot." Henry, so successful in dealing with other people's children, instinctively knew the right thing to say to everyone but his son. All he could do was approach Robert with caution, and keep his fingers crossed.

In the kitchen they discussed the Cuban refugees in Miami, and whether or not Henry should trade in his five-year-old gas-guzzler for a Honda or a Rabbit. Soon Robert began to yawn and rub his eyes, and Henry relaxed—obviously Polly wasn't going to be mentioned at all until the next day. But then, looking down into his teacup, Robert said, "I'll never get over this, you know. Not in a hundred years."

Henry was silent.

"I wish I could have fallen out of love with her the moment she told me what was going on. But I'm still waiting."

"Well, it makes sense," Henry said. "You don't just lose all feeling for a person overnight. It has to be more like a leaky faucet, where you lose a little at a time. But, anyway, what you have to do is tell yourself that things always work out for the best. And they do."

"I hate it when you talk like that,"

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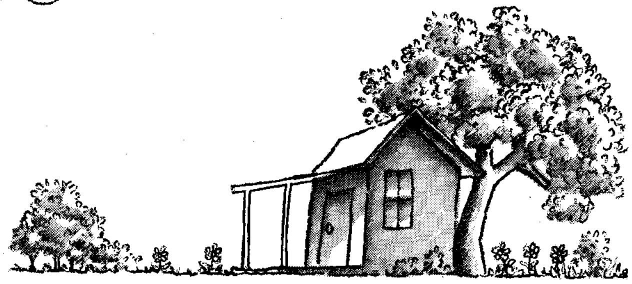

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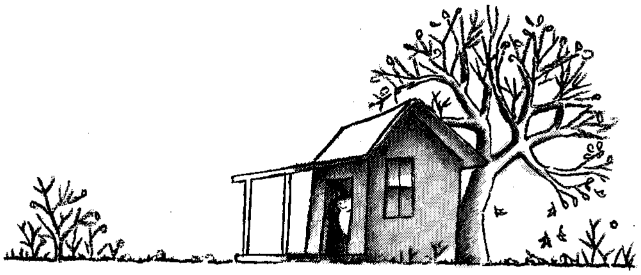

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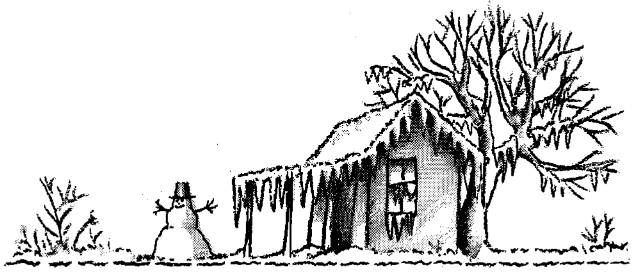

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Robert said. "It sounds so idiotic."

"What do you want? Do you want me to tell you that Polly's as good as they come, and that this is the worst thing that could have happened?" Henry was thinking about his sixtieth birthday last spring, and the party Polly had made for him. She had baked him a very professional-looking heart-shaped cake, which, she said, was certainly appropriate under the circumstances. When he asked what she meant, Polly said, "Just that we're all crazy about you, that's all." To Henry she had always seemed sweetly transparent, not like all the people he knew who went out of their way to keep you guessing about their private selves. That was why he had so much trouble believing she had run off with a woman. He had thought homosexuality required a great deal of sophistication—something he had been convinced Polly just didn't have. She had a husband, a child, and a house, and he was sure she had taken pleasure in all three. When he still lived in Forest Hills, he had made it a point to visit every other weekend and he had seen with his own eyes over and over again how well Robert and Polly fitted together, both of them so eager to please each other. Even a stranger could have seen in a minute that they belonged together.

"She'd been sneaking into the city to go to Gay Alliance meetings," Robert said to Henry in a whisper. "She and Amber had this thing going for almost three years." He shook his head. "The two housewives."

"Three years?"

"Keep your voice down. This is a small house."

"I'm sure there are doctors who specialize in this sort of thing," Henry said. He was talking very fast. "They show you your mistakes. Eventually you can be cured." He did not want to believe that the marriage was beyond repair; if he had to choose between Robert and Polly he would not be at all sure of what to do.

Robert rolled his eyes. "You're missing the point," he said. "This is what she wants. This is what makes her happy."

"She was happy with you until she met this Amber."

"Wrong," Robert said. "There were other people before Amber. This goes back a long, long time."

"So why did she marry you?" Henry yelled. "For what possible reason?"

"I just had the bad luck to be in the right place at the right time. And how many times do I have to ask you to keep your voice down?"

"Rebecca," Henry said more softly. "What's going to happen to her?"

"She wet her bed four nights in a row this week," Robert said. Resting his elbows on the table, he fitted his palms together as if in a salaam and pressed his teeth into his fingertips. Henry noticed then that Robert was wearing two watches, one on each wrist. He had to ask why.

"I just got this one a few days ago," Robert told him, pointing to the digital watch on his right arm. "I don't really trust it yet, so I wear my old one, too."

"How will you know when you can trust it?" Henry said.

Robert seemed surprised at the question. "I'll just know," he said.

Henry woke up in the middle of the night. The room was freezing. His first thought was that he had left the air-conditioner running, and he got out of bed to turn it off. He walked barefoot to the window and tripped over a barber's chair Polly had got at a garage sale one summer. He realized where he was: thirteen hundred miles from where he wanted to be. After his wife died, when he had made the decision to retire and move to Florida, Robert had tried to talk him out of it, saying it was crazy for him to spend the rest of his life so far from the people who cared about him most. "You just concern yourself with your wife and daughter," Henry had told him. "I'm old enough to watch out for myself." He didn't tell Robert how fearful he was of being drawn to their house too often, and then one day finding he was no longer welcome. And he wasn't someone who believed that children owed their parents any-

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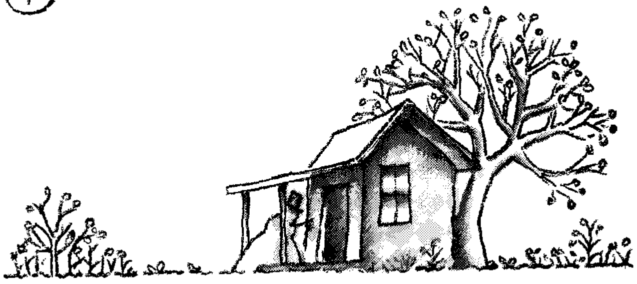

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thing; whatever he had done for Robert had been done willingly and lovingly, and he had no wish to be repaid. There were friends of his in Fort Lauderdale who couldn't stop weighing and measuring, who always thought they deserved more from their children than what they had got. One of his friends, a woman he used to play backgammon with, had kept a running tab of what it cost her to raise her son. The day of her son's wedding, she told Henry, she showed him the complete bill, "just so he'd know what's what in this world." Henry avoided the woman after that, and, as it turned out, never talked to her again. It wasn't that he considered himself an exemplary father. He had got used to being at a distance from Robert's life, and found that he preferred it that way; preferred not to know that his granddaughter wet her bed, that his son was distrustful of even the watch on his wrist. He did not want to know all the things that he was helpless to change.

Wrapped in an afghan, and wearing the rubber thongs he usually wore to the pool, Henry made his way down the stairs to the kitchen. The teacups and saucers and spoons were sitting in the sink, where Robert had left them. Henry washed and dried them, and put them away. Waiting for the sun to come up, he swept the kitchen floor and set the table for breakfast. Even with the afghan he was cold, but he wasn't about to fool around with the fireplace and he couldn't find the thermostat to turn up the heat. Finally, it occurred to him to switch on the oven. In a little while he was warm and drowsy, settled in the rocking chair.

Rebecca was mixing an envelope of Instant Breakfast into a plastic mug when he woke up. She was wearing a blue floor-length nightshirt that said "Yale Sleeping Team" and red furry slippers that showed her toes. She put a hand on her hip and continued stirring her milk. In a comic, high-pitched voice she said, "Instant Breakfast, for your information, is not a meal."

"What?" Henry said.

"My mother said that ten times a week. She used to try to get me to eat all kinds of things with it, but I never wanted to. Now I can do whatever I want, without too much of an argument."

He asked if she saw her mother a lot.

"She takes me roller-skating and ice-skating. Sometimes Amber comes, too. She came yesterday," Rebecca said.

"So what's Amber like?" he said, trying to sound casual.

"I think she's probably the skinniest person in the world. She tried to kill herself once. She jumped out of a window and broke her back. She was a very unhappy person. But now she's with my mother, and they're happy. It's my father who's unhappy. That's why I'm supposed to make an effort not to aggravate him. The doctor I go to tells me that all the time. He's Chinese. Amber always says, 'What's new with Dr. Sun Yat-sen?,' even though I keep telling her that's not his name."

"I have to have some coffee," Henry said. "Do you want some?"

Rebecca looked at him. "Children don't drink coffee," she said.

"Oh, sure. I was just kidding." While Rebecca was talking, he had poked all ten fingers through openings in the afghan's stitching, and now he saw that he had probably ruined it. He tried to get up out of the rocking chair but collapsed on his knees because both his legs had fallen asleep.

Rebecca ran to him. "Are you all right?"

He was embarrassed. "I'm fine," he said, and stood up.

Rebecca slapped her hand to her chest and panted dramatically. "I was so scared. I thought you were having a heart attack."

"Don't be silly."

"I know. But I thought everyone's grandfather had a heart attack sooner or later. That's just what happens."

"Not in this family."

"Want to hear me use the word 'isthmus' in a sentence?" Without waiting for an answer she said, “Isthmus be my lucky day!”

“You bet,” Henry said.

BECAUSE he was curious to see Polly and Amber, Henry let Rebecca talk him into going to the roller-skating rink with her Saturday. The week had been quiet; Henry had kept busy with housework and gone to afternoon movies to pass the time while Robert was at work and Rebecca in school. Rebecca had plans to meet Polly in front of the snack bar at one o'clock. Robert was making his weekly trip to the supermarket, the cleaner's, and the library, and would pick up Henry and Rebecca on his way home.

“I'm nervous,” Henry told Robert in the car. “I know I'm going to say the wrong thing. Like on ‘The Odd Couple,’ where Felix warns Oscar to be careful not to offend the midget, who's very sensitive about his size. So what do you think Oscar says when they're introduced: ‘It's nice to meet you, Mr. Midget.’ ”

“She's the one who ought to be nervous, not you,” Robert said. He dropped Henry and Rebecca off in the parking lot and turned back into traffic.

Henry had never been to a roller-skating rink before, and he wasn't very impressed with what he saw—the rink reminded him of the gymnasium in his old junior high. It was big and drafty and obviously hadn't been cleaned or painted in years. At exactly one o'clock, Polly skated over to them. Amber was just behind her. Polly kissed Rebecca and hugged Henry. Her dark straight hair was like Rebecca's, and her face was round and very pretty, though she was wearing so much makeup Henry wondered what she was hiding. She and Amber were dressed in royal-blue satin shorts and little white T-shirts. No one would have guessed that Polly was close to forty. Amber, Henry decided, couldn't have been more than twenty-five. She was as skinny as Rebecca had said, and much taller than Polly. All he could think of was Mutt and Jeff. When Polly introduced Amber to him, Amber shook his hand and said nothing. But she bought Rebecca a frankfurter at the snack bar, which pleased Henry a lot.

“Fellow-incumbents!”

“You look nice and tan,” Polly told him after she had sent Amber and Rebecca off to skate together. “How's it going at the condominium?”

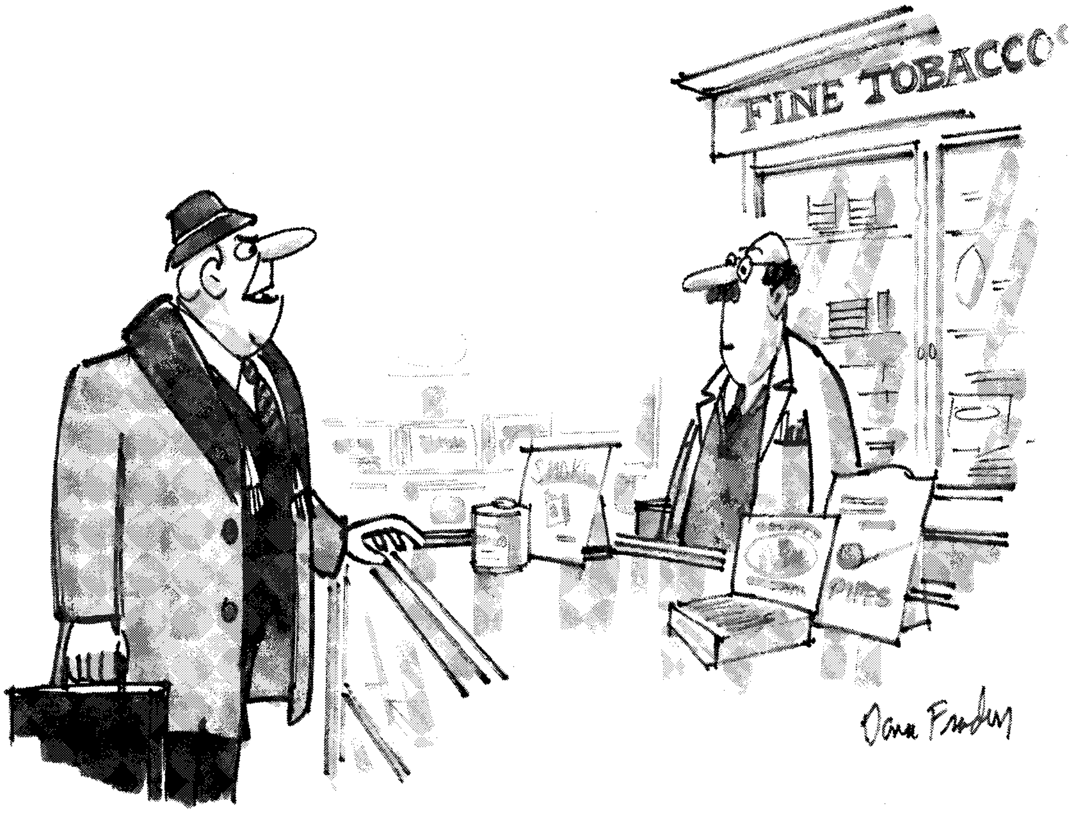
“The pool had a couple of drowned mice floating around in it a few weeks ago,” Henry said, “but we took care of it. Other than that, everything's been going smoothly.”

“You're happy there?”

“I have more friends now than I've ever had in my life. And I have my golf and tennis and Spanish lessons and my photography. And if I knew that my family was all in one piece, I'd have no complaints at all.”

“Let's go and sit down,” Polly said evenly. “We skated for almost an hour before you got here. I'm exhausted.”

They seated themselves at the end of a long bench that was in front of a wall of lockers. The rink was crowded, mostly with teen-agers, but he was surprised at the number of adults who were serious skaters, showing off solemnly in the center. Over the P.A. system, a woman's voice was singing something about hot love or hot stuff—he couldn't quite make out the words. Polly was tapping one skate to the music. “Great song,” she said, and he remembered Polly and Robert practicing dancing to “their” song—“Embraceable You,” he thought it was—in the living room in Forest Hills, days before their wedding. What had she been hoping for then? That the years with Robert would pass as painlessly as possible until one day she'd be fearless enough to go after what she really wanted? She'd put on a good show all those years—he had to give her credit for that. Of all the people he knew, he would have said that she was among the happiest, the most content with her life. He had never seen her anything but cheerful. Henry's father used to say that only idiots were happy all the time, but his father had been a terrible pessimist. Like Robert, who even as a child had seemed surprised when things went his way. Asking permission to go to the movies, or to stay up an extra hour, or to have a friend sleep over for the night, Robert had hung his head apologetically and looked down at the floor. As hard as Henry tried, he could not warm to a boy like that. “What are you staring at? Are there diamonds on the floor?” he would say, pretending annoyance, when really he was worried sick that this child whom he loved so deeply had so little confidence. Years later, when Polly said she would



“A box of big fat cigars.”

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marry him, Robert wouldn’t take yes for an answer, and half a dozen times he’d asked if she was sure. Since their wedding, whenever he had a question or some problem to discuss, Henry found himself turning first to Polly, and in its way that closeness had almost been enough.

“Listen,” Polly said to Henry. “Why don’t you go rent a pair of skates and we’ll go around the rink together a few times.”

“No thanks, I gave at the office,” Henry said.

Polly laughed. “I promise I won’t let you fall. You can hold on to me every step of the way.”

She was already half off the bench; he could see that she couldn’t sit still anymore. “Go,” he said. “It’s all right.” When Polly skated off he noticed that her shorts were too small—a little bit of her behind was visible, and he sensed it wasn’t accidental. Anything was possible, he saw then. She might kidnap Rebecca and try to keep Robert from seeing her, or she might just as easily disappear with Amber, never to be heard from again. He didn’t trust her.

Henry got up off the bench and walked to the low wall that circled the rink. There was a railing around the rink on both sides, and he leaned over and rested his arms against the metal. It took him a while before he spotted Rebecca. The three of them had formed a chain—Polly in front, followed by Rebecca holding on to her mother’s waist, and then Amber, her arms around Rebecca’s middle. They shrieked when they saw Henry, and Polly waved. They made their way around the rink twice before an attendant in a neon-orange uniform caught up with them. The man pointed to a large sign that said eating, drinking, smoking, chains, and other horseplay were forbidden on the rink. Frowning, he grabbed Rebecca’s hands from Polly’s waist and then took off, skating backward into the crowd. Henry watched as Rebecca, and then Polly, rushed off the rink. He ran to meet them. Rebecca was in tears, her head drooping so that her chin touched her chest.

“She wants to go home,” Polly said. “I told her she was being silly, but she won’t listen.”

“Robert isn’t supposed to pick us up until about five or so,” Henry said. He paused, listening for Polly’s offer to take them home.

Polly knelt beside her daughter on the dirty wooden floor. “You’re a big girl,” she said with her eyes closed. “You better get your act together. You can’t flip out every time someone looks at you cross-eyed.”

Rebecca lifted her head. “We’ll take a taxi. I’ll pay for it out of my allowance,” she said.

“Don’t be that way,” Polly said, and sighed. She stood up slowly and put her hand at the back of Rebecca’s neck. “I’ll take you home. We’ll stop off for Carvel, how’s that?”

“Lousy,” Rebecca said. “Just like everything.” Turning her back on Polly, she skated to the front of the lobby, where the phones were.

“Henry, let me tell you about that kid,” Polly said.

“You’re not going to let her take a taxi, are you?” he said.

“At every opportunity, that kid tries to complicate my life. She gets it from her father. Last week he called me up at seven in the morning while he was getting dressed for work. He told me he was wearing a brown-and-white herringbone suit and a yellow shirt.” Polly shook her head and began massaging her eyebrows, as if she had a headache. “He wanted to know which tie I thought he should wear.”

Henry stared at her, surprised at how mournful she sounded. Under her eyes were delicate crescents of lavender resembling bruises, which he hoped were only makeup. Suddenly, Polly rolled toward him on her skates and wrapped her arms around his back. She rested her head against his shoulder. He started to raise his arms.

“This family,” Polly said in a whispery voice, but all he saw was Robert in his herringbone suit, his yellow shirt a size too large for him, a dozen silk ties drooping from the collar.

—Marian Thurm

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As in other areas of industrial hygiene, there is interest in the effects of the fumes and gases evolved during welding on the human body.—*“The Welding Environment,” a report published by the American Welding Society.*

Now if we could get some interest going in prose transpositions.

REFLECTIONS

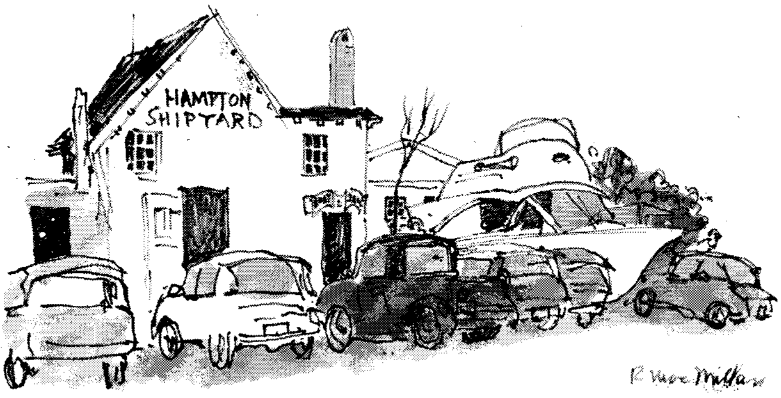
THE FATE OF THE EARTH

II—THE SECOND DEATH

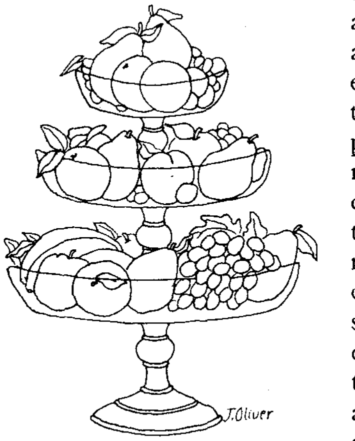
IF a council were to be empowered by the people of the earth to do whatever was necessary to save humanity from extinction by nuclear arms, it might well decide that a good first step would be to order the destruction of all the nuclear weapons in the world. When the order had been carried out, however, warlike or warring nations might still rebuild their nuclear arsenals—perhaps in a matter of months. A logical second step, accordingly, would be to order the destruction of the factories that make the weapons. But, just as the weapons might be rebuilt, so might the factories, and the world's margin of safety would not have been increased by very much. A third step, then, would be to order the destruction of the factories that make the factories that make the weapons—a measure that might require the destruction of a considerable part of the world's economy. But even then lasting safety would not have been reached, because in some number of years—at most, a few decades—everything could be rebuilt, including the nuclear arsenals, and mankind would again be ready to extinguish itself. A determined council might next decide to try to arrest the world economy in a pre-nuclear state by throwing the blueprints and technical manuals for reconstruction on the bonfires that had by then consumed everything else, but that recourse, too, would ultimately fail, because the blueprints and manuals could easily be redrawn and rewritten. As long as the world remained acquainted with the basic physical laws that underlie the construction of nuclear weapons—and these laws include the better part of physics as physics is understood in our century—mankind would have failed to put many years between itself and its doom. For the fundamental origin of the peril of human extinction by nuclear arms lies not in any particular social or political circumstances of our time but in the attainment by mankind as a whole, after millennia of scientific progress, of a certain level of knowledge of the physical universe. As long as that knowledge is in our possession, the atoms themselves, each one stocked with its prodigious supply of energy, are, in a manner of speaking, in a perilously advanced state of mobilization for nuclear hostilities, and any conflict anywhere in the world can become a nuclear one. To return to safety through technical measures alone, we would have to disarm matter itself, converting it back into its relatively safe, inert, nonexplosive nineteenth-century Newtonian state—something that not even the physics of our time can teach us how to do. (I mention these farfetched, wholly imaginary programs of demolition and suppression in part because the final destruction of all mankind is so much more farfetched, and therefore seems to give us license to at least consider extreme alternatives, but mainly because their obvious inadequacy serves to demonstrate how deeply the nuclear peril is ingrained in our world.)

It is fundamental to the shape and character of the nuclear predicament that its origins lie in scientific knowledge rather than in social circumstances. Revolutions born in the laboratory are to be sharply distinguished from revolutions born in society. Social revolutions are usually born in the minds of millions, and are led up to by what the Declaration of Independence calls "a long train of abuses," visible to all; indeed, they usually cannot occur unless they are widely understood by and supported by the public. By contrast, scientific revolutions usually take shape quietly in the minds of a few men, under cover of the impenetrability to most laymen of scientific theory, and thus catch the world by surprise. In the case of nuclear weapons, of course, the surprise was greatly increased by the governmental secrecy that surrounded the construction of the first bombs. When the world learned of their existence, Mr. Fukai had already run back into the flames of Hiroshima, and tens of thousands of people in that city had already been killed. Even long after scientific discoveries have been made and their applications have transformed our world, most people are likely to remain ignorant of the underlying principles at work, and this has been particularly true of nuclear weapons, which, decades after their invention, are still surrounded by an aura of mystery, as though they had descended from another planet. (To most people, Einstein's famous formula $E=mc^2$, which defines the energy released in nuclear explosions, stands as a kind of symbol of everything that is esoteric and incomprehensible.)

But more important by far than the world's unpreparedness for scientific revolutions are their universality and their permanence once they have occurred. Social revolutions are restricted to a particular time and place; they arise out of particular circumstances, last for a while, and then pass into history. Scientific revolutions, on the other hand, belong to all places and all times. In the words of Alfred North Whitehead, "Modern science was born in Europe, but its home is the whole world." In fact, of all the products of human hands and minds, scientific knowledge has proved to be the most durable. The physical structures of human life—furniture, buildings, paintings, cities, and so on—are subject to inevitable natural decay, and human institutions have likewise proved to be transient. Hegel, whose philosophy of history was framed in large measure in an attempt to redeem the apparent futility of the efforts of men to found something enduring in their midst, once wrote, "When we see the evil, the vice, the ruin that



has befallen the most flourishing kingdoms which the mind of man ever created, we can scarce avoid being filled with sorrow at this universal taint of corruption; and, since this decay is not the work of mere Nature, but of Human Will—a moral embitterment—a revolt of the Good Spirit (if it have a place within us) may well be the result of our reflections." Works of thought and many works of art have a better chance of surviving, since new copies of a book or a symphony can be transcribed from old ones, and so can be preserved indefinitely; yet these works, too, can and do go out of existence, for if every copy is lost, then the work is also lost. The subject matter of these works is man, and they seem to be touched with his mortality. The results of scientific work, on the other hand, are largely immune to decay and disappearance. Even when they are lost, they are likely to be rediscovered, as is shown by the fact that several scientists often make the same discovery independently. (There is no record of several poets' having independently written the same poem, or of several composers' having independently written the same symphony.) For both the subject matter and the method of science are available to all capable minds in a way that the subject matter and the method of the arts are not. The human experiences that art deals with are, once over, lost forever, like the people who undergo them, whereas matter, energy, space, and time, alike everywhere and in all ages, are always available for fresh inspection. The subject matter of science is the physical world, and its findings seem to share in the immortality of the physical world. And artistic vision grows out of the unrepeatable individuality of each artist, whereas the reasoning power of the mind—its ability to add two and two and get four—is the same in all competent persons. The rigorous exactitude of scientific methods does not mean that creativity is any less individual, intuitive, or mysterious in great scientists than in great artists, but it does mean that scientific findings, once arrived at, can be tested and confirmed by shared canons of logic and experimentation. The agreement among scientists thus achieved permits science to be a collective enterprise, in which each generation, building on the accepted findings of the generations before, makes amendments and additions, which in their turn become the starting point for the next generation. (Philosophers, by contrast, are constantly tearing down the work of their predecessors, and circling back to re-ask questions that have been asked and answered countless times before. Kant once wrote in despair, "It seems ridiculous that while every science moves forward ceaselessly, this [metaphysics], claiming to be wisdom itself, whose oracular pronouncements everyone consults, is continually revolving in one spot, without advancing one step.") Scientists, as they erect the steadily growing structure of scientific knowledge, resemble nothing so much as a swarm of bees working harmoniously together to construct a single, many-chambered hive, which grows more elaborate and splendid with every year that passes. Looking at what they have made over the centuries, scientists need feel no "sorrow" or "moral embitterment" at any "taint of corruption" that supposedly undoes all human achievements. When God, alarmed that the builders of the Tower of Babel would reach Heaven with their construction, and so become as God, put an end to their undertaking by making them all speak different languages, He apparently overlooked the scientists, for they, speaking what is often called the "universal language" of their disciplines from country to country and generation to generation, went on to build a new tower—the edifice of scientific knowledge. Their phenomenal success, beginning not with Einstein but with Euclid and Archimedes, has provided the unshakable structure that supports the world's nuclear peril. So durable is the scientific edifice that if we did not know that human beings had constructed it we might suppose that the findings on which our whole technological civilization rests were the pillars and crossbeams of an invulnerable, inhuman order obtruding into our changeable and perishable human realm. It is the crowning irony of this lopsided development of human abilities that the only means in sight for getting rid of the knowledge of how to destroy ourselves would be to do just that—in effect, to remove the knowledge by removing the knower.



Although it is unquestionably the scientists who have led us to the edge of the nuclear abyss, we would be mistaken if we either held them chiefly responsible for our plight or looked to them, particularly, for a solution. Here, again, the difference between scientific revolutions and social revolutions shows itself, for the notion that scientists bear primary responsibility springs from a tendency to confuse scientists with political actors. Political actors, who, of course, include ordinary citizens as well as government officials, act with definite social ends in view, such as the preservation of peace, the establishment of a just society, or, if they are corrupt, their own aggrandizement; and they are accordingly held responsible for the consequences of their actions, even when these are unintended ones, as they so often are. Scientists, on the other hand (and here I refer to the so-called pure scientists, who search for the laws of nature for the sake of knowledge itself, and not to the applied scientists, who make use of already discovered natural laws to solve practical problems), do not aim at social ends, and, in fact, usually do not know what the social results of their findings will be; for that matter, they cannot know what the findings themselves will be, because science is a process of discovery, and it is in the nature of discovery that one cannot know beforehand what one will find. This element of the unexpected is present when a researcher sets out to unravel some small, carefully defined mystery—say, the chemistry of a certain enzyme—but it is most conspicuous in the syntheses of the great laws of science and in the development of science as a whole, which, over decades and centuries, moves toward destinations that no one can predict. Thus, only a few decades ago it might have seemed that physics, which had just placed nuclear energy at man's disposal, was the dangerous branch of science, while biology, which underlay improvements in medicine and also helped us to understand our dependence on the natural environment, was the beneficial branch; but now that biologists have begun to fathom the secrets of genetics, and to tamper with the genetic substance of life directly, we cannot be so sure. The most striking illustration of the utter disparity that may occur between the wishes of the scientist as a social being and the social results of his scientific findings is certainly the career of Einstein. By nature, he was, according to all accounts, the gentlest of men, and by conviction he was a pacifist, yet he made intellectual discoveries that led the way to the invention of weapons with which the species could exterminate itself. Inspired wholly by a love of knowledge for its own sake, and by an awe at the creation which bordered on the religious, he made possible an instrument of destruction with which the terrestrial creation could be disfigured.

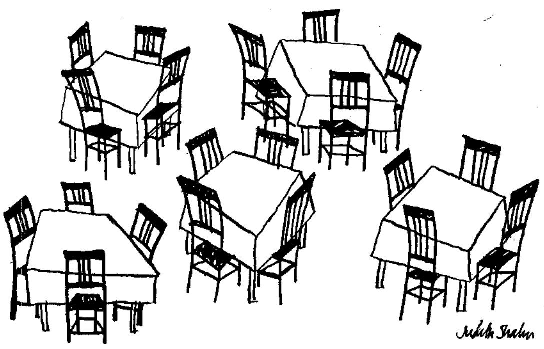
A disturbing corollary of the scientists' inability even to foresee the path of science, to say nothing of determining it, is that while science is without doubt the most powerful revolutionary force in our world, no one directs that force. For science is a process of submission, in which the mind does not dictate to nature but seeks out and then bows to nature's laws, letting its conclusions be guided by that which *is*, independent of our will. From the political point of view, therefore, scientific findings, some lending themselves to evil, some to good, and some to both, simply pour forth from the laboratory in senseless profusion, offering the world now a neutron bomb, now bacteria that devour oil, now a vaccine to prevent polio, now a cloned frog. It is not until the pure scientists, seekers of knowledge for its own sake, turn their findings over to the applied scientists that social intentions begin to guide the results. The applied scientists do indeed set out to make a better vaccine or a bigger bomb, but even they, perhaps, deserve less credit or blame than we are sometimes inclined to give them. For as soon as our intentions enter the picture we are in the realm of politics in the broadest sense, and in politics it is ultimately not technicians but governments and citizens who are in charge. The scientists in the Manhattan Project could not decide to make the first atomic bomb; only President Roosevelt, elected to office by the American people, could do that.

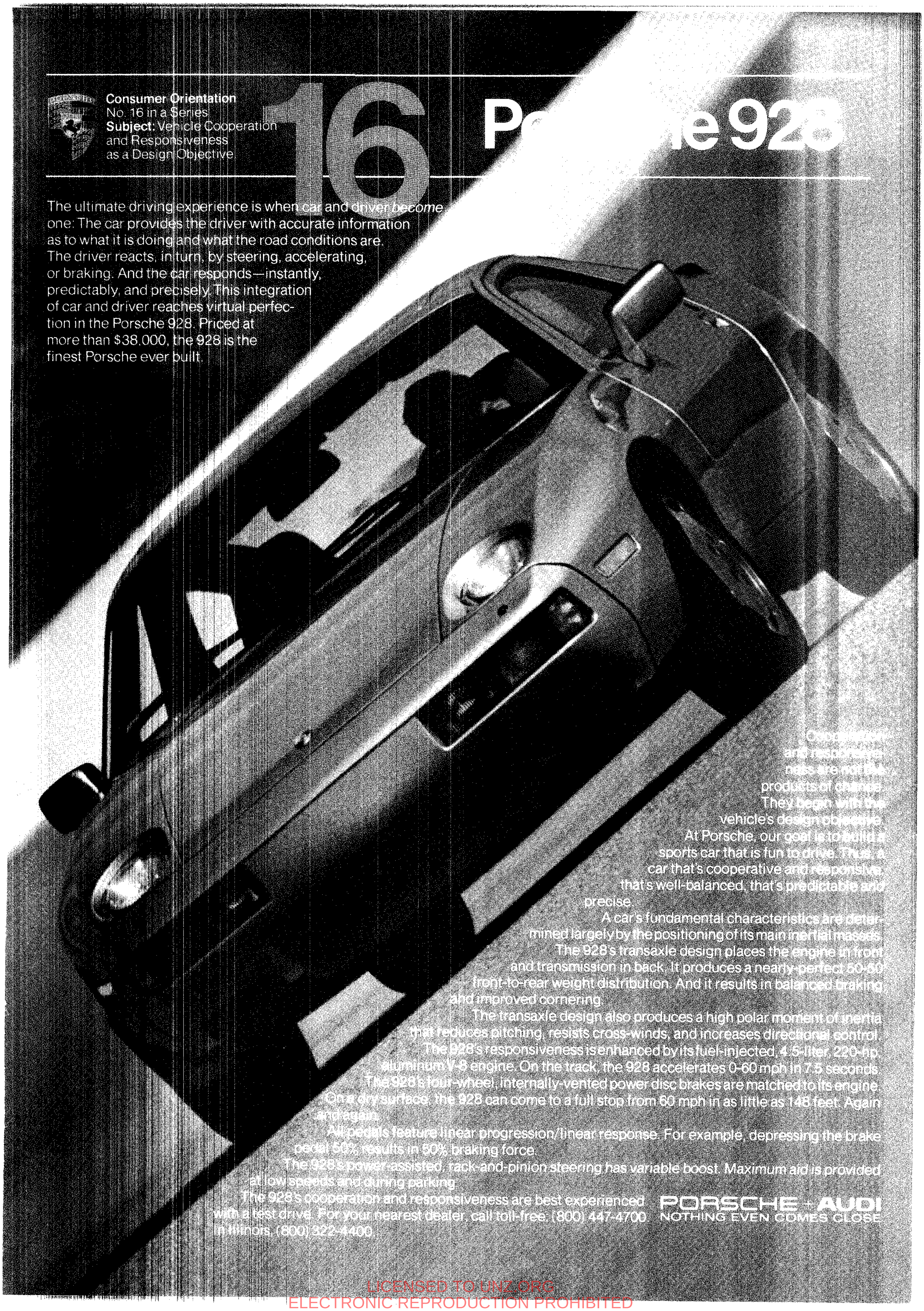
If scientists are unable to predict their discoveries, neither can they cancel them once they have been made. In this respect, they are like the rest of us, who are asked not whether we would like to live in a world in which we can convert matter into energy but only what we want to do about it once we have been told that we do live in such a world. Science is a tide that can only rise. The individual human mind is capable of forgetting things, and mankind has collectively forgotten many things, but we do not know how, as a species, to *deliberately* set out to forget something. A basic scientific finding, therefore, has the character of destiny for the world. Scientific discovery is in this regard like any other form of discovery; once Columbus had discovered America, and had told the world about it, America could not be hidden again.

Scientific progress (which can and certainly will occur) offers little more hope than scientific regression (which probably cannot occur) of giving us relief from the nuclear peril. It does not seem likely that science will bring forth some new invention—some anti-ballistic missile or laser beam—that will render nuclear weapons harmless (although the unpredictability of science prevents any categorical judgment on this point). In the centuries of the modern scientific revolution, scientific knowledge has steadily increased the destructiveness of warfare, for it is in the very nature of knowledge, apparently, to increase our might rather than to diminish it. One of the most common forms of the hope for deliverance from the nuclear peril by technical advances is the notion that the species will be spared extinction by fleeing in spaceships. The thought seems to be that while the people on earth are destroying themselves communities in space will be able to survive and carry on. This thought does an injustice to our birthplace and habitat, the earth. It assumes that if only we could escape the earth we would find safety—as though it were the earth and its plants and animals that threatened us, rather than the other way around. But the fact is that wherever human beings went there also would go the knowledge of how to build nuclear weapons, and, with it, the peril of extinction. Scientific progress may yet deliver us from many evils, but there are at least two evils that it cannot deliver us from: its own findings and our own destructive and self-destructive bent. This is a combination that we will have to learn to deal with by some other means.

We live, then, in a universe whose fundamental substance contains a supply of energy with which we can extinguish ourselves. We shall never live in any other. We now know that we live in such a universe, and we shall never stop knowing it. Over the millennia, this truth lay in waiting for us, and now we have found it out, irrevocably. If we suppose that it is an integral part of human existence to be curious about the physical world we are born into, then, to speak in the broadest terms, the origin of the nuclear peril lies, on the one hand, in our nature as rational and inquisitive beings and, on the other, in the nature of matter. Because the energy that nuclear weapons release is so great, the whole species is threatened by them, and because the spread of scientific knowledge is unstoppable, the whole species poses the threat: in the last analysis, it is all of mankind that threatens all of mankind. (I do not mean to overlook the fact that at present it is only two nations—the United States and the Soviet Union—that possess nuclear weapons in numbers great enough to possibly destroy the species, and that they thus now bear the chief responsibility for the peril. I only wish to point out that, regarded in its full dimensions, the nuclear peril transcends the rivalry between the present superpowers.)

The fact that the roots of the nuclear peril lie in basic scientific knowledge has broad political implications that cannot be ignored if the world's solution to the predicament is to be built on a solid foundation, and if futile efforts are to be avoided. One such effort would be to rely on secrecy to contain the peril—that is, to "classify" the "secret" of the bomb. The first person to try to suppress knowledge of how nuclear weapons can be made was the physicist Leo Szilard, who in 1939, when he first heard that a nuclear chain reaction was possible, and realized that a nuclear bomb might be possible, called on a number of his colleagues to keep the discovery secret from the Germans. Many of the key scientists refused. His failure foreshadowed a succession of failures, by whole governments,





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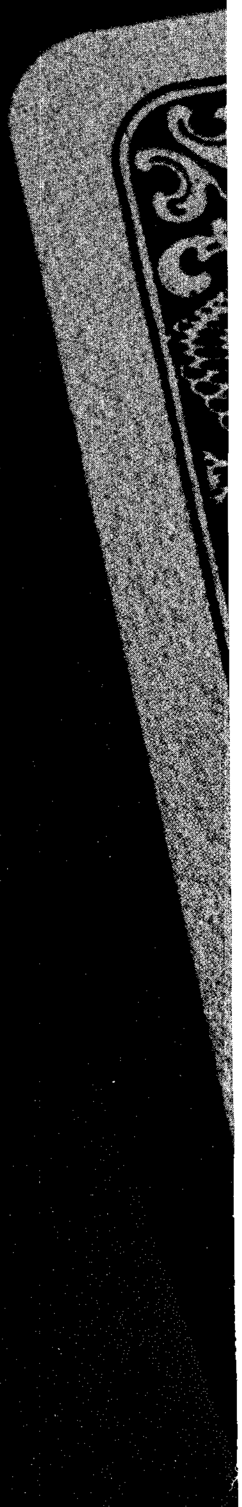

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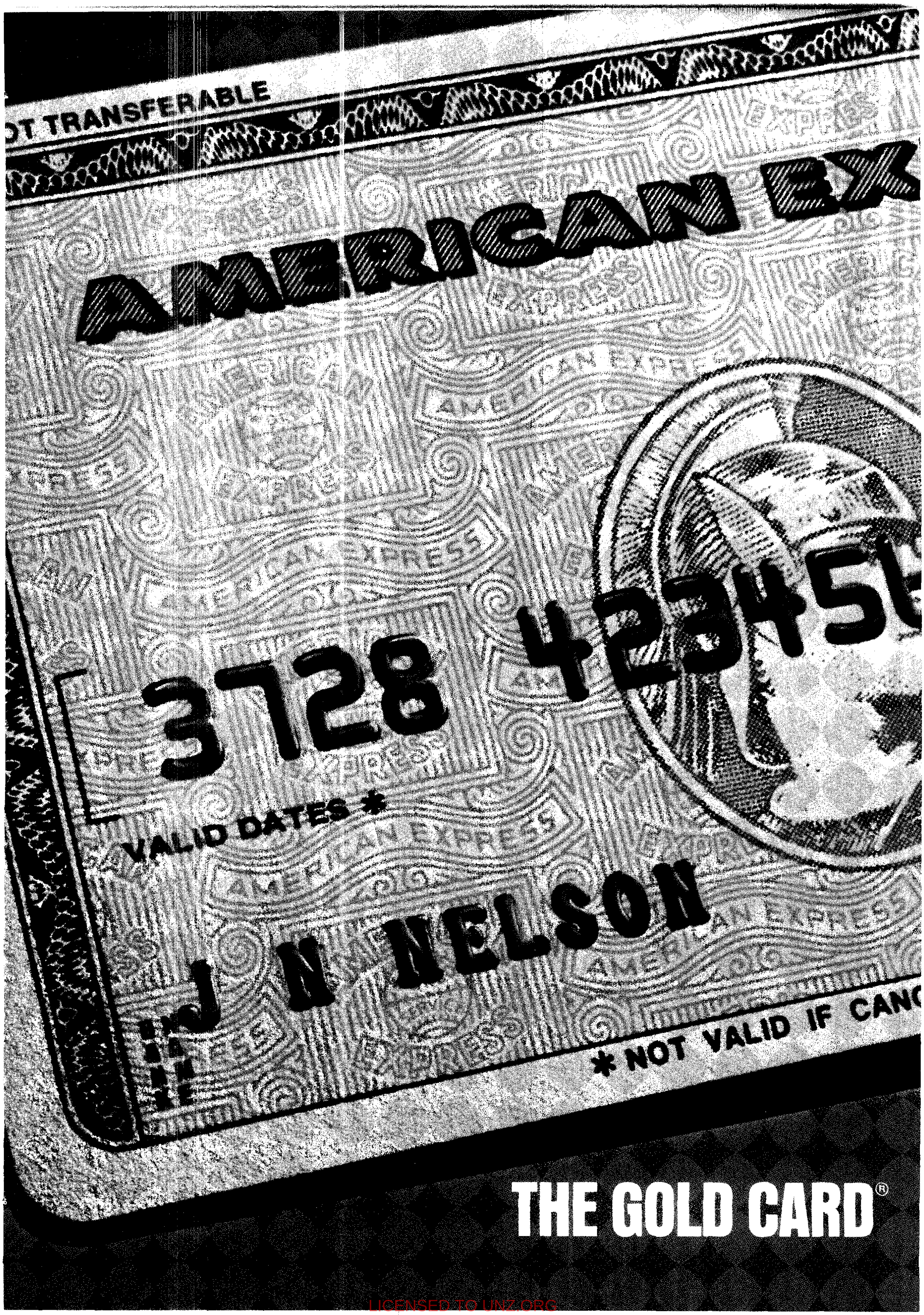

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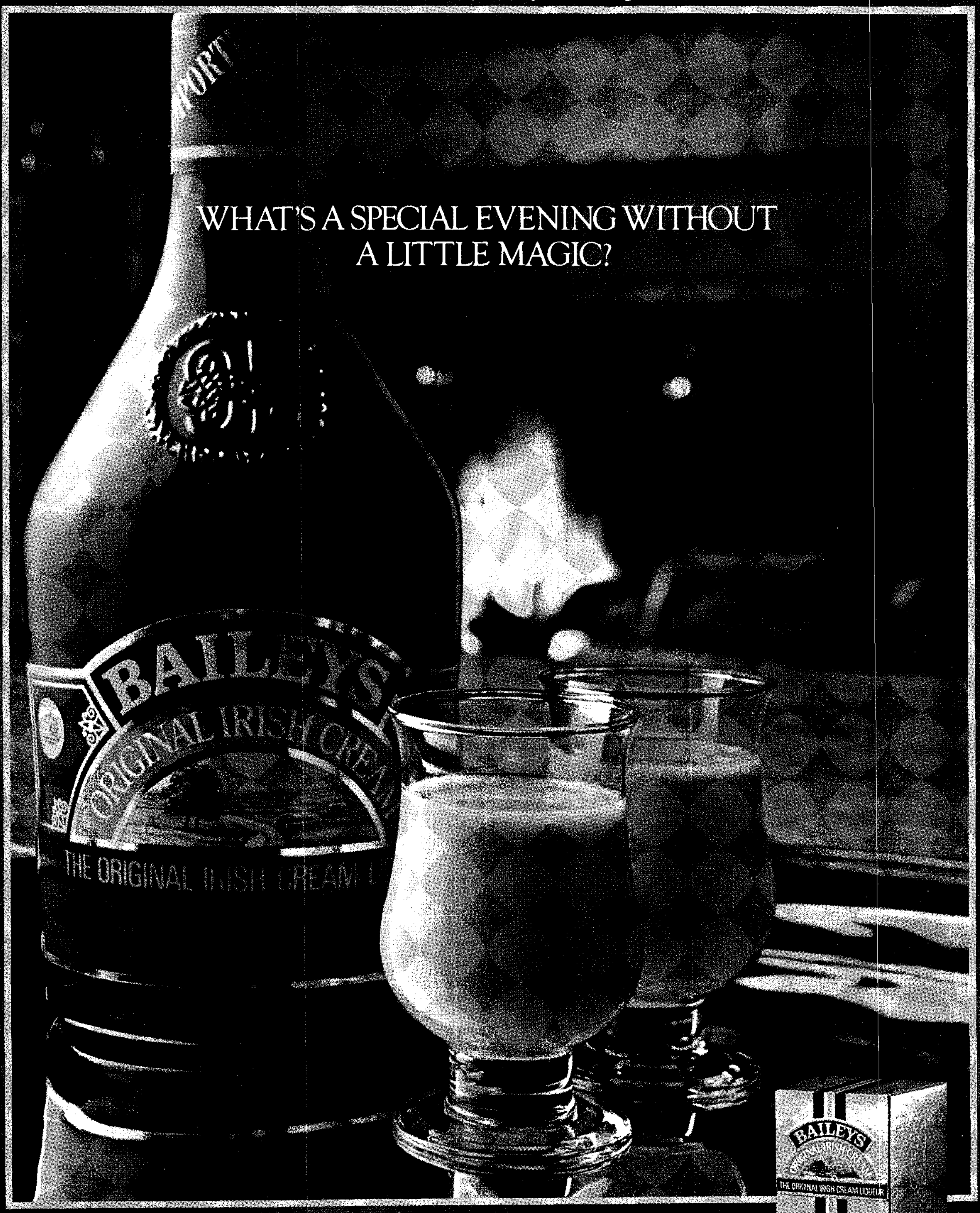
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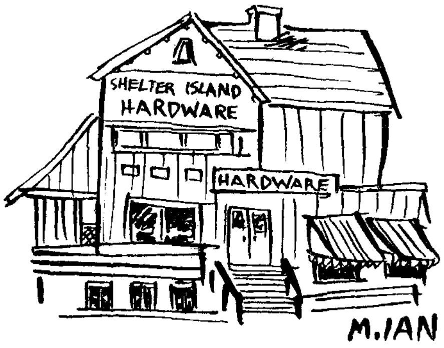
to restrict the knowledge of how the weapons are made. The first, and most notable, such failure was the United States' inability to monopolize nuclear weapons, and prevent the Soviet Union from building them. And we have subsequently witnessed the failure of the entire world to prevent nuclear weapons from spreading. Given the nature of scientific thought and the very poor record of past attempts to suppress it, these failures should not have surprised anyone. (The Catholic Church succeeded in making Galileo recant his view that the earth revolves around the sun, but we do not now believe that the sun revolves around the earth.) Another, closely related futile effort—the one made by our hypothetical council—would be to try to resolve the nuclear predicament through disarmament alone, without accompanying political measures. Like the hope that the knowledge can be classified, this hope loses sight of the fact that the nuclear predicament consists not in the possession of nuclear weapons at a particular moment by certain nations but in the circumstance that mankind as a whole has now gained possession once and for all of the knowledge of how to make them, and that all nations—and even some groups of people which are not nations, including terrorist groups—can potentially build them. Because the nuclear peril, like the scientific knowledge that gave rise to it, is probably global and everlasting, our solution must at least aim at being global and everlasting. And the only kind of solution that holds out this promise is a global political one. In defining the task so broadly, however, I do not mean to argue against short-term palliatives, such as the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks between the United States and the Soviet Union, or nuclear-nonproliferation agreements, on the ground that they are short-term. If a patient's life is in danger, as mankind's now is, no good cause is served by an argument between the nurse who wants to give him an aspirin to bring down his fever and the doctor who wants to perform the surgery that can save his life; there is need for an argument only if the nurse is claiming that the aspirin is all that is necessary. If, given the world's discouraging record of political achievement, a lasting political solution seems almost beyond human powers, it may give us confidence to remember that what challenges us is simply our extraordinary success in another field of activity—the scientific. We have only to learn to live politically in the world in which we already live scientifically.

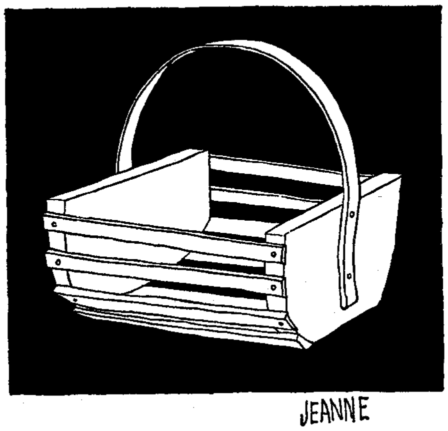
Since 1947, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has included a "doomsday clock" in each issue. The editors place the hands farther away from or closer to midnight as they judge the world to be farther away from or closer to a nuclear holocaust. A companion clock can be imagined whose hands, instead of metaphorically representing a judgment about the likelihood of a holocaust, would represent an estimate of the amount of time that, given the world's technical and political arrangements, the people of the earth can be sure they have left before they are destroyed in a holocaust. At present, the hands would stand at, or a fraction of a second before, midnight, because none of us can be sure that at any second we will not be killed in a nuclear attack. If, by treaty, all nuclear warheads were removed from their launchers and stored somewhere else, and therefore could no longer descend on us at any moment without warning, the clock would show the amount of time that it would take to put them back on. If all the nuclear weapons in the world were destroyed, the clock would show the time that it would take to manufacture them again. If in addition confidence-inspiring political arrangements to prevent rearmament were put in place, the clock would show some estimate of the time that it might take for the arrangements to break down. And if these arrangements were to last for hundreds or thousands of years (as they must if mankind is to survive this long), then some generation far in the future might feel justified in setting the clock at decades, or even centuries, before midnight. But no generation would ever be justified in retiring the clock from use altogether, because, as far as we can tell, there will never again be a time when self-extinction is beyond the reach of our species. An observation that Plutarch made about politics holds true also for the task of survival, which has now become the principal obligation of politics: "They are wrong who think that politics is like an ocean voyage or a military campaign, something to be done with some end in view, something which levels off as soon as that end is reached. It is not a public chore, to be got over with; it is a way of life."



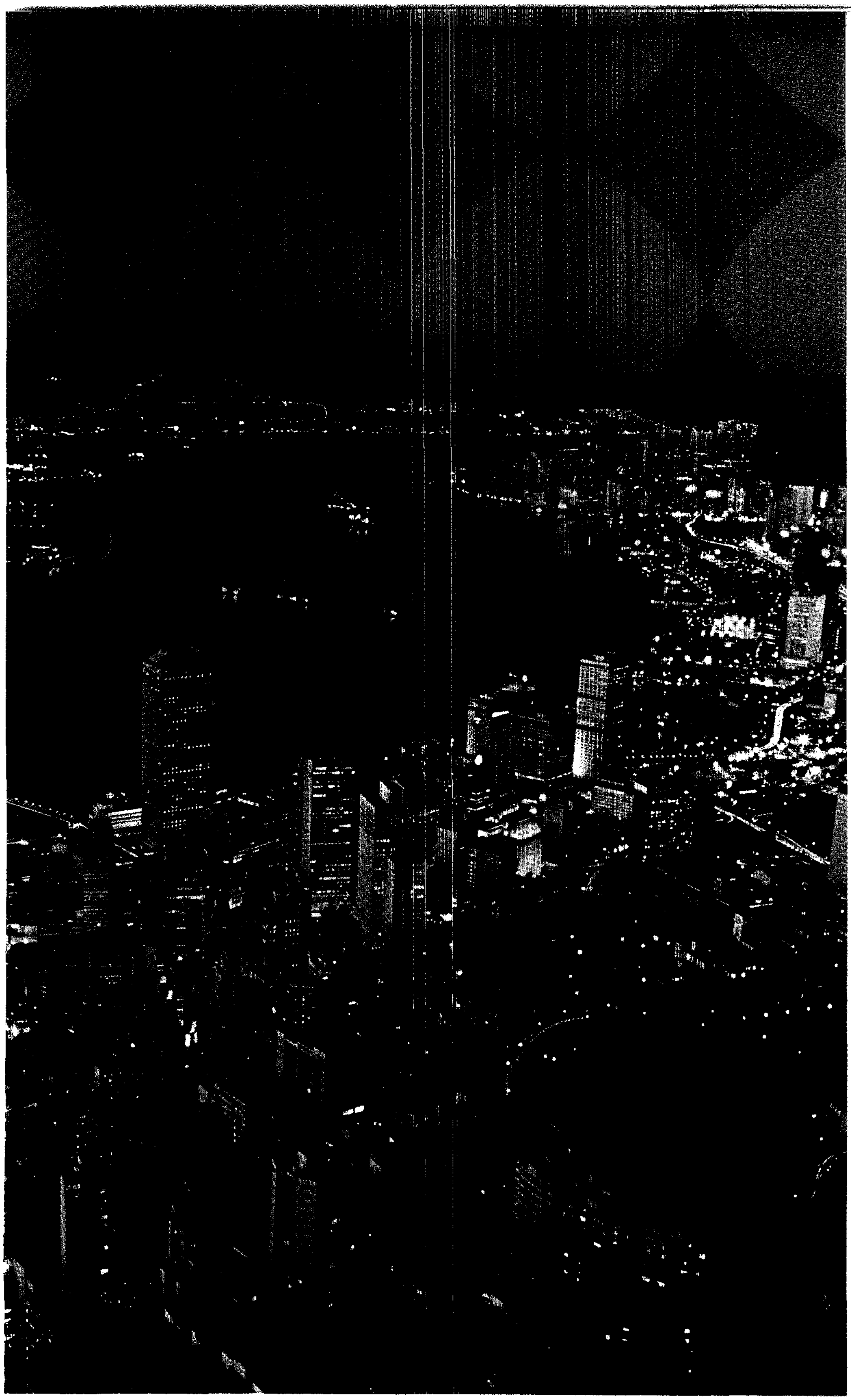
THE scientific principles and techniques that make possible the construction of nuclear weapons are, of course, only one small portion of mankind's huge reservoir of scientific knowledge, and, as I have mentioned, it has always been known that scientific findings can be made use of for evil as well as for good, according to the intentions of the user. What is new to our time is the realization that, acting quite independently of any good or evil intentions of ours, the human enterprise as a whole has begun to strain and erode the natural terrestrial world on which human and other life depends. Taken in its entirety, the increase in mankind's strength has brought about a decisive, many-sided shift in the balance of strength between man and the earth. Nature, once a harsh and feared master, now lies in subjection, and needs protection against man's powers. Yet because man, no matter what intellectual and technical heights he may scale, remains embedded in nature, the balance has shifted against him, too, and the threat that he poses to the earth is a threat to him as well. The peril to nature was difficult to see at first, in part because its symptoms made their appearance as unintended "side effects" of our intended goals, on which we had fixed most of our attention. In economic production, the side effects are the peril of gradual pollution of the natural environment—by, for example, global heating through an increased "greenhouse effect." In the military field, the side effects, or prospective side effects—sometimes referred to by the strategists as the "collateral effects"—include the possible extinction of the species through sudden, severe harm to the ecosphere, caused by global radioactive contamination, ozone depletion, climatic change, and other known and unknown possible consequences of a nuclear holocaust. Though from the point of view of the human actor there might be a clear difference between the "constructive" economic applications of technology and the "destructive" military ones, nature makes no such distinction: both are beachheads of human mastery in a defenseless natural world. (For example, the ozone doesn't care whether oxides of nitrogen are injected into it by the use of supersonic transports or by nuclear weapons; it simply reacts according to the appropriate chemical laws.) It was not until recently that it became clear that often the side effects of both the destructive and the constructive applications were really the main effects. And now the task ahead of us can be defined as one of giving the "side effects," including, above all, the peril of self-extinction, the weight they deserve in our judgments and decisions. To use a homely metaphor, if a man discovers that improvements he is making to his house threaten to destroy its foundation he is well advised to rethink them.

A nuclear holocaust, because of its unique combination of immensity and suddenness, is a threat without parallel; yet at the same time it is only one of countless threats that the human enterprise, grown mighty through knowledge, poses to the natural world. Our species is caught in the same tightening net of technical success that has already strangled so many other species. (At present, it has been estimated, the earth loses species at the rate of about three per day.) The peril of human extinction, which exists not because every single person in the world would be killed by the immediate explosive and radioactive effects of a holocaust—something that is exceedingly unlikely, even at present levels of armament—but because a holocaust might render the biosphere unfit for human survival, is, in a word, an *ecological* peril. The nuclear peril is usually seen in isolation from the threats to other forms of life and their ecosystems, but in fact it should be seen as the very center of the ecological crisis—as the cloud-covered Everest of which the more immediate, visible kinds of harm to the environment are the mere foothills. Both the effort to preserve the environment and the effort to save the species from extinction by nuclear arms would be enriched and strengthened by this recognition. The nuclear question, which now stands in eerie seclusion from the rest of life, would gain a context, and the ecological movement, which, in its concern for plants and animals, at times assumes an almost misanthropic posture, as though man were an unwanted intruder in an otherwise unblemished natural world, would gain the humanistic intent that should stand at the heart of its concern.

Seen as a planetary event, the rising tide of human mastery over nature has brought about a categorical increase in the power of death on earth. An organism's ability to renew itself during its lifetime and to reproduce itself depends on the integrity of what biologists call "information" stored in its genes. What endures—what lives—in an organism is not any particular group of cells but a configuration of cells which is dictated by the genetic information. What survives in a species, correspondingly, is a larger configuration, which takes in all the individuals in the species. An ecosystem is a still larger configuration, in which a whole constellation of species forms a balanced, self-reproducing, slowly changing whole. The ecosphere of the earth—the biologist Dr. Lewis Thomas's "cell"—is, finally, the largest of the living configurations, and is a carefully regulated and balanced, self-perpetuating system in its own right. At each of these levels, life is coherence, and the loss of coherence—the sudden slide toward disorder—is death. Seen in this light, life is information, and death is the loss of information, returning the substance of the creature to randomness. However, the death of a species or an ecosystem has a role in the natural order that is very different from that of the death of an organism. Whereas an individual organism, once born, begins to proceed inevitably toward death, a species is a source of new life that has no fixed term. An organism is a configuration whose demise is built into its plan, and within the life of a species the death of individual members normally has a fixed, limited, and necessary place, so that as death moves through the ranks of the living its pace is roughly matched by the pace of birth, and populations are kept in a rough balance that enables them to coexist and endure in their particular ecosystem. A species, on the other hand, can survive as long as environmental circumstances happen to permit. An ecosystem, likewise, is indefinitely self-renewing. But when the pace of death is too much increased, either by human intervention in the environment or by some other event, death becomes an extinguishing power, and species and ecosystems are lost. Then not only are individual creatures destroyed but the sources of all future creatures of those kinds are closed down, and a portion of the diversity and strength of terrestrial life in its entirety vanishes forever. And when man gained the ability to intervene directly in the workings of the global "cell" as a whole, and thus to extinguish species wholesale, his power to encroach on life increased by still another order of magnitude, and came to threaten the balance of the entire planetary system of life.



Hence, there are two competing forces at work in the terrestrial environment—one natural, which acts over periods of millions of years to strengthen and multiply the forms of life, and the other man-made and man-operated, which, if it is left unregulated and unguided, tends in general to deplete life's array of forms. Indeed, it is a striking fact that both of these great engines of change on earth depend on stores of information that are passed down from generation to generation. There is, in truth, no closer analogy to scientific progress, in which a steadily growing pool of information makes possible the creation of an ever more impressive array of artifacts, than evolution, in which another steadily growing pool of information makes possible the development of ever more complex and astonishing creatures—culminating in human beings, who now threaten to raze both the human and the natural structures to their inanimate foundations. One is tempted to say that only the organic site of the evolutionary information has changed—from genes to brains. However, because of the extreme rapidity of technological change relative to natural evolution, evolution is unable to refill the vacated niches of the environment with new species, and, as a result, the genetic pool of life as a whole is imperilled. Death, having been augmented by human strength, has lost its appointed place in the natural order and become a counter-evolutionary force, capable of destroying in a few years, or even in a few hours,



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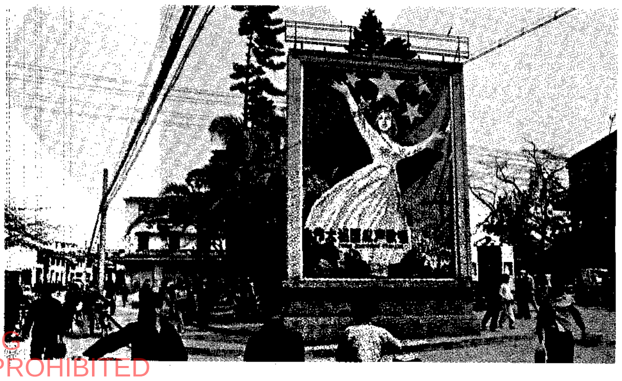

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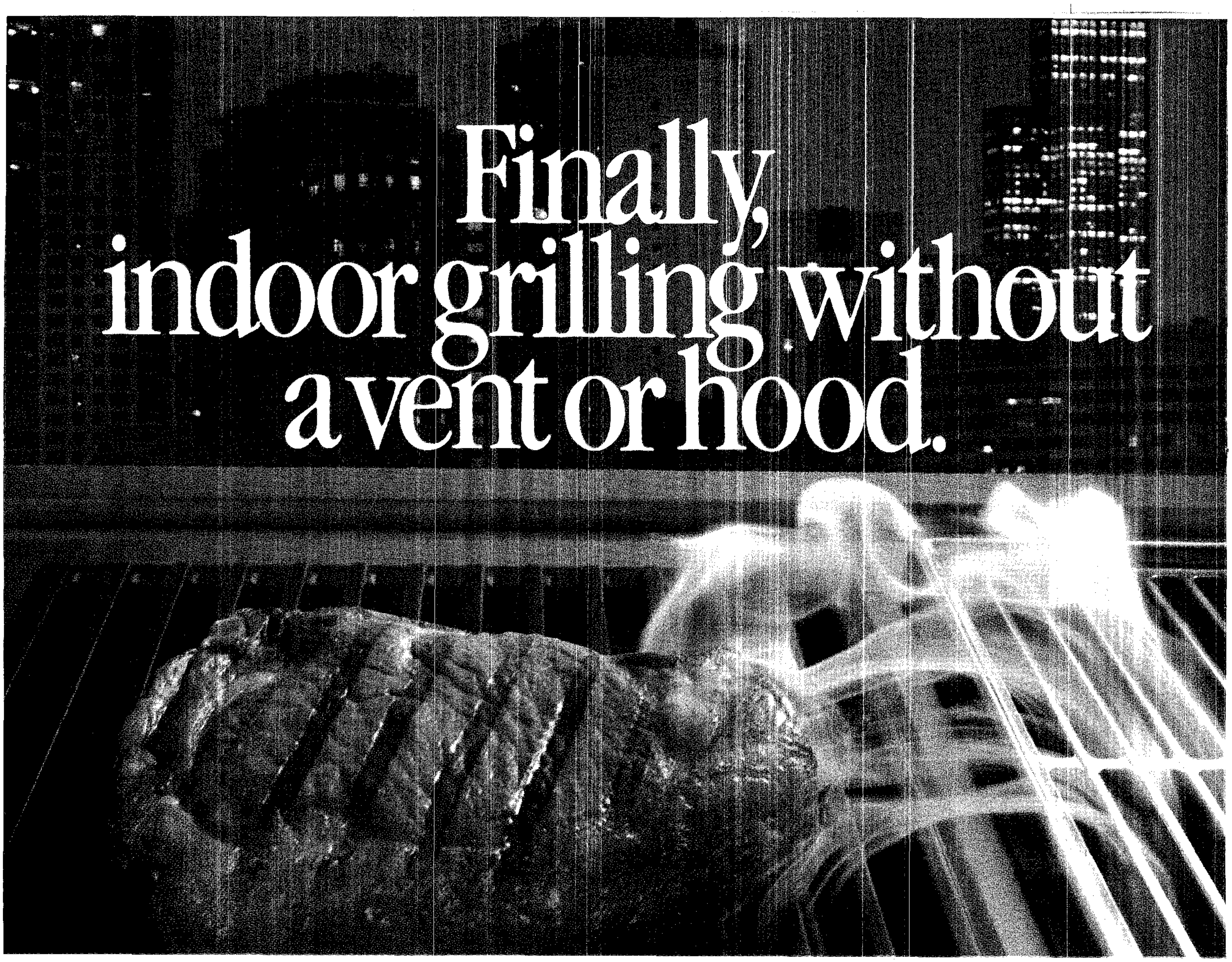

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what evolution has built up over billions of years. In doing so, death threatens even itself, since death, after all, is a part of life: stones may be lifeless but they do not die. The question now before the human species, therefore, is whether life or death will prevail on the earth. This is not metaphorical language but a literal description of the present state of affairs.

One might say that after billions of years nature, by creating a species equipped with reason and will, turned its fate, which had previously been decided by the slow, unconscious movements of natural evolution, over to the conscious decisions of just one of its species. When this occurred, human activity, which until then had been confined to the historical realm—which, in turn, had been supported by the broader biological current—spilled out of its old boundaries and came to menace both history and biology. Thought and will became mightier than the earth that had given birth to them. Now human beings became actors in the geological time span, and the laws that had governed the development and the survival of life began to be superseded by processes in the mind of man. Here, however, there were no laws; there was only choice, and the thinking and feeling that guide choice. The reassuring, stable, self-sustaining prehistoric world of nature dropped away, and in its place mankind's own judgments, moods, and decisions loomed up with an unlooked-for, terrifying importance.

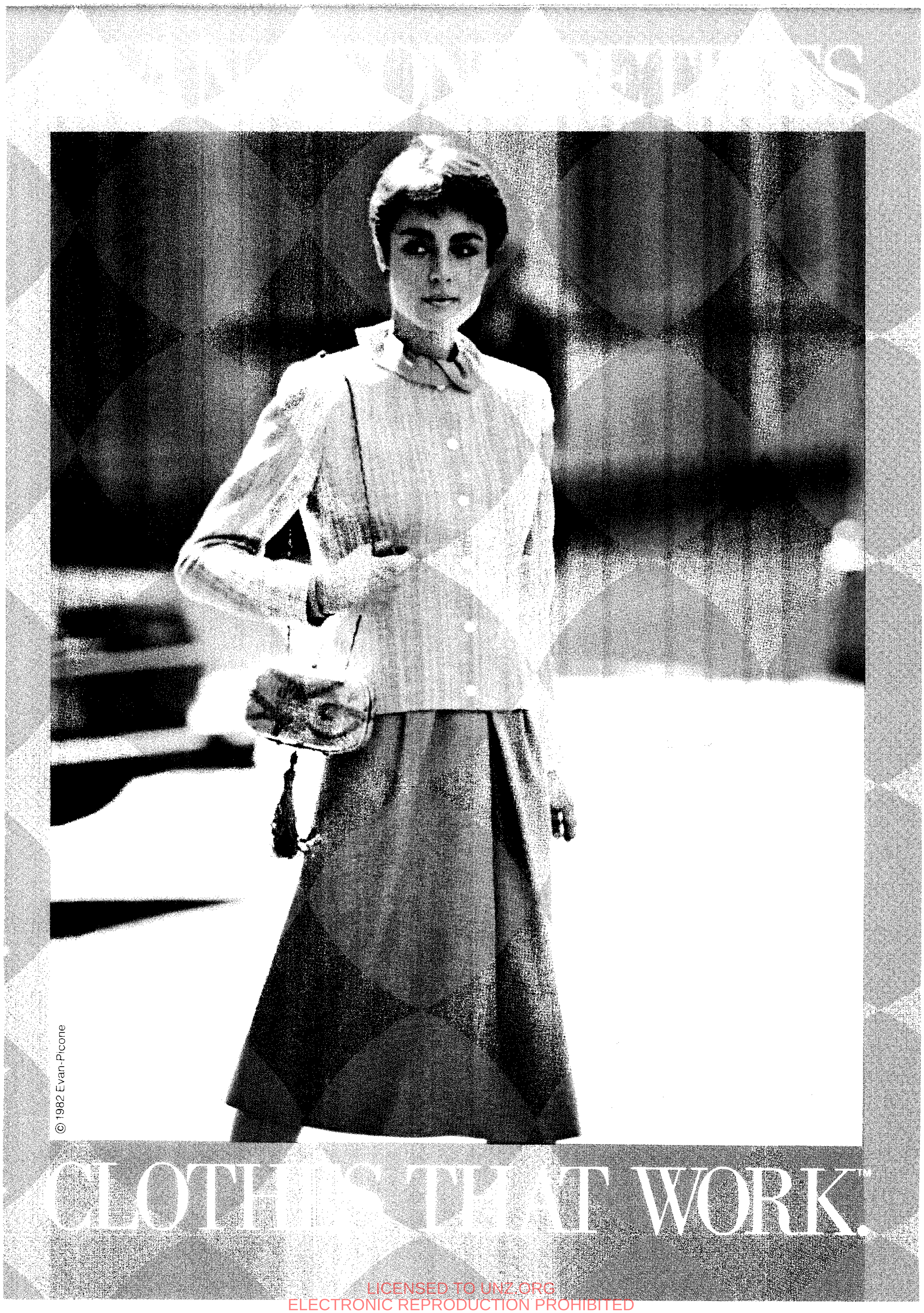
REGARDED objectively, as an episode in the development of life on earth, a nuclear holocaust that brought about the extinction of mankind and other species by mutilating the ecosphere would constitute an evolutionary setback of possibly limited extent—the first to result from a deliberate action taken by the creature extinguished but perhaps no greater than any of several evolutionary setbacks, such as the extinction of the dinosaurs, of which the geological record offers evidence. (It is, of course, impossible to judge what course evolution would take after human extinction, but the past record strongly suggests that the reappearance of man is not one of the possibilities. Evolution has brought forth an amazing variety of creatures, but there is no evidence that any species, once extinguished, has ever evolved again. Whether or not nature, obeying some law of evolutionary progress, would bring forth another creature equipped with reason and will, and capable of building, and perhaps then destroying, a world, is one more unanswerable question, but it is barely conceivable that some gifted new creature will pore over the traces of our self-destruction, trying to figure out what went wrong and to learn from our mistakes. If this should be possible, then it might justify the remark once made by Kafka: "There is infinite hope, but not for us." If, on the other hand, as the record of life so far suggests, terrestrial evolution is able to produce only once the miracle of the qualities that we now associate with human beings, then all hope rides with human beings.) However, regarded subjectively, from within human life, where we are all actually situated, and as something that would happen to us, human extinction assumes awesome, inapprehensible proportions. It is of the essence of the human condition that we are born, live for a while, and then die. Through mishaps of all kinds, we may also suffer untimely death, and in extinction by nuclear arms the number of untimely deaths would reach the limit for any one catastrophe: everyone in the world would die. But although the untimely death of everyone in the world would in itself constitute an unimaginably huge loss, it would bring with it a separate, distinct loss that would be in a sense even huger—the cancellation of all future generations of human beings. According to the Bible, when Adam and Eve ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge God punished them by withdrawing from them the privilege of immortality and dooming them and their kind to die. Now our species has eaten more deeply of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and has brought itself face to face with a second death—the death of mankind. In doing so, we have caused a basic change in the circumstances in which life was given to us, which is to say that we have altered the human condition. The distinctness of this second death from the deaths of all the people on earth can be illustrated by picturing two different global catastrophes. In the first, let us suppose that most of the people on earth were killed in a nuclear holocaust but that a few million survived and the earth happened to remain habitable by human beings. In this catastrophe, billions of people would perish, but the species would survive, and perhaps one day would even repopulate the earth in its former numbers. But now let us suppose that a substance was released into the environment which had the effect of sterilizing all the people in the world but otherwise leaving them unharmed. Then, as the existing population died off, the world would empty of people, until no one was left. Not one life would have been shortened by a single day, but the species would die. In extinction by nuclear arms, the death of the species and the death of all the people in the world would happen together, but it is important to make a clear distinction between the two losses; otherwise, the mind, overwhelmed by the thought of the deaths of the billions of living people, might stagger back without realizing that behind this already ungraspable loss there lies the separate loss of the future generations.

The possibility that the living can stop the future generations from entering into life compels us to ask basic new questions about our existence, the most sweeping of which is what these unborn ones, most of whom we will never meet even if they are born, mean to us. No one has ever thought to ask this question before our time, because no generation before ours has ever held the life and death of the species in its hands. But if we hardly know how to comprehend the possible deaths in a holocaust of the billions of people who are already in life how are we to comprehend the life or death of the infinite number of possible people who do not yet exist at all? How are we, who are a part of human life, to step back from life and see it whole, in order to assess the meaning of its disappearance? To kill a human being is murder, and there are those who believe that to abort a fetus is also murder, but what crime is it to cancel the numberless multitude of unconceived people? In what court is such a crime to be judged? Against whom is it committed? And what law does it violate? If we find the nuclear peril to be somehow abstract, and tend to consign this whole elemental issue to "defense experts" and other dubiously qualified people, part of the reason, certainly, is that the future generations really are abstract—that is to say, without the tangible existence and the unique particularities that help to make the living real to us. And if we find the subject strangely "impersonal" it may be in part because the unborn, who are the ones directly imperilled by extinction, are not yet persons. What are they, then? They lack the individuality that we often associate with the sacredness of life, and may at first thought seem to have only a shadowy, mass existence. *Where* are they? Are they to be pictured lined up in a sort of fore-life, waiting to get into life? Or should we regard them as nothing more than a pinch of chemicals in our reproductive organs, toward which we need feel no special obligations? What standing should they have among us? How much should their needs count in competition with ours? How far should the living go in trying to secure their advantage, their happiness, their existence?

The individual person, faced with the metaphysical-seeming perplexities involved in pondering the possible cancellation of people who do not yet exist—an apparently extreme effort of the imagination, which seems to require one first to summon before the mind's eye the countless possible people of the future generations and then to consign these incorporeal multitudes to a more profound nothingness—might well wonder why, when he already has his own death to worry about, he should occupy himself with this other death. Since our own individual death promises to inflict a loss that is total and final, we may find the idea of a second death merely redundant. After all, can everything be taken away from us twice? Moreover, a person might reason that even if mankind did perish he wouldn't have to know anything about it, since in that event he himself would perish. There might actually be something consoling in the idea of having so much company in death. In the midst of universal death, it somehow seems out of order to want to go on living oneself. As Randall Jarrell wrote in his poem "Losses," thinking back to his experience in the Second World War, "it was not dying: everybody died."

However, the individual would misconceive the nuclear peril if he tried to understand it primarily in terms of personal danger, or even in terms of danger to the people immediately known to him, for the nuclear peril threatens life, above all, not at the level of individuals, who already live under the sway of death, but at the level of everything that individuals hold in common. Death cuts off life; extinction cuts off birth. Death dispatches into the nothingness after life each person who has been born; extinction in one stroke locks up in the nothingness before life all the people who have not yet been born. For we are finite beings at both ends of our existence—natal as well as mortal—and it is the natality of our kind that extinction threatens. We have always been able to send people to their death, but only now has it become possible to prevent all birth and so doom all future human beings to uncreation. The threat of the loss of birth—a beginning that is over and done with for every living person—cannot be a source of immediate, selfish concern; rather, this threat assails everything that people hold in common, for it is the ability of our species to produce new generations which assures the continuation of the world in which all our common enterprises occur and have their meaning. Each death belongs inalienably to the individual who must suffer it, but birth is our common possession. And the meaning of extinction is therefore to be sought first not in what each person's own life means to him but in what the world and the people in it mean to him.

In its nature, the human world is, in Hannah Arendt's words, a "common world," which she distinguishes from the "private realm" that belongs to each person individually. (Somewhat surprisingly, Arendt, who devoted so much of her attention to the unprecedented evils that have appeared in our century, never addressed the issue of nuclear arms; yet I have discovered her thinking to be an indispensable foundation for reflection on this question.) The private realm, she writes in "The Human Condition," a book published in 1958, is made up of "the passions of the heart, the thoughts of the mind, the delights of the senses," and terminates with each person's death, which is the most solitary of all human experiences. The common world, on the other hand, is made up of all institutions, all cities, nations, and other communities, and all works of fabrication, art, thought, and science, and it survives the death of every individual. It is basic to the common world that it encompasses not only the present but all past and future generations. "The common world is what we enter when we are born and what we leave behind when we die," Arendt writes. "It transcends our life-span into past and future alike; it was there before we came and will outlast our brief sojourn in it. It is what we have in common not only with those who live with us, but also with those who were here before and with those who will come after us." And she adds, "Without this transcendence into a potential earthly immortality, no politics, strictly speaking, no common world, and no public realm is possible." The creation of a common world is the use that we human beings, and we alone among the earth's creatures, have made of the biological circumstance that while each of us is mortal, our species is biologically immortal. If mankind had not established a common world, the species would still outlast its individual members and be immortal, but this immortality would be unknown to us and would go for nothing, as it does in the animal kingdom, and the generations, unaware of one another's existence, would come and go like waves on the beach, leaving everything just as it was before. In fact, it is only because humanity has built up a common world that we can fear our destruction as a species. It may even be that man, who has been described as the sole creature that knows that it must die, can know this only because he lives in a common world, which permits him to imagine a future beyond his own life. This common world, which is unharmed by individual death but depends on the survival of the species, has now been placed in jeopardy by nuclear arms. Death and extinction are thus complementary, dividing between them the work of undoing, or threatening to undo, everything that human beings are or can ever become, with death terminating the life of each individual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and extinction imperilling the common world shared by all. In one sense, extinction is less terrible than death, since extinction can be avoided, while death is inevitable; but in another sense extinction is more terrible—is the more radical nothingness—because extinction ends death just as surely as it ends birth and life. Death is only death; extinction is the death of death.

The world is made a common one by what Arendt calls "publicity," which insures that "everything that appears in public can be seen and heard by everybody." She writes, "A common world can survive the coming and going of the generations only to the extent that it appears in public. It is the publicity of the public realm which can absorb and make shine through the centuries whatever men may want to save from the natural ruin of time." But this publicity does not only shine on human works; it also brings to light the natural foundations of life, enabling us to perceive what our origins are. It thereby permits us not only to endow things of our own making with a degree of immortality but to see and appreciate the preëxisting, biological immortality of our species and of life on the planet, which forms the basis for any earthly immortality whatever. The chief medium of the publicity of the common world is, of course, language, whose possession by man is believed by many to be what separates him from the other animals; but there are also the other "languages" of the arts and sciences. And standing behind language is that of which language is expressive—our reason, our psyche, our will, and our spirit. Through these, we are capable of entering into the lives of others, and of becoming aware that we belong to a community of others that is as wide as our species. The foundation of a common world is an exclusively human achievement, and to live in a common world—to speak and listen to one another, to read, to write, to know about the past and look ahead to the future, to receive the achievements of past generations, and to pass them on, together with achievements of our own, to future generations, and otherwise to participate in human enterprises that outlast any individual life—is part of what it means to be human, and by threatening all this nuclear weapons threaten a part of our humanity. The common world is not something that can be separated from the life we now live; it is intrinsic to our existence—something as close to us as the words we speak and the thoughts we think using those words. Descartes's famous axiom "I think, therefore I am" has perhaps been more extensively rebutted than any other single philosophical proposition. The rebuttal by Lewis Mumford happens to amount to a description of each person's indebtedness to the common world and to the common biological inheritance that the common world has brought to light. "Descartes forgot that before he uttered these words 'I think' . . . he needed the coöperation of countless fellow-beings, extending back to his own knowledge as far as the thousands of years that Biblical history recorded," Mumford writes in "The Pentagon of Power," a book published in 1970. "Beyond that, we know now he needed the aid of an even remoter past that mankind too long remained ignorant of: the millions of years required to transform his dumb animal ancestors into conscious human beings." In our long and arduous ascent out of biological darkness, it seems, we forgot our indebtedness to the natural world of our origins, and now, in consequence, threaten to plunge ourselves into an even deeper darkness. The nuclear predicament is thus in every sense a crisis of life in the common world. Only because there is a common world, in which knowledge of the physical world accumulates over the generations, can there be a threat to the common world and to its natural foundations. Only because there is a common world, which permits us knowledge of other generations and of the terrestrial nature of which human life is a part, can we worry about, or even know of, that threat. And only because there is a common world can we hope, by concerting our actions, to save ourselves and the earth.

The common world has been the work of every generation that has lived in it, back to the remotest ages. Much as poets begin by using language as they find it but, usually as an unself-conscious consequence of their work, leave usage slightly altered behind them, people in general pursue their various ends in the yielding medium of the world and shape its character by their actions. But although the world receives the imprint of the lives of those who pass through it, it has never been given to any single generation to dictate the character of the world. Not even the most thoroughgoing totalitarian regimes have succeeded in wholly shaping the lives of their peoples. One has only to think of Alexander Solzhenitsyn growing up in the Soviet Union but drawing so much of his spiritual sustenance from earlier centuries of Russian life, or to think of China, where so many of the customs and qualities of the people have outlasted what was probably the longest and most concentrated assault in history by a government on the national tradition of its own country, to realize how deeply a people's past is woven into its present.

The links binding the living, the dead, and the unborn were described by Edmund Burke, the great eighteenth-century English conservative, as a "partnership" of the generations. He wrote, "Society is indeed a contract. . . . It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained except in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Pericles offered a similar, though not identical, vision of the common life of the generations in his funeral oration, in which he said that all Athens was a "sepulchre" for the remembrance of the soldiers who had died fighting for their city. Thus, whereas Burke spoke of common tasks that needed many generations for their achievement, Pericles spoke of the immortality that the living confer on the dead by remembering their sacrifices. In the United States, Abraham Lincoln seemed to combine these two thoughts when he said in his Gettysburg address that the sacrifices of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg laid an obligation on the living to devote themselves to the cause for which the battle had been fought. And, indeed, every political observer or political actor of vision has recognized that if life is to be fully human it must take cognizance of the dead and the unborn.

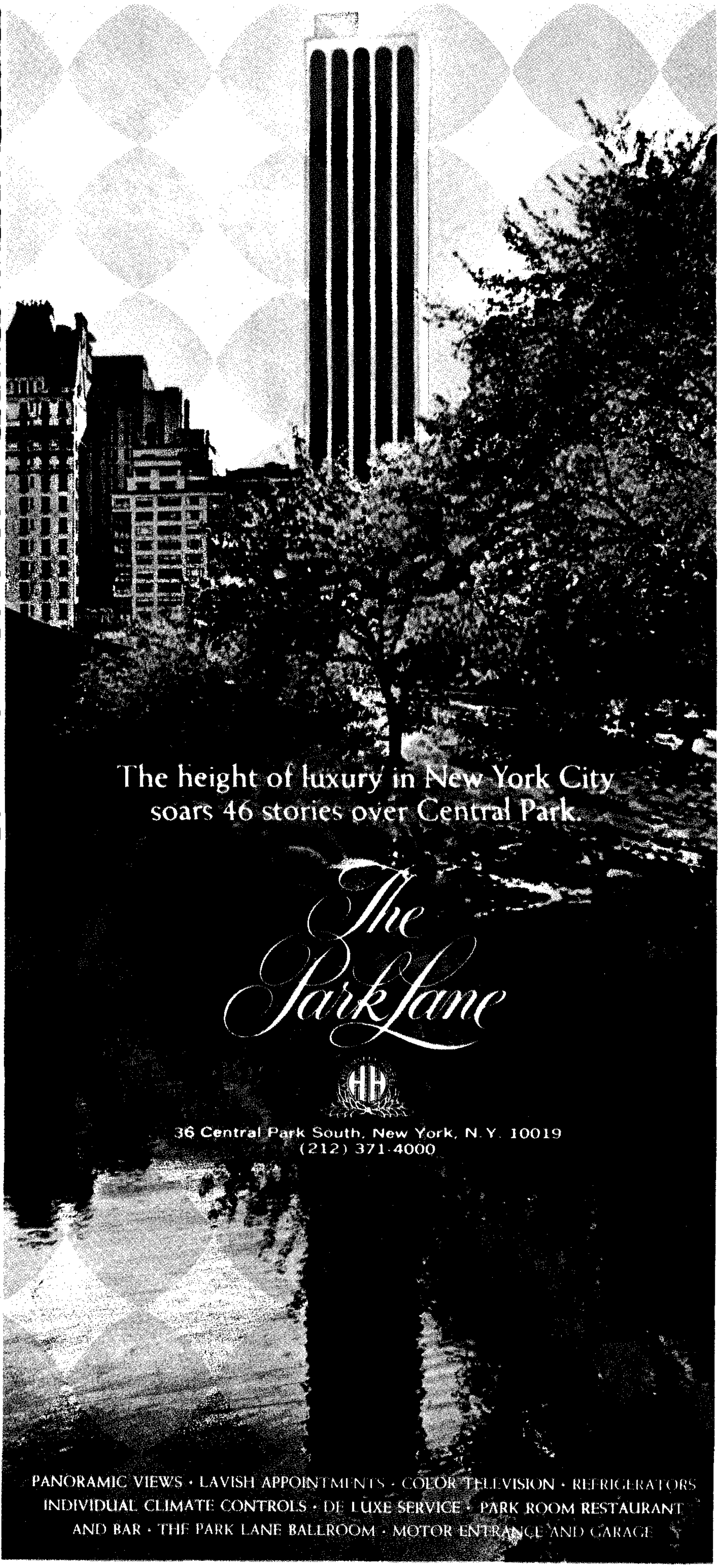
But now our responsibilities as citizens in the common world have been immeasurably enlarged. In the prenuclear common world, we were partners in the protection of the arts, the institutions, the customs, and all "perfection" of life; now we are also partners in the protection of life itself. Burke described as a common inheritance the achievements that one generation passed along to the next. "By a constitutional policy, working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives," he wrote. "The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down, to us and from us, in the same course and order." These words appear in Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France"—the revolution being an event that filled him with horror, for in it he believed he saw a single generation violently destroying in a few years the national legacy of hundreds of years. But, whether or not he was right in thinking that the inheritance of France was being squandered by its recipients, the inheriting generations and their successors were at least biologically intact. In our time, however, among the items in the endangered inheritance the inheritors find themselves. Each generation of mankind still receives, holds, and transmits the inheritance from the past, but, being now a part of that inheritance, each generation *is received*, *is held*, *and is transmitted*, so that receiver and received, holder and held, transmitter and transmitted are one. Yet our jeopardy is only a part of the jeopardy of all life, and the largest item in the inheritance that we receive, hold, and must transmit is the entire ecosphere. So deep is the change in the structure of human life brought about by this new peril that in retrospect the Burkean concern about the "perfection" of life, indispensable as this concern is to the quality of our existence, seems like only the barest hint or suggestion of the incomparably more commanding obligation that is laid on us by the nuclear predicament. It strikes modern ears as prophetic that when Burke sought to describe the permanence in human affairs which he so valued he often resorted to metaphors drawn from the natural world—speaking, for example, of a "pattern of nature" that human society should imitate—as though he had had a premonition that an almost habitually revolutionary mankind would one day proceed from tearing society apart to tearing the natural world apart. Speaking of the society into which each of us is born, Burke angrily asked whether it could be right to "hack that aged parent in pieces." His words have acquired a deeper meaning than he could ever have foretold for them now that the parent in question is not merely human society but the earth itself.

SINCE all human aims, personal or political, presuppose human existence, it might seem that the task of protecting that existence should command all the energy at our disposal. However, the claims that the conduct of life lays upon us, including our desire for individual survival, have not suspended themselves in deference to the peril to life as a whole. As long as we keep from extinguishing ourselves, history continues at full flood, and the needs, desires, fears, interests, and ideals that have always moved people assert themselves with their usual vigor, even though extinction threatens them all with termination forever. For example, although people may want the species to survive, they may also want to be free, to be prosperous, to be treated justly, and so on. We are thus required to weigh the value of these goals of human life against the value of human life in its entirety. But while we are used to weighing the various goals of human life against one another, this new task finds us unprepared. For with what measuring rods should we gauge our worth as a species, and how should we rate ourselves against things whose own worth derives from our existence? These questions are by no means academic. Every government and every citizen in the world—but especially the governments and the citizens of the United States and the Soviet Union—face the decision of how much weight to give to the survival of the world compared with the exigencies of business in the world. Ordinarily, when we look out upon each other and upon the world we measure the worth of what we find by making use of standards. For measuring the products of our labor, we may employ a standard of usefulness; for political activity, a standard of justice; for artistic and intellectual work, standards of beauty and truth; for human behavior in general, a standard of goodness. And when the things we value in life are in conflict we weigh them against one another by the perhaps indefinable but nevertheless comprehensible and useful standard of the common good. But none of these standards, including that of the common good, are suitable for gauging the worth of mankind as a whole, for none of them have any meaning or application unless one first assumes the existence of the very thing whose loss they are supposed to measure; namely, mankind. Anyone who prizes the usefulness of things assumes the existence of human beings to whom things can be useful; anyone who loves justice assumes the existence of a society whose parts can be brought into relationships that are just; anyone who loves beauty and truth assumes the existence of minds to which the beautiful and the true can manifest themselves; anyone who loves goodness assumes the existence of creatures who are capable of exhibiting it and being nourished by it; and anyone who wishes to promote the common good assumes the existence of a community whose divergent aims it can harmonize. These standards of worth, and any others that one might think of, are useful only in relating things that are in life to one another, and are inadequate as measures of life itself. We cannot, for example, say in any simple or unqualified sense that the end of the world is bad and its continuation good, because mankind is not in itself good or evil but is the source of both, providing the theatre in which good and evil actions appear as well as the actors by whom they are all enacted. (No stone, tree, or lion ever did anything either good or evil.) Neither can we say that mankind is useful. For to whom are we of any use? Human life is not needed by someone somewhere; rather, it is the seat of need, and

need is one of the modes of our being.

The question of the worth of each individual human life, like the question of the worth of mankind, also poses the question of what life might be "for"—if, indeed, it is right to say that life is "for" anything—but with the crucial difference that while the individual can sacrifice his own life "for" others, mankind cannot do the same, since it includes all possible others within itself. Some philosophers, faced with the perplexing fact that although we can try to judge the worth of everything in creation by asking how well it serves as a means to some end of mankind's, mankind itself does not seem to be a means to anything, and therefore, by this estimation, is, strictly speaking, worthless, have attempted to solve the problem (as Kant, for example, did) by saying that man is "an end in himself" or a "final end," by which they meant that service to human beings was the highest good, and that human life was not to be treated as a means for achieving some other, supposedly higher good. However, this description is open to the criticism that by placing mankind at the final stage of a series of means and ends it seems to suggest that man creates himself—since the process of reaching ends through means is a purely human one—whereas in fact he was created by powers over which he had no influence whatever. It would be more appropriate, perhaps, to say that man is a beginning, for all chains of means and ends, no matter what their ultimate goals may be, start up out of man, whose existence they presuppose, and only then circle back into him, and so are wholly enclosed within human life. In that sense, man does not serve as a "final end" so much as stand prior to all means and ends, shaping and defining them according to his nature and his will. But this "beginning," whose existence is a fait accompli as far as we are concerned, is hard for us to see, because as soon as we start thinking something, intending something, enjoying something, or doing something, we have already taken it—"it" being our very selves and our fellow human beings—for granted. The forms that the life of the species can assume appear in innumerable clearly defined, often visible shapes, but mankind itself—the bare structure of human life, which underlies all these permutations—never appears as such, and remains, in a way, invisible.

One reason that standards fail us in our attempt to grasp the worth of our



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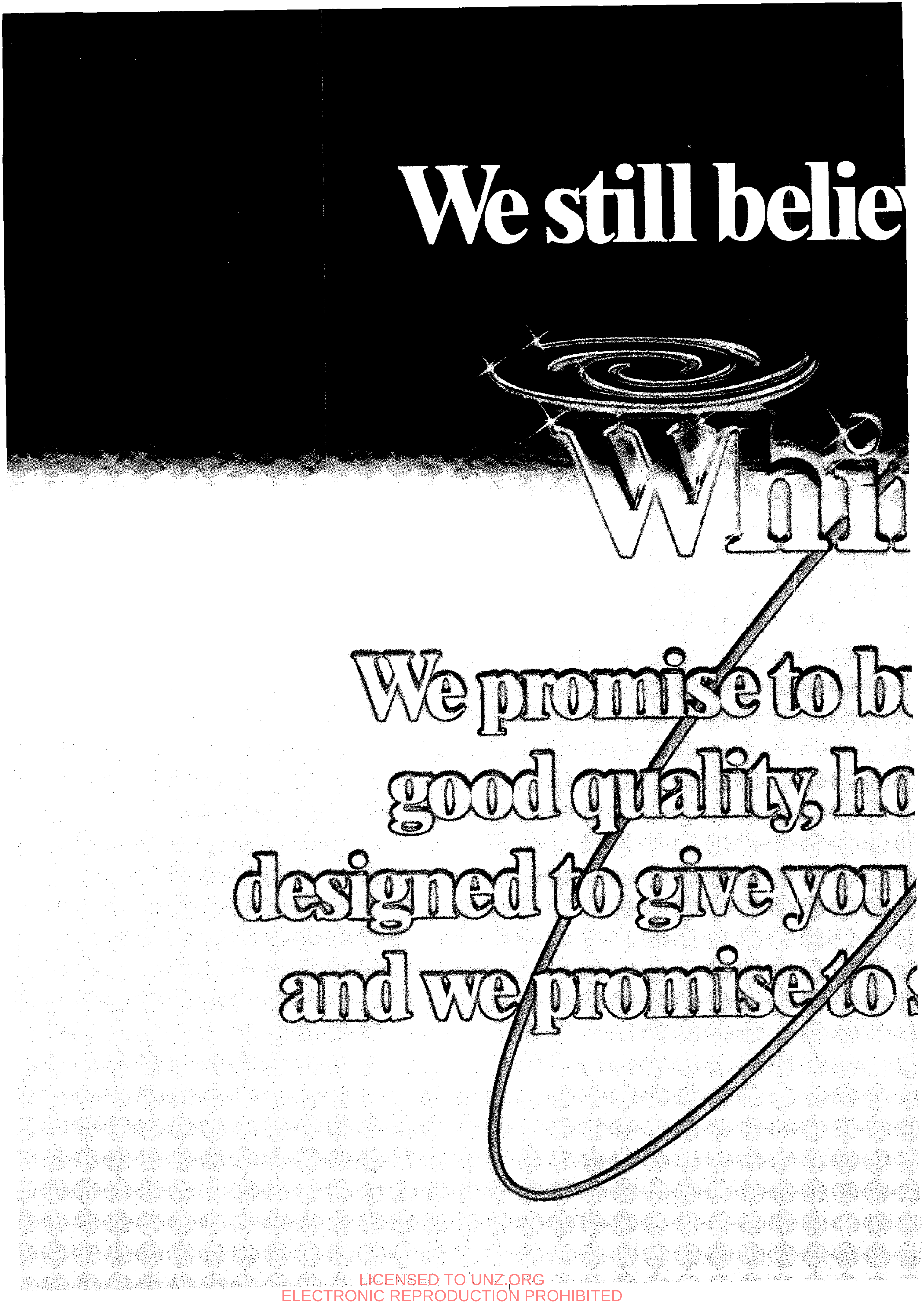
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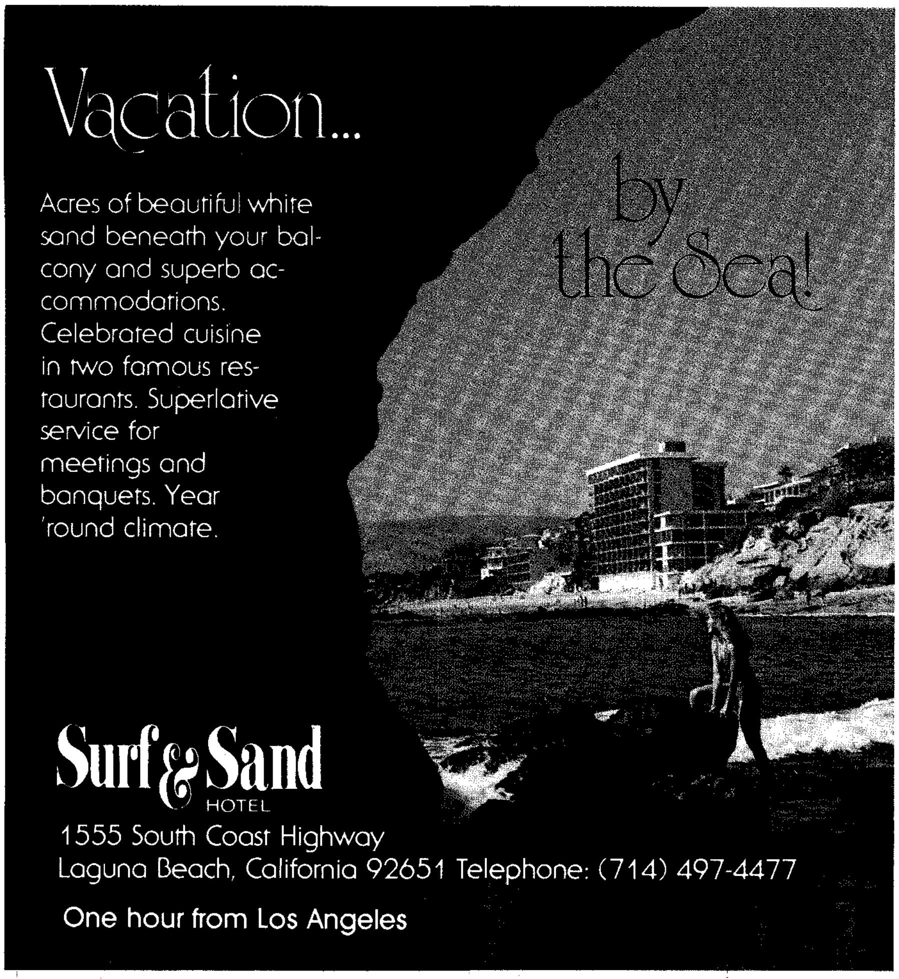
species is that they are meant to provide a common frame of reference against which the individuals in a given class of things can be measured, whereas mankind is a member of no class that we have as yet discovered. It is theoretically possible, of course, that other creatures endowed with the mental, psychological, and spiritual faculties that now distinguish human beings from all other forms of life will be discovered in outer space, and that we will then be able to rate ourselves in relation to them according to some suitable standard that will suggest itself once the creatures are in view. Even now, we are free to imagine that some extraterrestrial creature or god might take the measure of our loss by regarding it as a gap of a certain character and size in the order of a universal living creation of whose existence we are as yet unaware. But these lofty proceedings, in which we exchange our human perspective for a purely speculative superhuman one, are an evasion, for they lift us clean out of the human predicament that it is our obligation to face. By setting up an intelligence that itself escapes extinction and looks down upon the event, and by endowing that intelligence with suspiciously human characteristics, we in effect deny or evade the reality of extinction, for we have covertly manufactured a survivor. (Could it be that the vogue for science fiction and other types of pure fantasy stems in part from the reassurance we get from believing that there are other forms of life in the universe besides ours? The extra worlds offered by science fiction may provide us with an escape in imagination from the tight trap that our species is caught in in reality.) Seen in religious terms, such an assumption of a godlike perspective would be an attempted usurpation by man of God's omniscience, and, as such, a form of blasphemy. A second reason that standards fail us, then, is that employment of the only ones we actually have in our possession or have any real title to apply—the human ones—is terminated by our extinction, and we are left with the impossibility of a judgment without a judge to pass it.

A closely related, and more serious, perversion of religion is the suggestion, made by some Christian fundamentalists, that the nuclear holocaust we threaten to unleash is the Armageddon threatened by God in the Bible. This identification arrogates to ourselves not only God's knowledge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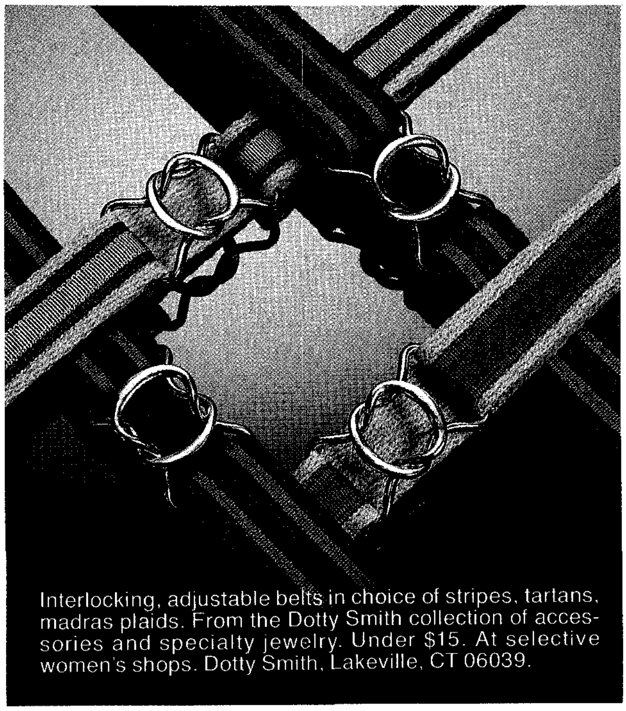
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but also His will. However, it is not God, picking and choosing among the things of His creation, who threatens us but we ourselves. And extinction by nuclear arms would not be the Day of Judgment, in which God destroys the world but raises the dead and then metes out perfect justice to everyone who has ever lived; it would be the utterly meaningless and completely unjust destruction of mankind by men. To imagine that God is guiding our hand in this action would quite literally be the ultimate evasion of our responsibility as human beings—a responsibility that is ours because (to stay with religious interpretation for a moment) we possess a free will that was implanted in us by God.

Human beings have a worth—a worth that is sacred. But it is *for* human beings that they have that sacred worth, and for them that the other things in the creation have their worth (although it is a reminder of our indissoluble connection with the rest of life that many of our needs and desires are also felt by animals). Hence, while our standards of worth have reference to the various possible worthy things in life, they all also point back to the life of the needy, or suffering, or rejoicing, or despairing, or admiring, or spiritually thirsting person in whose existence the things are found to be worthy or lacking in worth. To borrow elementary philosophical language, as objects the members of the species are among many things in existence that have worth in human eyes, but as the sum of all possible human subjects the species comprises all those "eyes," and in that sense is the sole originator of all worth as it is given to us to be aware of it. The death of an individual person is a loss of one subject, and of all its needs, longings, sufferings, and enthusiasms—of its being. But the extinction of the species goes farther, and removes from the known universe the human *kind* of being, which is different from any other kind that we as yet know of. It is, above all, the death of mankind as this immortal source of all human subjects, not the death of mankind as an object, that makes extinction radically unique and "unthinkable." In extinction, a darkness falls over the world not because the lights have gone out but because the eyes that behold the light have been closed. To assert this, however, is not to assert that only that which the human eye beholds is real. There is nothing in a holocaust that calls into doubt the existence of the physical world, which we can be confident will go on existing whether we destroy ourselves or not. We are even free to suppose that in a certain sense the worth of things will still reside in them in our absence, waiting for creatures who can appreciate it to reappear. But, without entering into the debate over whether beauty is in the eye of the beholder or in "the thing itself," we can at least say that without the beholder the beauty goes to waste. The universe would still exist, but the universe as it is imprinted on the human soul would be gone. Of many of the qualities of worth in things, we can say that they give us a private audience, and that insofar as they act upon the physical world they do so only by virtue of the response that they stir in us. For example, any works of art that survived our extinction would stare off into a void without finding a responding eye, and thus become shut up in a kind of isolation. (The physical qualities of things, on the other hand, will go on interacting among themselves without us.) Or, to put it differently, the qualities of worth find in us their sole home in an otherwise neutral and inhospitable universe. I believe that Rilke was saying something of this kind when, in the "Duino Elegies," he wrote the lines:

> Earth, isn't this what you want: an invisible
> re-arising in us? Is it not your dream
> to be one day invisible? Earth! invisible!
> What is your urgent command, if not transformation?
> Earth, you darling, I will! Oh, believe me, you need
> your Springs no longer to win me: a single one,
> just one, is already more than my blood can endure.

d. ehrenberg

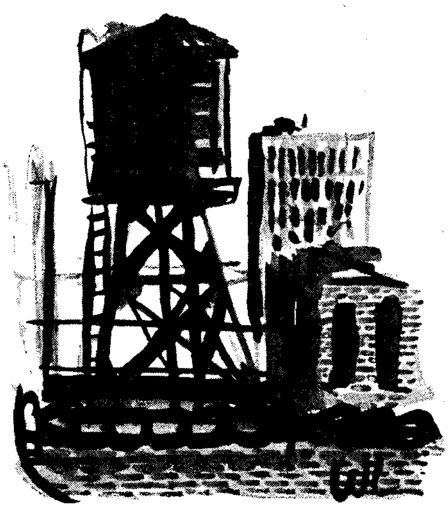
Because we are the ones who hold everything that is of worth to be so, the attempt to assign a worth to our species leads us in an intellectual circle. We find ourselves trying to gauge the usefulness of usefulness, the goodness of goodness, the worth of worth, and these are questions that have no resolution. Mankind is to be thought of not as something that possesses a certain worth (although in the eyes of one another we have that, too)—as something with a certain measurable degree of usefulness, beauty, or goodness (for just as often as we are useful, beautiful, or good we are destructive, ugly, or evil)—but as the inexhaustible source of all the possible forms of worth, which has no existence or meaning without human life. Mankind is not, in the ancient phrase, the measure of all things; he is the measurer, and is himself measureless.

For the generations that now have to decide whether or not to risk the future of the species, the implication of our species' unique place in the order of things is that while things in the life of mankind have worth, we must never raise that worth above the life of mankind and above our respect for that life's existence. To do this would be to make of our highest ideals so many swords with which to destroy ourselves. To sum up the worth of our species by reference to some particular standard, goal, or ideology, no matter how elevated or noble it might be, would be to prepare the way for extinction by closing down in thought and feeling the open-ended possibilities for human development which extinction would close down in fact. There is only one circumstance in which it might be possible to sum up the life and achievement of the species, and that circumstance would be that it had already died; but then, of course, there would be no one left to do the summing up. Only a generation that believed itself to be in possession of final, absolute truth could ever conclude that it had reason to put an end to human life, and only generations that recognized the limits to their own wisdom and virtue would be likely to subordinate their interests and dreams to the as yet unformed interests and undreamed dreams of the future generations, and let human life go on.

FROM the foregoing, it follows that there can be no justification for extinguishing mankind, and therefore no justification for any nation ever to push the world into nuclear hostilities, which, once inaugurated, may lead uncontrollably to a full-scale holocaust and to extinction. But from this conclusion it does not follow that any action is permitted as long as it serves the end of preventing extinction. The grounds for these two propositions become clearer if we consider the nature of ethical obligation. It seems especially important to consider the ethical side of the question, because the other common justification for military action—self-interest—obviously can never justify extinction, inasmuch as extinction would constitute suicide for the perpetrator; and suicide, whatever else it may be, is scarcely in the interest of the one who commits it.

I shall let the behavior of Socrates at his trial in Athens, in the fourth century B.C., on charges of corrupting youth and denigrating the gods, stand as a model of ethical behavior. His example has a special, direct relevance to the nuclear question, because every attempt to justify the use of nuclear weapons has been based on some variation of the conviction, first given full expression by him, in words that still sound with their full force, that the highest good is not life itself—mere survival—but the moral life. The possible application of the Socratic principle to the question of extinction is obvious: if under certain circumstances it is the duty of the individual to sacrifice his life for something higher than his life, might it not be the obligation of mankind under certain circumstances to do the same? The philosopher Karl Jaspers, for one, thought so, and was one of the few who have had the courage to state such a belief outright. In his book "The Future of Mankind," published in 1958, he writes, concerning the nuclear question, "Man is born to be free, and the free life that he tries to save by all possible means is more than mere life. Hence, life in the sense of existence—individual life as well as all life—can be staked and sacrificed for the sake of the life that is worth living." He asks, "And if no such way [to the life worth living] is found, does the substance of humanity then lie where failure is no longer an objection—where indeed man's ultimately real, truly serious purpose is his doom?" To which he answers, "It could be necessary only as a sacrifice made for the sake of eternity." I have suggested, though, that doom can never be a human purpose at all, truly serious or otherwise, but, rather, is the end of all human purposes, none of which can be fulfilled outside of human life.

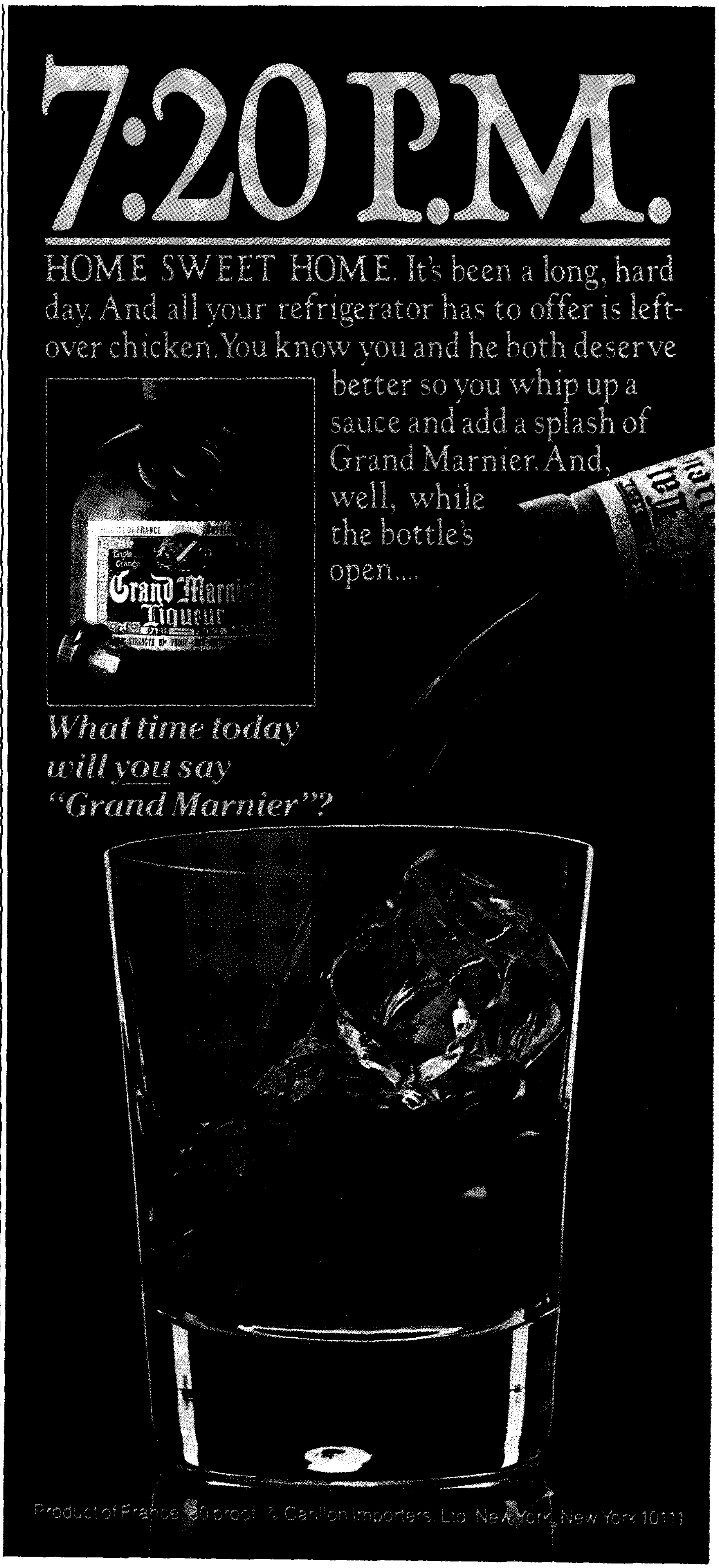
Jaspers' opposite conclusion, I believe, depends on an application to the species as a whole of a canon of morality that properly applies only to each individual person. Ethical commandments have often been regarded as "absolute" for the individual (and thus as justifying any sacrifice made in their name), and, in a certain sense, Socrates regarded them in that light, too. He even claimed that a "voice," or "God," sometimes commanded him not to do certain things. The commands were absolute in two ways. First, once the voice, which we may take to be the voice of conscience, had spoken, he could not be released from it by appeal to any outside authority, such as the majority voice of the community. Second, the commands were absolutely binding on him, and had to be followed even unto death. Therefore, when the city of Athens put him on trial he was not at liberty to abandon the dictates of his conscience and to save his life. Instead, he chided the jury for "trying to put an innocent man to death," and added, for good measure, that since to commit such an injustice would be in his opinion a worse fate than to suffer it, then "so far from pleading on my own behalf, as might be supposed, I am really pleading on yours." In these bold words and actions, which cost him his life, Socrates asserted the absolute sovereignty of his conscience over his actions. But, having asserted that sovereignty, he did not go on to suppose that he had thereby won the right to exercise a similar sovereignty over others. On the contrary, it was of the essence of his conduct at the trial and at the execution that he placed himself wholly at the service of his community, and that his belief in the worth of his actions in fact consisted in this. His radical assertion of the independence of his conscience was thus inseparable from a no less radical subordination of his interests to the good of his city. This subordination was evident in his decision to stand trial, in his decision after the trial to stay in Athens and suffer the death penalty rather than flee (as friends advised him to do), and in the words that he spoke throughout the proceedings. He persisted in dedicating himself to the service of his community even though the community might kill him for his pains. In this devotion, he resembled Christ, of course, who appeared on earth to be "a servant of all," and gave up His life for the sake of the people who put Him to death.



In the present context, the point is that if Socrates is taken as the example, there are no ethics apart from service to the human community, and therefore no ethical commandments that can justify the extinction of humanity. Ethical obligation begins with the assumption that we are naturally inclined to look out for our own interests, and asks that we pay regard to the interests of others—that we do unto them as we would have them do unto us. But since extinction annihilates the community of others it can never be an ethical act, and to say that it could be is like saying that to kill the children in a school would be an educational experience for them, or to starve a country to death would be a beneficial economic measure for it. And even if all the people in the world somehow managed to persuade themselves that their death was justified (thus overlooking the question of for what or for whom it was justified), this suicidal action would still be wrong, because it would also cancel the unconsulted and completely innocent future generations. (Can anybody be more innocent than they are?) In actuality, of course, no one is proposing the voluntary suicide of everyone on earth; on the contrary, what is being claimed is that one or two countries have the right to jeopardize all countries and their descendants in the name of certain beliefs. Hence, those who, to defend risking extinction, start with the moral obligation of "individual life" to sacrifice itself and generalize from that to an obligation of "all life" to sacrifice itself (in Jaspers' phrases) in fact pass from a principle of individual self-sacrifice to a principle of aggression by a few against all—"all" in this case including the unborn generations.

The question remains whether there might be some superethical, ultramundane principle, perhaps of religious inspiration, that could justify the destruction of the world. Is it possible, for example, that one day it might be our obligation to set both human interests and human morality aside and destroy the species for the sake of God? There is a long history of wars waged in the name of one god or another, but in the possible justifications for a nuclear holocaust theological principles could play a role of special importance, because they might seem to offer something to "fight" for that would not itself be destroyed in a holocaust. For example, the extinction of an "evil" mankind might be regarded as acceptable or pleasing to a wrathful God—or, at least, as representing the fulfillment of some plan of His (as in the identification by some Christian fundamentalists of a holocaust with Armageddon). When armies take up the banner of God, the "absolute" sovereignty of each person's individual conscience over his own actions is transmuted into a claim of absolute sovereignty over other people; and the absolute submission owed by each person to the voice of conscience is transmuted into a claim of submission owed by other people to those who, as representatives of religious orthodoxy, have taken it on themselves to speak for God. Then the Christian commandment to sacrifice oneself for one's neighbor at God's command is transformed into permission to sacrifice one's neighbor for God's sake. In the pre-nuclear world, the assumption of these claims led to considerable slaughter; in the nuclear world, it could lead to the end of the species. But all this is infinitely remote from the teaching of Christ, at least, who taught people not to kill their enemies but to love them, and who died rather than lift His hand in violence against His tormentors. It speaks powerfully against any Christian justification for destroying the world that when the Christian God appeared on earth in human form not only did He not sacrifice a single human being for His sake but He suffered a lonely, anguishing, degrading human death so that the world might be saved.

In no saying of His did Christ ever suggest that the two great commandments—to love God and to love one's neighbor—could in any way be separated, or that the former could be used as a justification for violating the latter. In fact, He explicitly stated that religious faith that is divorced from love of human beings is empty and dangerous. For example, He said, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother,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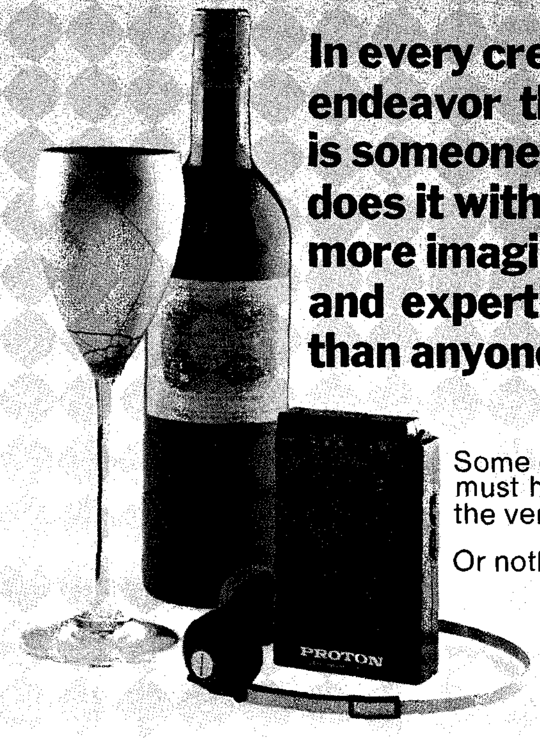

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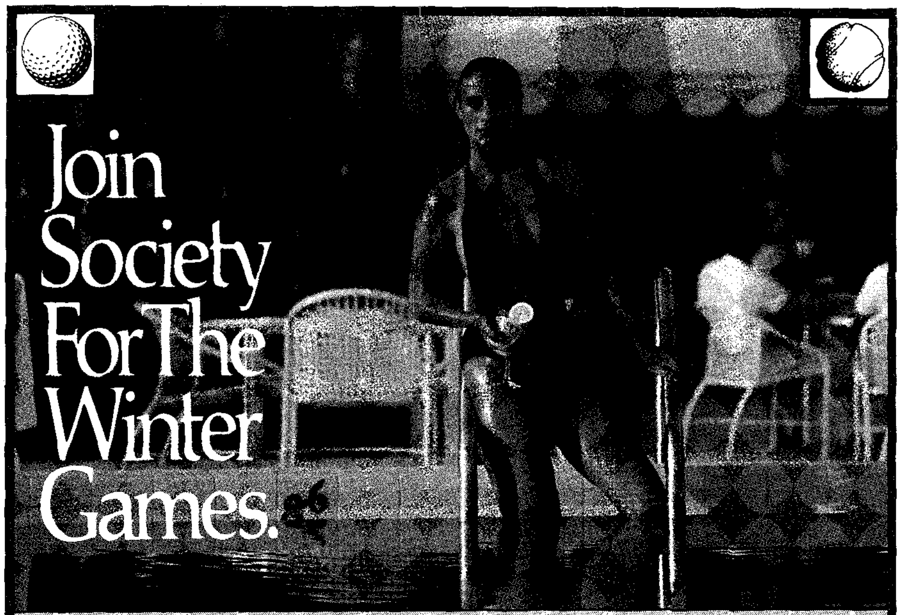

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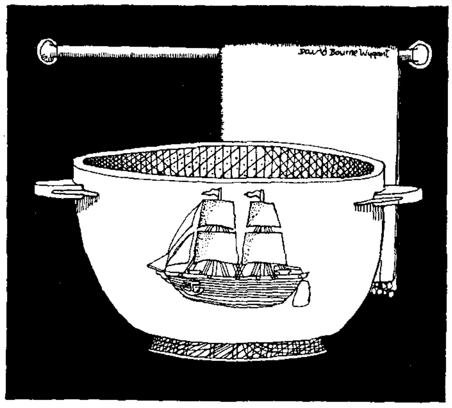
and then come and offer thy gift." We who have planned out the deaths of hundreds of millions of our brothers plainly have a great deal of work to do before we return to the altar. Clearly, the corpse of mankind would be the least acceptable of all conceivable offerings on the altar of this God.

If there is nothing in the teachings of either Socrates or Christ that could justify the extinction of mankind—nothing, in fact, that could teach us to do anything in regard to this act but hold back from performing it—neither is there anything that would justify the commission of crimes in order to prevent extinction. In the teachings of both men, a person's obligation is to answer even the utmost evil not with more evil but with good. This refusal to be goaded by evil into evil may be the closest thing to an "absolute" that there is in their teachings. (I wonder whether it might not have been this absolute refusal to participate in evil which was in the back of Jaspers' mind when he said that in order to avoid certain evils it was permissible to perpetrate extinction.) Rather, the altogether un-Socratic and un-Christian teaching that the end justifies the means is the basis on which governments, in all times, have licensed themselves to commit crimes of every sort; the *raison d'état* of governments, in fact, enshrines the opposite of the Socratic principle, for it holds that states may do virtually anything whatever in the name of survival. Extinction nullifies the ends-means justification by destroying every end that might justify the means (the *raison d'état* is not well served if the nation is biologically exterminated), but the goal of *preventing* extinction, if it ever became operative as an end, could lend to this expedient line of thinking an immensely enlarged scope, since if the end justifies the means, and the end is human survival, then any means short of human extinction can be countenanced. Herein lies another peril of the nuclear predicament—albeit a lesser one by far than extinction itself, since any political system, no matter how entrenched, is subject to change and decline, whereas extinction is eternal. In most countries, "national security" is found to be justification enough for abusing every human right, and we can only imagine what governments might feel entitled to do once they had begun to claim that they were defending not just national but human survival.

It has not been the mistake of governments of our time to lay too much emphasis on the imperative of human survival, yet in the period of détente between the United States and the Soviet Union the world was given a glimpse of policies in which the aim of avoiding extinction was offered as a justification for repression. Both superpowers, while hardly abandoning the defense of their national interests, made a disturbingly smooth transition between using national interests to rationalize repression and using human survival to rationalize it. In the Soviet Union, a totalitarian country, it was not long before the authorities were supplementing their usual list of charges against critics of the regime by calling them "wreckers of détente," and the like. And in the United States, a democracy, but one that was presided over at the time by an Administration with a criminal and authoritarian bent, President Nixon was quick to invite the public to accept his usurpations and violations of the Constitution as a small price for the country to pay for the grandiose "structure of peace" that he believed he was building together with the Soviets. This incipient alliance of the champions of peace in repression went a step further when the Soviet leaders emerged as vocal defenders of Nixon's constitutional abuses in the Watergate crisis. It is noteworthy also that the Nixon Administration was conspicuously silent about abuses of human rights in the Soviet Union. Regrettably, it may be that the cause of peace can be used no less readily than war as a justification for repression. There is even a superficial resemblance between peace and repression—both tend to be quiet—which should put us on our guard. In the period of détente, the first, tentative steps were taken toward nuclear-arms control (only to stall subsequently), but the totalitarian murk around the world thickened noticeably.

Having said that each generation has an obligation to survive, so that the future generations may be born, I would like to guard against a possible misinterpretation. It has become fashionable recently to suggest that in circumstances of extreme evil—including, especially, imprisonment in concentration camps—personal survival becomes a moral principle, and one that, indeed, takes precedence over the obligation to treat others decently. If this notion were accepted, then the Socratic message that mere survival is empty, and only an honorable life is worth living, would be overruled, and each person would be invited to treat other people however he liked as long as he survived. It might be thought that the obligation of the species to survive adds weight to this point of view. However, each generation's obligation to survive does not in fact lead to a similar obligation on the part of the individual, any more than the individual's obligation to sacrifice himself implies an obligation of self-sacrifice on the part of the species. On the contrary, the species' obligation to survive lays on each individual a new obligation to set aside his personal interest in favor of the general interest. (After all, his personal survival, which cannot last beyond the natural span of his life in any case, in no way aids the survival of the species, since the world's peril does not stem from any shortage of people.) For whereas there is no principle, whether practical, ethical, or divine, that overarches mankind and would offer a justification for its self-destruction, mankind still overarches each person, as it always has done, and summons him, at times, to act in favor of something larger than he is.

IMPLICIT in everything that I have said so far about the nuclear predicament there has been a perplexity that I would now like to take up explicitly, for it leads, I believe, into the very heart of our response—or, rather, our lack of response—to the predicament. I have pointed out that our species is the most important of all the things that, as inhabitants of a common world, we inherit from the past generations, but it does not go far enough to point out this superior importance, as though in making our decision about extinction we were being asked to choose between, say, liberty, on the one hand, and the survival of the species, on the other. For the species not only overarches but contains all the benefits of life in the common world, and to speak of sacrificing the species for the sake of one of these benefits involves one in the absurdity of wanting to destroy something in order to preserve one of its parts, as if one were to burn down a house in an attempt to redecorate the living room, or to kill someone to improve his character. But even to point out this absurdity fails to take the full measure of the peril of extinction, for mankind is not some invaluable object that lies outside us and that we must protect so that we can go on benefitting from it; rather, it is we ourselves, without whom everything there is loses its value. To say this is another way of saying that extinction is unique not because it destroys mankind as an object but because it destroys mankind as the source of all possible human subjects, and this, in turn, is another way of saying that extinction is a second death, for one's own individual death is the end not of any object in life but of the subject that experiences all objects. Death, however, places the mind in a quandary. One of the confounding characteristics of death—"tomorrow's zero," in Dostoevski's phrase—is that, precisely because it removes the person himself rather than something in his life, it seems to offer the mind nothing to take hold of. One even feels it inappropriate, in a way, to try to speak "about" death at all, as though death were a thing situated somewhere outside us and available for objective inspection, when the fact is that it is within us—is, indeed, an essential part of what we are. It would be more appropriate, perhaps, to say that death, as a fundamental element of our being, "thinks" in us and through us about whatever we think about, coloring our thoughts and moods with its presence throughout our lives.

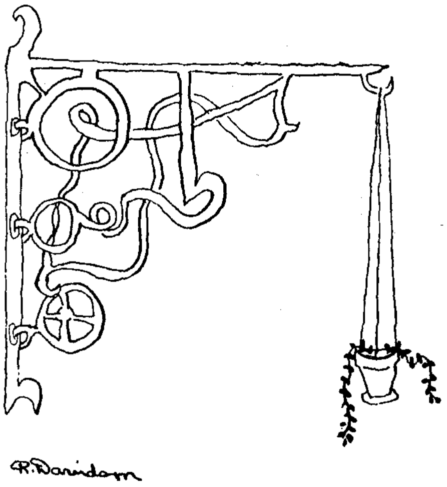


Extinction is another such intangible, incomprehensible, yet all-important presence, surrounding and pervading life without ever showing its face directly. Extinction is, in truth, even less tangibly present than death, because while death continually strikes down those around us, thereby at least reminding us of what death is, and reminding us that we, too, must die, extinction can, by definition, strike only once, and is, therefore, entirely hidden from our direct view; no one has ever seen extinction and no one ever will. Extinction is thus *a human future that can never become a human present*. For who will suffer this loss, which we somehow regard as supreme? We, the living, will not suffer it; we will be dead. Nor will the unborn shed any tears over their lost chance to exist; to do so they would have to exist already. The perplexity underlying the whole question of extinction, then, is that although extinction might appear to be the largest misfortune that mankind could ever suffer, it doesn't seem to happen *to* anybody, and one is left wondering where its impact is to be registered, and by whom.

Lucretius wrote, "Do you not know that when death comes, there will be no other you to mourn your memory, and stand above you prostrate?" And Freud wrote, "It is indeed impossible to imagine our own death: and whenever we attempt to do so, we can perceive that we are in fact still present as spectators." Thought and feeling try to peer ahead and catch a glimpse of death, but they encounter their own demise along the way, for their death is what death is. In the same way, when we try to picture extinction we come up against the fact that the human faculties with which someone might see, hear, feel, or understand this event are obliterated in it, and we are left facing a blankness, or emptiness. But even the words "blankness" and "emptiness" are too expressive—too laden with human response—because, inevitably, they connote the *experience* of blankness and emptiness, whereas extinction is the end of human experience. It thus seems to be in the nature of extinction to repel emotion and starve thought, and if the mind, brought face to face with extinction, descends into a kind of exhaustion and dejection it is surely in large part because we know that mankind cannot be a "spectator" at its own funeral any more than any individual person can.

IT might be well to consider for a moment the novel shape of the mental and emotional predicament that the nuclear peril places us in—a predicament that exists not because of a psychological failing or the inadequacy of the human mind but because of the actual nature of the thing that we are trying to think about. Strange as it may seem, we may have to teach ourselves to think about extinction in a meaningful way. (This seems less strange when we recall that whereas people may have a natural aversion to death no similar instinct moves them to ward off extinction—although most people's spontaneous reaction to the idea is hardly favorable, either. Like the peril of extinction itself, recognition of the peril and understanding of it can come only as a product of our life together in the common world—as a product, that is, not of instinct but of civilization. Other species not only do not resist extinction but are completely unaware that it is happening; the last passenger pigeon had no way of knowing that it *was* the last passenger pigeon, much less of doing anything about it.) On first looking into the consequences of a nuclear holocaust, one is struck by the odd fact that, beyond a certain point, the larger the imagined attack is, the less there is to say about it. At "low" levels of attack—the tens or hundreds of megatons—there is the complexity of the countless varieties of suffering and social and ecological breakdown to reflect on. But at higher levels—the thousands of megatons—the complexity steadily gives way to the simplicity and nothingness of death. Step by step, the "spectators" at the "funeral"—the sufferers of the calamity, in whose eyes it retains a human reality, and in whose lives it remains a human experience—dwindle away, until at last, when extinction is reached, all the "spectators" have themselves gone to the grave, and only the stones and stars, and whatever algae and mosses may have made it through, are present to witness the end.

Yet no matter how poor and thin a thing for imagination to grasp extinction may be, it seems to be in imagination alone that it can be grasped at all. Lacking the possibility of experience, all we have left is thought, since for us *extinction is locked away forever in a* future that can never arrive. Like the thought "I do not exist," the thought "Humanity is now extinct" is an impossible one for a rational person, because as soon as *it* is, *we* are not. In imagining any other event, we look ahead to a moment that is still within the stream of human time, which is to say within a time in which other human beings will exist, and will be responding to whatever they see, looking back to our present time and looking forward to future times that will themselves be within the sequence of human time. But in imagining extinction we gaze past everything human to a dead time that falls outside the human tenses of past, present, and future. By adopting a coldly scientific frame of mind, we can imagine that inert scene, but the exercise is oddly fruitless, and seems to hold no clue to the meaning of extinction. Instead, we find that almost everything that might engage our attention or stir our interest—even if only to repel us—has passed away. Struggling in this way to grasp the meaning of extinction, we may be led to wonder whether it can be grasped at all, and begin to suspect that nature provided an instinctual drive for the perpetuation of the species because it knew that our consciousness and will were so poorly equipped to deal with this task.



R. Davidson

Given the special role of our mental faculties in any attempt to come to terms with extinction, it is not very surprising that a great deal of the writing that has been done about nuclear strategy is characterized by a highly abstract tone. The atmosphere in which this work goes forward is perfectly suggested by the nickname for the sort of institution in which much of it takes place: "the think tank." This term, evoking a hermetic world of thought, exactly reflects the intellectual circumstances of those thinkers whose job it is to deduce from pure theory, without the lessons of experience, what might happen if nuclear hostilities broke out. But, as Herman Kahn, the director of one of these think tanks (the Hudson Institute), and the author of "Thinking About the Unthinkable," among other works on nuclear strategy, has rightly said, "it will do no good to inveigh against theorists; in this field, everyone is a theorist." Hence, while in one sense Kahn is right to call a nuclear holocaust "unthinkable," it is also true, as his remark suggests, that when it comes to grasping the nature of this peril thinking about it is all that we *can* do.

The intellectual and affective difficulties involved in trying to understand the nuclear predicament have no precedent (unless one is to count indi-

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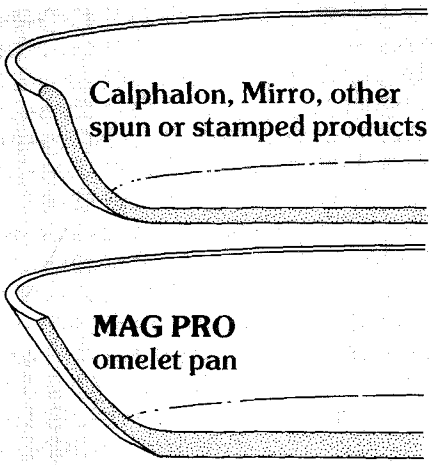

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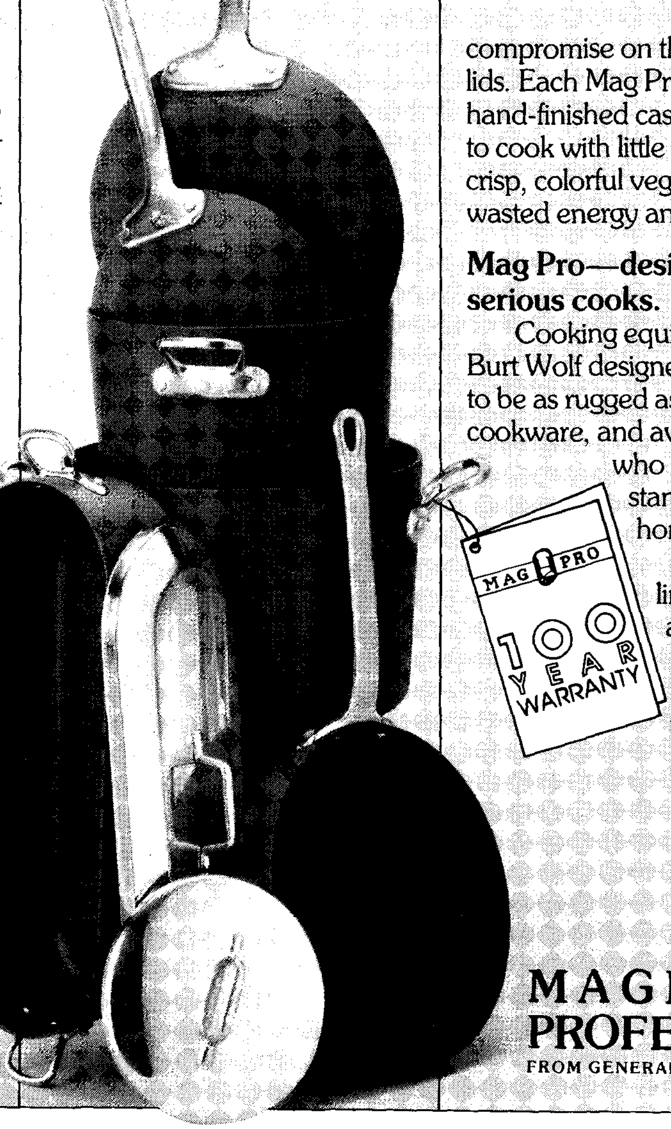

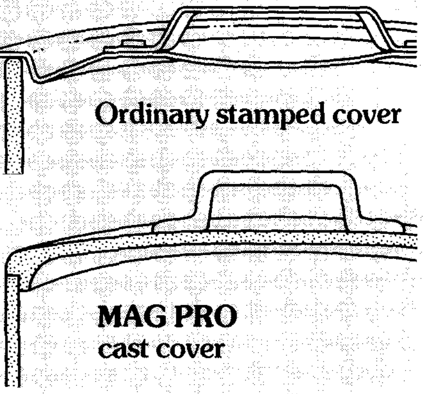

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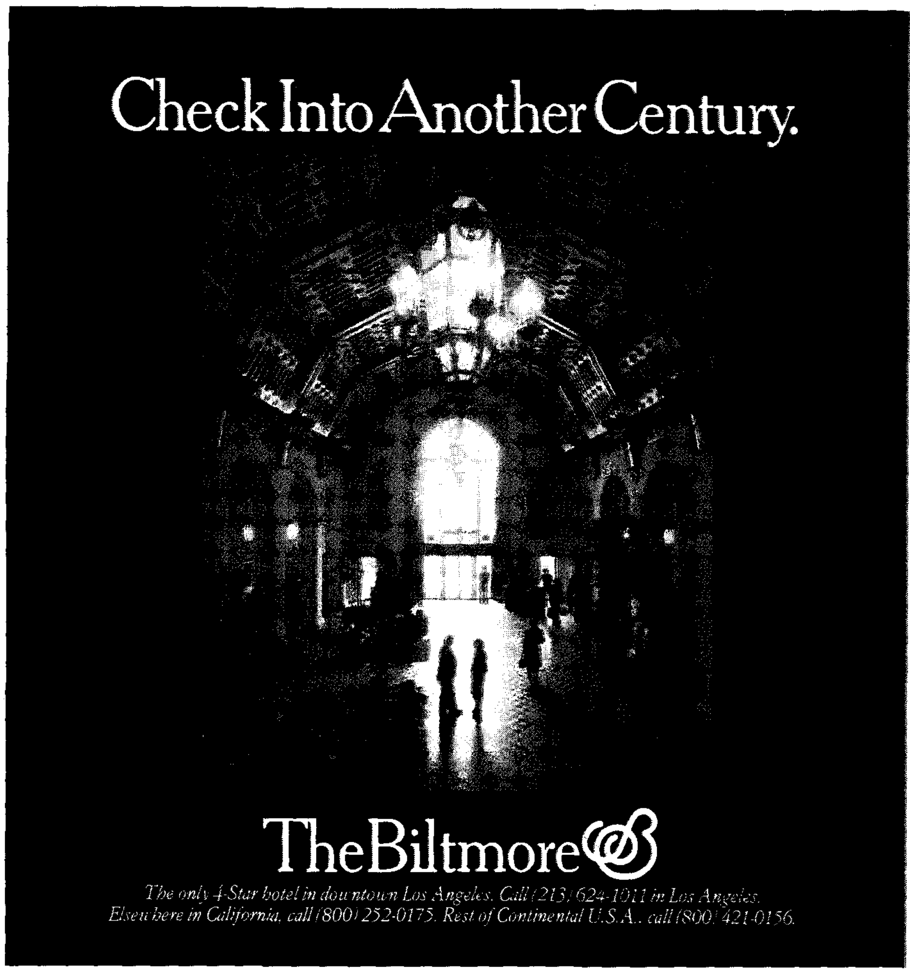
vidual death as a precedent), but they were foreshadowed in at least some respects by certain barriers that have impeded understanding of other sudden revolutionary developments of the modern age. In "Democracy in America," Tocqueville, speaking of the democratic revolution of his times, wrote, "Although the revolution that is taking place in the social condition, the laws, the opinions, and the feelings of men is still very far from being terminated, yet its results already admit of no comparison with anything that the world has ever before witnessed. I go back from age to age up to the remotest antiquity, but I find no parallel to what is occurring before my eyes; as the past has ceased to cast its light upon the future, the mind of man wanders in obscurity." But if in Tocqueville's day the past had ceased to cast its light upon the future, the present—what was occurring before his eyes—could still do so. Although the democratic revolution had not "terminated," it was nevertheless in full swing, and democratic America provided Tocqueville with enough factual material to fill the two thick volumes of his book. Drawing on this material, he was able to cast so much light on the future that we still see by it today.

The radical novelty of events became an even more troubling impediment to the understanding of totalitarian revolutions of our century. Arendt, who, more than anyone else, performed the offices of a Tocqueville in casting light on totalitarianism, wrote, "The gap between past and future ceased to be a condition peculiar only to the activity of thought and restricted as an experience to those few who made thinking their primary business. It became a tangible reality and perplexity for all; that is, it became a fact of political relevance." The totalitarian regimes, of course, made active attempts to revise or erase the factual record of both the past and the present. Yet these attempts have not been successful, and, in spite of the sense of unreality we feel when we confront the acts of the totalitarian regimes, totalitarianism is for us today something that has left its bloody marks on history, and these events, when we are told of them by credible witnesses, fill us with active revulsion. In Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia, horrifying events of dreamlike incredibility occurred, and pure, everyday common sense might reject their very possibility if the historical record



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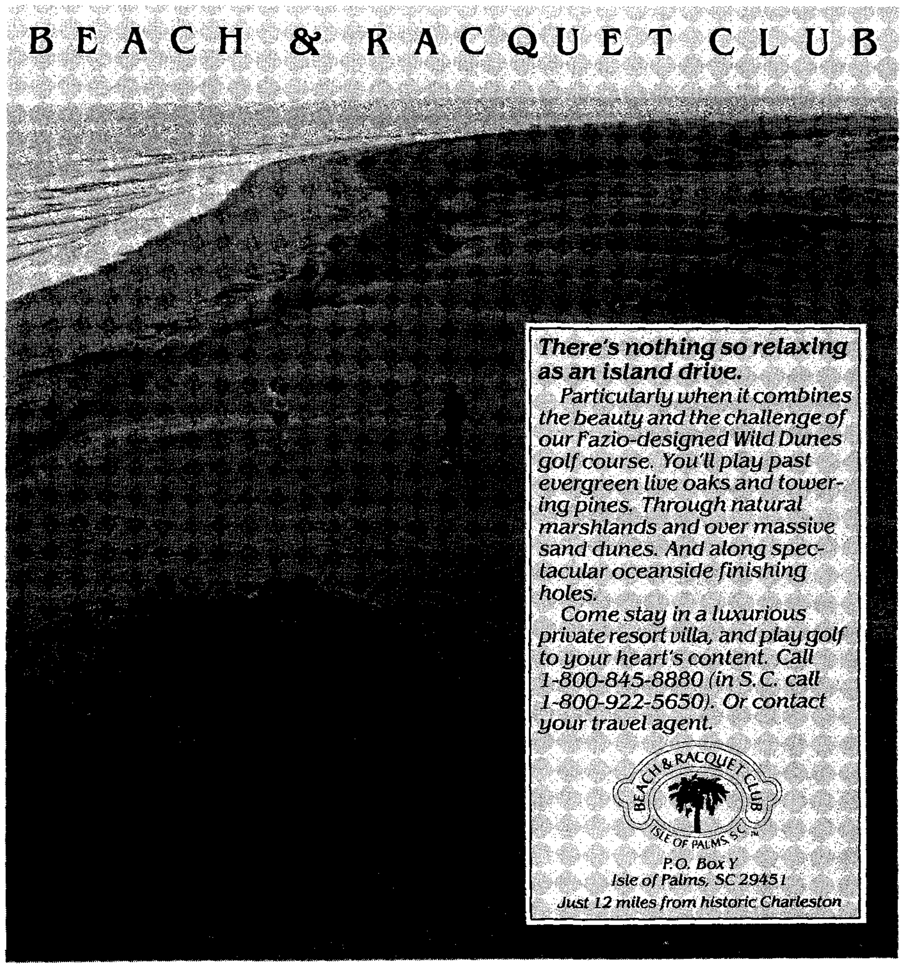

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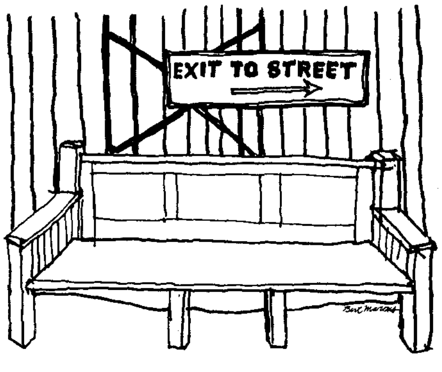
were not there. In Arendt's "Eichmann in Jerusalem," we read the following description of the gassing to death by the Nazis of Jews in Poland:

> This is what Eichmann saw: The Jews were in a large room; they were told to strip; then a truck arrived, stopping directly before the entrance to the room, and the naked Jews were told to enter it. The doors were closed and the truck started off. "I cannot tell [how many Jews entered, Eichmann said later], I hardly looked. I could not; I could not; I had had enough. The shrieking, and . . . I was much too upset, and so on, as I later told Müller when I reported to him; he did not get much profit out of my report. I then drove along after the van, and then I saw the most horrible sight I had thus far seen in my life. The truck was making for an open ditch, the doors were opened, and the corpses were thrown out, as though they were still alive, so smooth were their limbs. They were hurled into the ditch, and I can still see a civilian extracting the teeth with tooth plyers."

We don't want to believe this; we find it all but impossible to believe this. But our wishful disbelief is stopped cold by the brute historical fact that it *happened:* we are therefore forced to believe. But extinction *has not happened*, and hides behind the veil of a future time which human eyes can never pierce. It is true that the testimony of those who survived the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki offers us a vivid record of devastation by nuclear arms, but this record, which already seems to exhaust our powers of emotional response, illumines only a tiny corner of a nuclear holocaust, and, in any case, does not reach the question of extinction, which, instead of presenting us with scenes of horror, puts an end to them, just as it puts an end to all other scenes that are enacted by human beings. After several centuries of bringing a variety of nightmarish futures into existence, we have now invented one so unbelievable and overwhelming that it cannot come to pass at all. ("Come to pass" is a perfect phrase to describe what extinction cannot do. It can "come," but not "to pass," for with its arrival the creature that divides time into past, present, and future—the creature before whose eyes it would "pass"—is annihilated.) Deprived of both past and present experience to guide us as we try to face the nuclear predicament, we are left in the unpromising position of asking the future to shed light on itself.

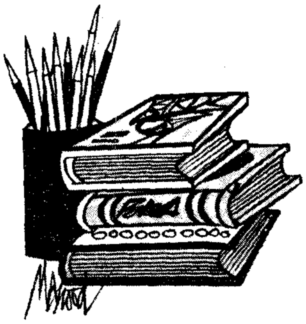
AS we look ahead to the possibility of extinction, our secret thought, which is well founded in the facts of the case, may be that since everyone will then be dead no one will have to worry about it, so why should we worry about it now? Following this unacknowledged but logical line of thinking, we may be led to the shrug of indifference that seems to have characterized most people's conscious reaction to the nuclear peril for the last thirty-six years. If extinction is nothing, we may unconsciously ask ourselves, may not no reaction be the right one? By contrast, our thoughts and feelings experience no such defeat when we consider a privation of future generations which falls short of denying them their existence—when we imagine, for example, that their supply of oil will run out, or that their supply of food will grow short, or that their civilization will go into decline. Then, through the widest possible extension of our respect for individual life, we can picture their plight, sympathize with their suffering, and perhaps take some action to forestall the evil. In effect, we are still following the ethical precept of doing unto others as we would have them do unto us, now expanding our understanding of who the others are to include the unborn, as Burke did. This comes naturally to us, as Burke pointed out, because a moment's reflection reveals to us the debt of gratitude that we owe past generations. However, in extending our sympathetic concern in this way, of course, we make the tacit assumption that there will *be* future generations, taking it for granted that nature, acting in and through us, will bring them forth, as it always has done. And in the pre-nuclear world, before it was in our power to extinguish the species, this confidence was warranted. But now the creation of new human beings is just the thing that is in question; and, in our attempt to grasp not the suffering and death of future generations but their failure to come into existence in the first place, a sympathetic response is inappropriate, for sympathy can extend only to living beings, and extinction is the foreclosure of life.



The shuddering anticipation that we may feel on behalf of others when we realize that they are threatened with harm is out of place, because the lack of any others is the defining feature of extinction.

In removing the sufferer and his suffering with one blow, extinction again shows its resemblance to death. Montaigne writes, "Death can put an end, and deny access, to all our other woes," and adds, "What stupidity to torment ourselves about passing into exemption from all torment!" Extinction likewise brings not suffering but the end of suffering. Among feelings, suffering and joy are opposites, but both, like all feelings, are manifestations of life, and, as such, are together opposites of either death or extinction. Never having faced the end of human life before, we are led by mental habit to try to respond to it as though it were a disaster of one kind or another, in which people were going to be harmed or bereaved. But in doing so we strain for a reaction that, to our puzzlement, perhaps, does not come, for the excellent reason that in extinction there is no disaster: no falling buildings, no killed or injured people, no shattered lives, no mourning survivors. All of that is dissolved in extinction, along with everything else that goes on in life. We are left only with the ghostlike cancelled future generations, who, metaphorically speaking, have been waiting through all past time to enter into life but have now been turned back by us.

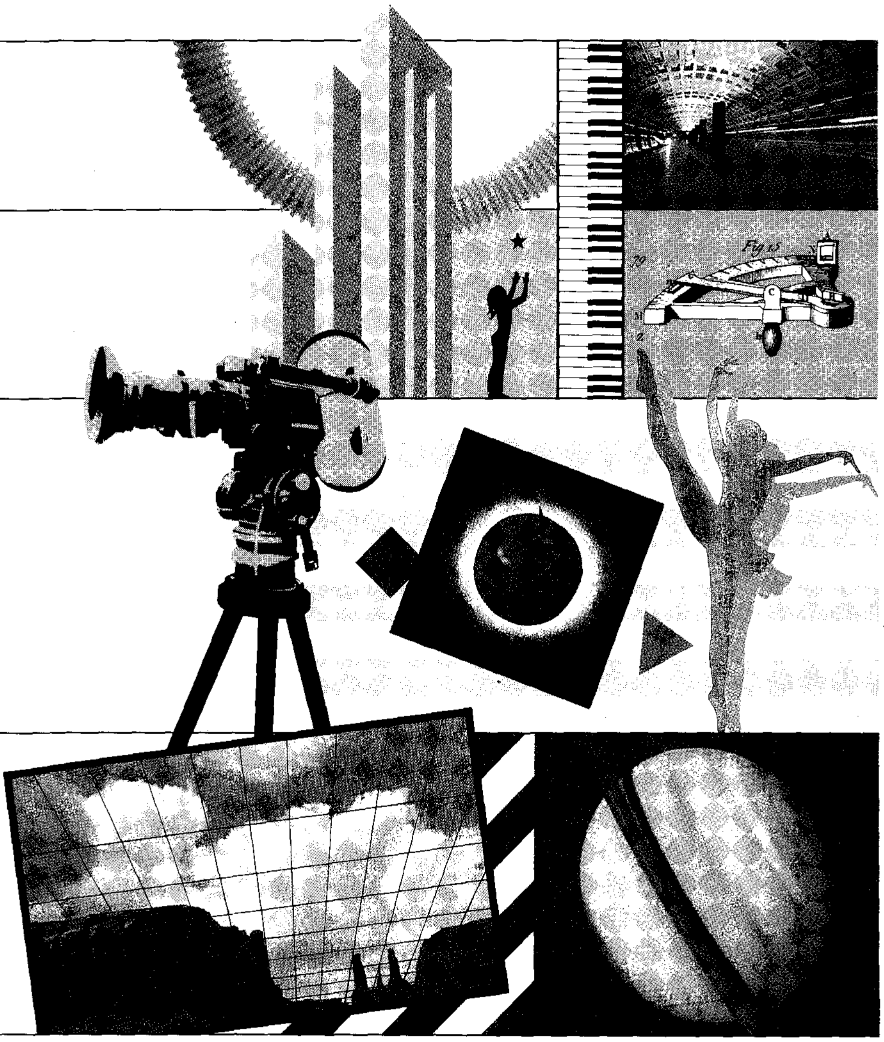
The distinction between harm to people in the world and the end of the world—or even the end of *a* world, such as occurred to European Jewry under Hitler—may give us some clue to the nature of what Arendt, borrowing a phrase of Kant's in order to describe the unparalleled crimes of Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Soviet Union, has called "radical evil." The "true hallmark" of radical evil, "about whose nature so little is known," she says, is that we do not know either how to punish these offenses or how to forgive them, and they therefore "transcend the realm of human affairs and the potentialities of human power, both of which they radically destroy wherever they make their appearance." By crimes that "transcend the realm of human affairs and the potentialities of human power," she means, I believe, crimes so great that they overwhelm the capacity of every existing system of jurisprudence, or other organized human response, to deal with them adequately. She goes on to say, "Here, where the deed itself dispossesses us of all power, we can indeed only repeat with Jesus: 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea.' " *I would like to suggest that evil* becomes radical whenever it goes beyond destroying individual victims (in whatever numbers) and, in addition, mutilates or destroys the *world* that can in some way respond to—and thus in some measure redeem—the deaths suffered. This capacity of evil was demonstrated on a large scale in modern times by the totalitarian regimes, which, in a manner of speaking, attempted to tear gaping, unmendable holes in the fabric of the world—holes into which entire peoples or classes would sink without a trace—but now it has fully emerged in the capacity of the species for self-extinction, which, by ending the world altogether, would "dispossess us of all power" forever. When crimes are of a certain magnitude and character, they nullify our power to respond to them adequately because they smash the human context in which human losses normally acquire their meaning for us. When an entire community or an entire people is destroyed, most of those who would mourn the victims, or bring the perpetrators to justice, or forgive them, or simply remember what occurred, are themselves destroyed. When that community is all mankind, the loss of the human context is total, and no one is left to respond. In facing this deed, we will either respond to it before it is done, and thus avoid doing it, or lose any chance to respond, and pass into oblivion.



If this interpretation is correct, every episode of radical evil is already a small extinction, and should be seen in that light. Between individual death and biological extinction, then, there are other possible levels of obliteration, which have some of the characteristics of extinction. The "end of civilization"—the total disorganization and disruption of human life, breaking the links between mankind's past and its future—is one. Genocide—the destruction of a people—which can be seen as an extinction *within* mankind, since it eliminates an element in the interior diversity of the species, is another; in fact, genocide, including, above all, Hitler's attempt to extinguish the Jewish people, is the closest thing to a precursor of the extinction of the species that history contains. What the end of civilization, genocide, and extinction all have in common is that they are attacks not merely on existing people and things but on either the biological or the cultural heritage that human beings transmit from one generation to the next; that is, they are crimes against the future. The connection between genocide and extinction is further suggested by the fact that what the superpowers *intend* to do if a holocaust breaks out (leaving aside the unintended "collateral effects" for the moment) is to commit genocide against one another—to erase the other side as a culture and as a people from the face of the earth. In its nature, human extinction is and always will be without precedent, but the episodes of radical evil that the world has already witnessed are warnings to us that gigantic, insane crimes are not prevented from occurring merely because they are "unthinkable." On the contrary, they may be all the more likely to occur for that reason. Heinrich Himmler, a leading figure in the carrying out of the destruction of the Jews, assured his subordinates from time to time that their efforts were especially noble because by assuming the painful burden of making Europe "Jew-free" they were fighting "battles which future generations will not have to fight again." His remark applies equally well to a nuclear holocaust, which might render the earth "human-free." This is another "battle" (and the word is as inappropriate for a nuclear holocaust as it was for the murder of millions of Jews) that "future generations will not have to fight again."

IF our usual responses to disasters and misfortunes are mismatched to the peril of extinction, then we have to look in some other quarter of our being to find its significance. Individual death once more offers a point of departure. We draw closer to death throughout our lives, but we never arrive there, for just as we are about to arrive we are gone. Yet although death thus always stands outside life, it nevertheless powerfully conditions life. Montaigne writes, "You are in death while you are in life; for you are after death when you are no longer in life. Or, if you prefer it this way, you are dead after life; but during life you are dying; and death affects the dying much more roughly than the dead, and more keenly and essentially." We are similarly "in extinction" while we are in life, and are after extinction when we are extinct. Extinction, too, thus affects the living "more roughly" and "more keenly and essentially" than it does the nonliving, who in its case are *not the dead but the unborn.* Like death, extinction is felt not when it has arrived but beforehand, as a deep shadow cast back across the whole of life. The answer to the question of who experiences extinction and when, therefore, is that we the living experience it, now and in all the moments of our lives. Hence, while it is in one sense true that extinction lies outside human life and never happens to anybody, in another sense extinction saturates our existence and never stops happening. If we want to find the meaning of extinction, accordingly, we should start by looking with new eyes at ourselves and the world we live in, and at the lives we live. The question to be asked then is no longer what the features and characteristics of extinction are but what it says about us and what it does to us that we are preparing our own extermination.

Because the peril is rooted in basic scientific knowledge, which is likely to last as long as mankind does, it is apparently a permanent one. But in the presence of that peril opposite poles of response, both in feeling and, above all, in action, are possible, and the quality of the lives we live together is conditioned in opposite ways according to which response we choose. The choice is really between two entire ways of life. One response is to decline to face the peril, and thus to go on piling up the instruments of doom year after year until, by accident or design, they go off. The other response is to recognize the peril, dismantle the weapons, and arrange the political affairs of the earth so that the weapons will not be built again. I remarked that we do not have two earths at our disposal—one for experimental holocausts and the other to live on. Neither do any of us have two souls—one for responding to the nuclear predicament and the other for living the rest of our lives. In the long run, if we are dull and cold toward life *in its entirety* we will become dull and cold toward life in its particulars—toward the events



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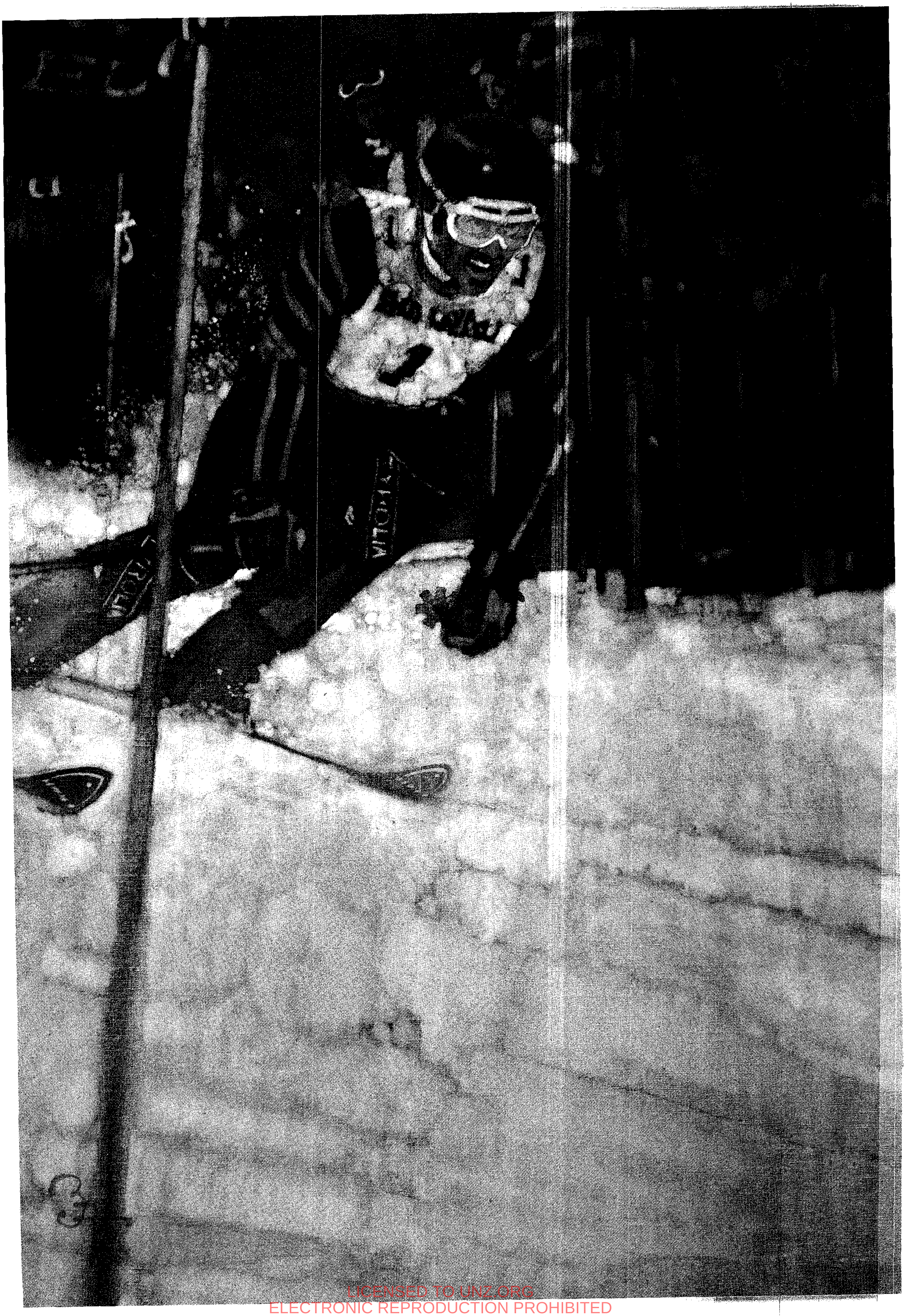

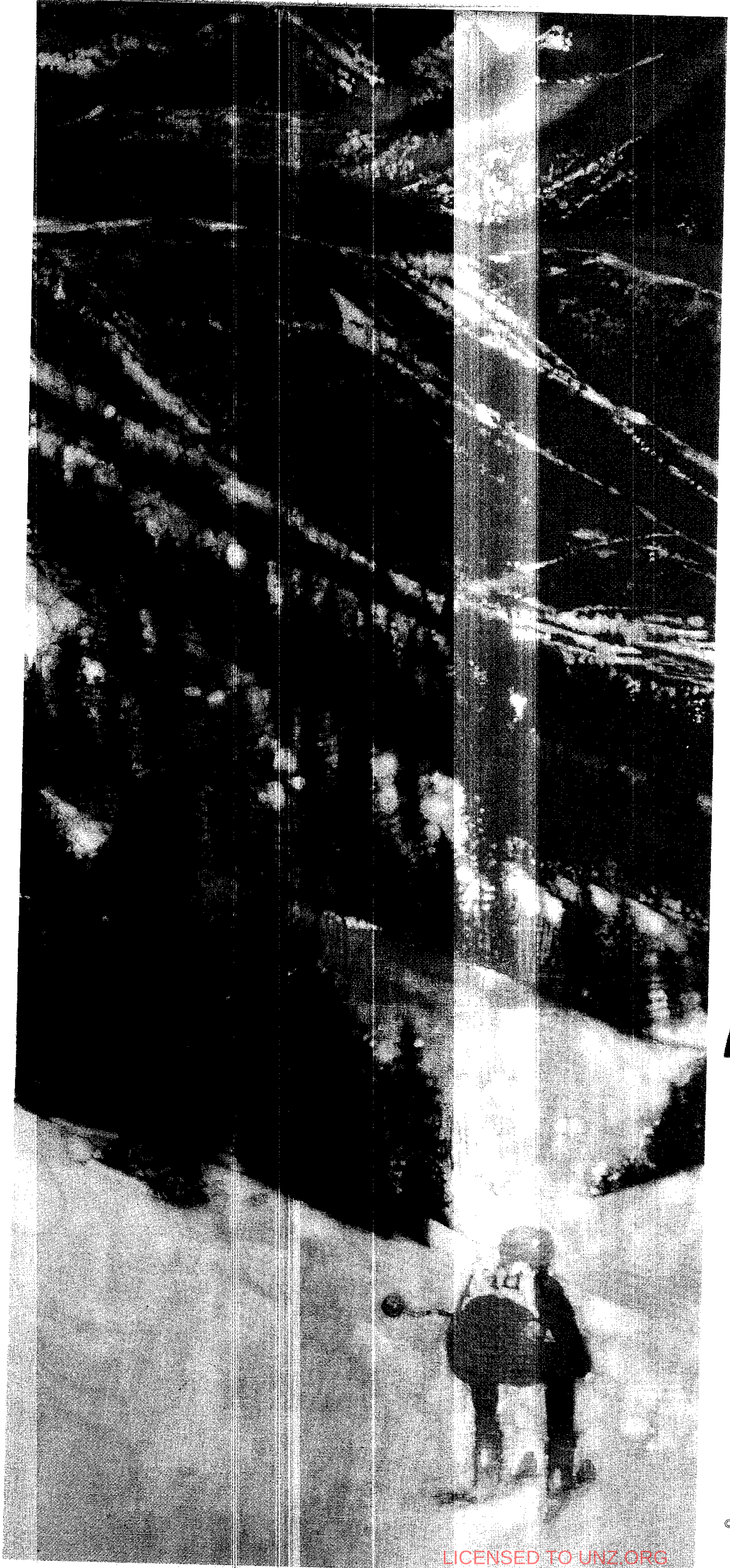

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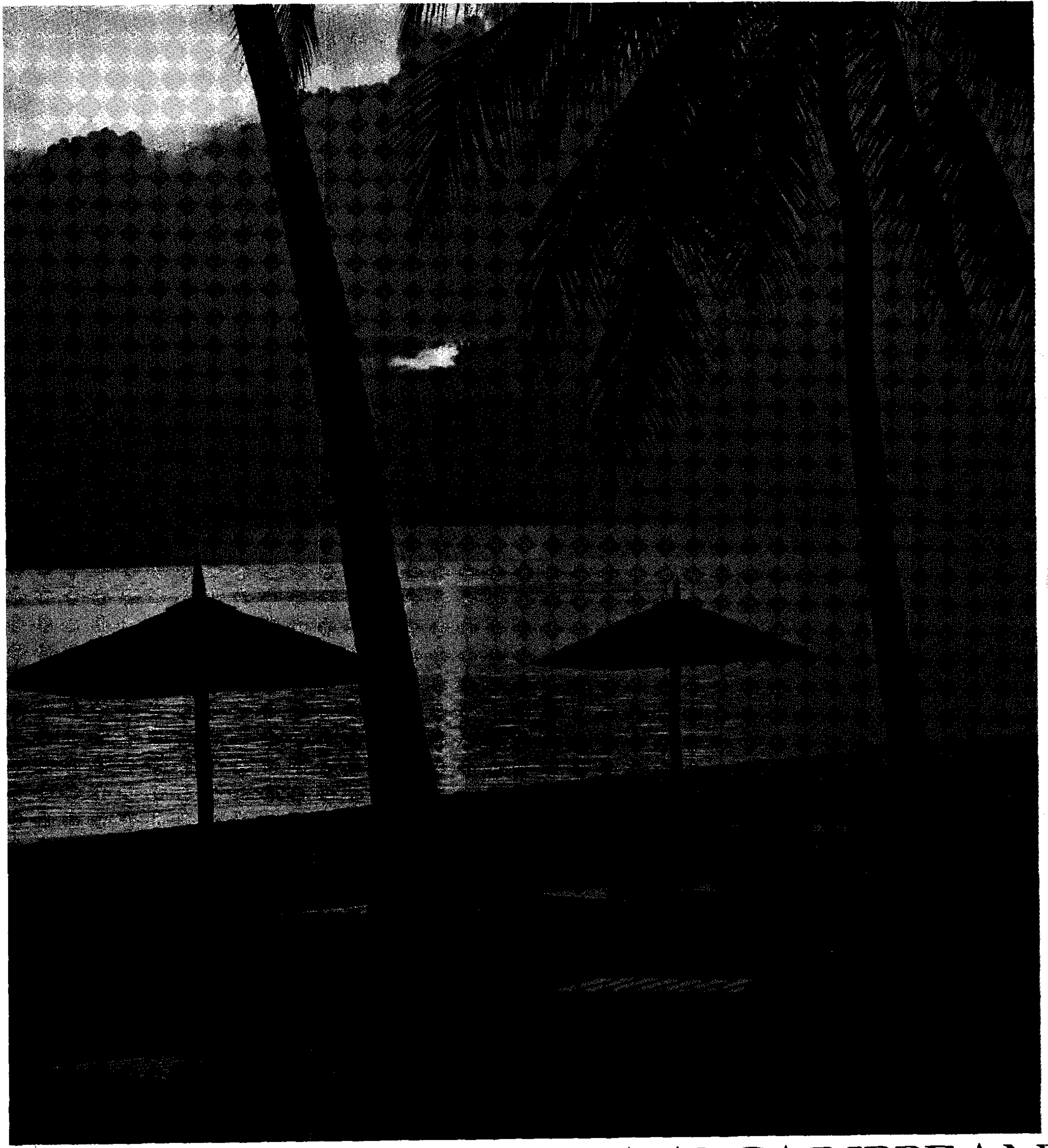

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For a very short while before and after the first bomb was produced, a few men at and near the top of the American government seemed prepared to deal with the nuclear predicament at its proper depth. One of them was Secretary of War Henry Stimson, who knew of the Manhattan Project and, in March of 1945—four months before the Trinity test, at Alamogordo—confided to his diary an account of a discussion he had had about the new weapon with Harvey Bundy, his closest personal assistant. "Our thoughts," he wrote, "went right down to the bottom facts of human nature, morals, and governments, and it is by far the most searching and important thing that I have had to do since I have been here in the Office of the Secretary of War because it touches matters which are deeper even than the principles of present government." Yet those deep thoughts somehow did not take root firmly enough in the hearts of the American leaders or of the world at large, and the old ways of thinking returned, in the teeth of the new facts. The true dimensions of the nuclear peril, and of its significance for mankind, had been glimpsed, but then the awareness faded and the usual exigencies of international political life—including, shortly, the Cold War between the United States and

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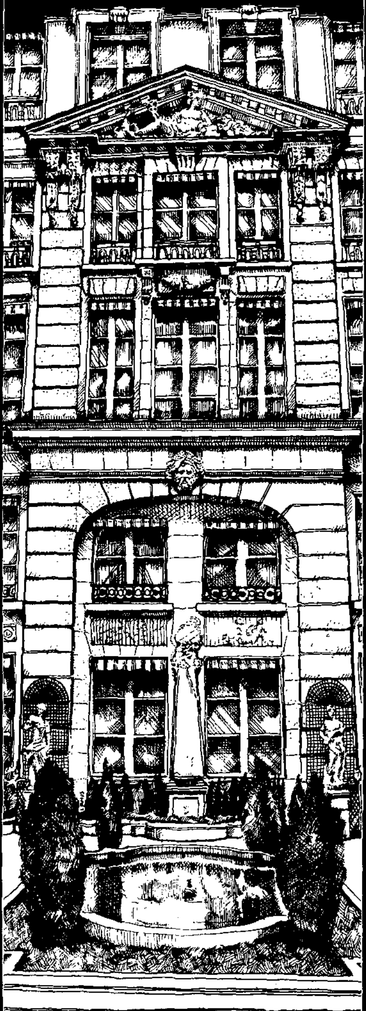

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the Soviet Union—laid claim to people's passions and energies. The nuclear buildup that has continued to this day began, and the nuclear question, having emerged abruptly from the twofold obscurity of scientific theory and governmental secrecy, was almost immediately thrust into the new obscurity of the arcane, abstract, denatured world of the theorists in the think tanks, who were, in effect, deputized to think the "unthinkable" thoughts that the rest of us lacked the will to think.

Thus began the *strange double life of* the world which has continued up to the present. On the one hand, we returned to business as usual, as though everything remained as it always had been. On the other hand, we began to assemble the stockpiles that could blow this supposedly unaltered existence sky-high at any second. When the scientists working on the Manhattan Project wanted to send word to President Truman, who was at the Potsdam Conference, that the detonation near Alamogordo had been successful, they chose the horrible but apt code phrase "Babies satisfactorily born." Since then, these "babies"—which are indeed like the offspring of a new species, except that it is a species not of life but of anti-life, threatening to end life—have "proliferated" steadily under our faithful care, bringing forth "generation" after "generation" of weapons, each more numerous and more robust than the last, until they now threaten to do away with their creators altogether. Yet while we did all this we somehow kept the left hand from knowing—or from dwelling on—what the right hand was doing; and the separation of our lives from awareness of the doom that was being prepared under us and around us was largely preserved.

It was probably crucial psychologically in maintaining this divorce that, once Hiroshima and Nagasaki had been pushed out of mind, the nuclear peril grew in such a way that while it relentlessly came to threaten the existence of everything, it physically touched nothing, and thus left people free not to think about it if they so chose. Like a kindhearted executioner, the bomb permitted its prospective victims to go on living seemingly ordinary lives up to the day that the execution should suddenly and without warning be carried out. (If one nuclear bomb had gone off each year in one of the world's cities, we can well imagine that public attitudes toward the nuclear peril would now be quite different.) The continuity, however illusory, between the pre-nuclear world and the nuclear world which was made possible by these years of not using nuclear weapons was important in preserving the world's denial of the peril because it permitted a spurious normality to be maintained—although "normality" was at times embraced with a fervor that betrayed an edge of hysterical insecurity. The spectacle of life going on as usual carried with it a strong presumption that nothing much was wrong. When we observed that no one seemed to be worried, that no one was showing any signs of alarm or doing anything to save himself, it was hard to resist the conclusion that everything was all right. After all, if we were reasonable people and we were doing nothing how could there be anything the matter? The totality of the peril, in particular, helped to disguise it, for, with everyone and everything in the world similarly imperilled, there was no flight from imperilled things to safe things—no flow of capital from country to country, or migration of people from one place to another. Thoughts of the nuclear peril were largely banned from waking life, and relegated to dreams or to certain fringes of society, and open, active concern about it was restricted to certain "far-out" people, whose ideas were on the whole not so much rejected by the supposedly sober, "realistic" people in the mainstream as simply ignored. In this atmosphere, discussion of the nuclear peril even took on a faintly embarrassing aura, as though dwelling on it were somehow melodramatic, or were a sophomoric excess that serious people outgrew with maturity.

It was not unless one lifted one's gaze from all the allegedly normal events occurring before one's eyes and looked at the executioner's sword hanging over everyone's head that the normality was revealed as a sort of mass insanity. This was an insanity that consisted not in screaming and making a commotion but precisely in *not* doing these things in the face of overwhelming danger, as though everyone had been sedated. Passengers on a ship who are eating, sunning themselves, playing shuffleboard, and

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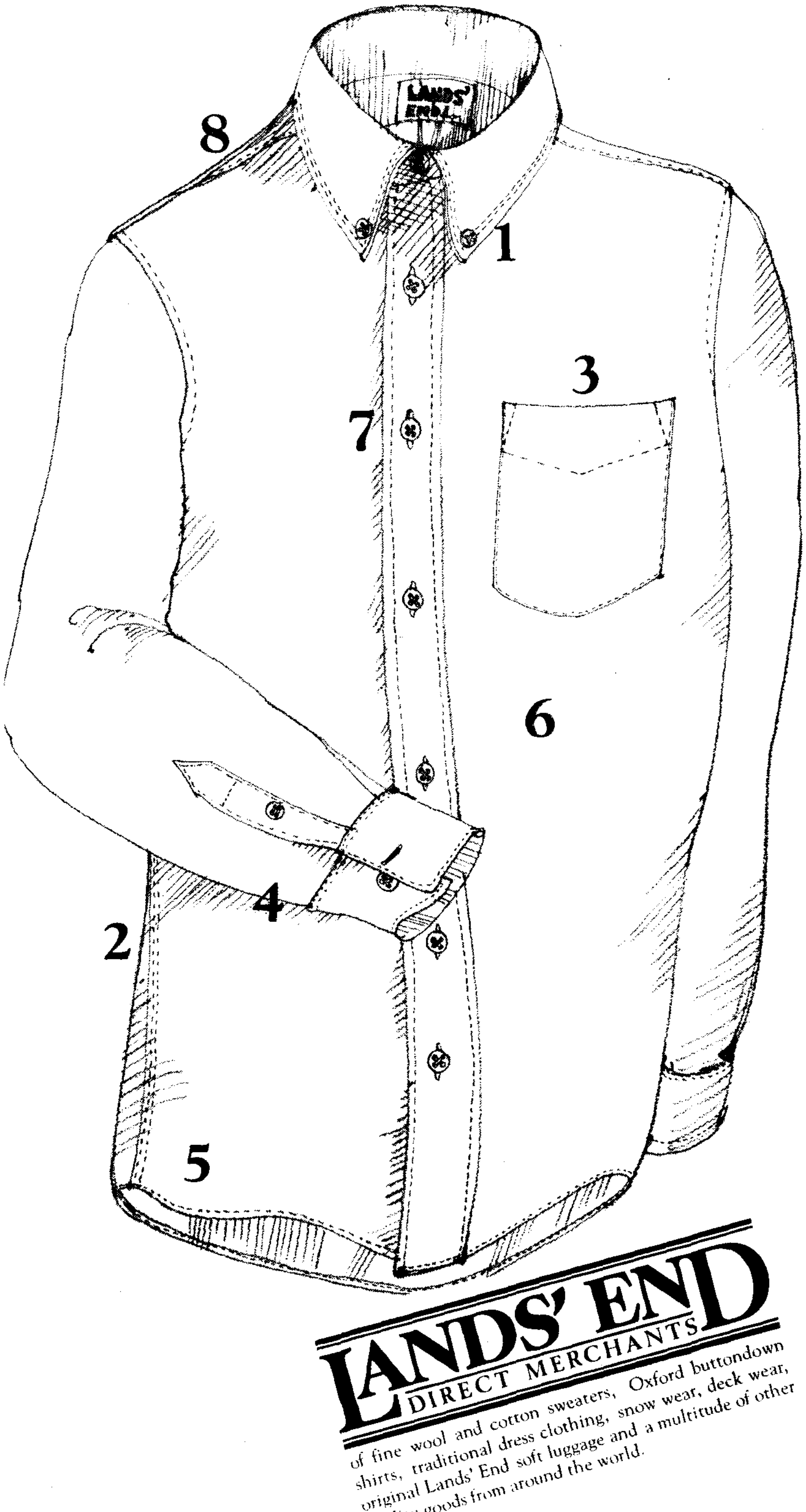

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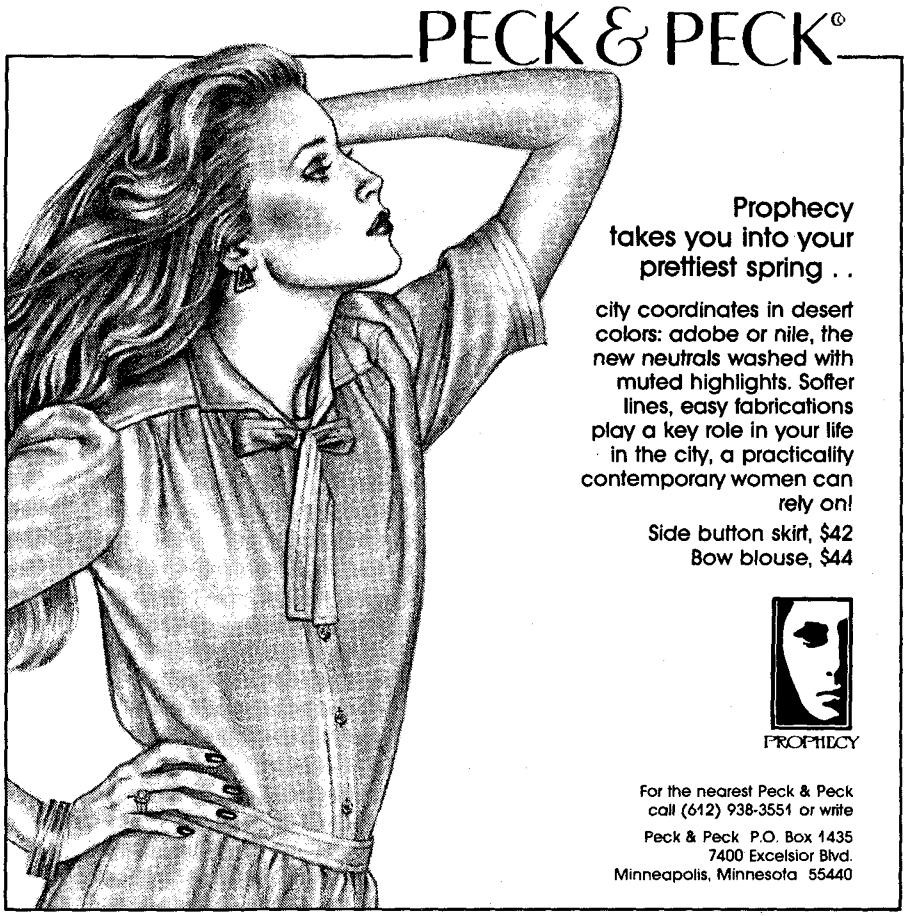
engaging in all the usual shipboard activities appear perfectly normal as long as their ship is sailing safely in quiet seas, but these same passengers doing these same things appear deranged if in full view of them all their ship is caught in a vortex that may shortly drag it and them to destruction. Then their placidity has the appearance of an unnatural loss of normal human responses—of a pathetic and sickening acquiescence in their own slaughter. T. S. Eliot's well-known lines "This is the way the world ends Not with a bang but a whimper" may not be literally correct—there will decidedly be a very big bang—but in a deeper sense it is certainly right: if we do end the world, the sequence is likely to be not a burst of strong-willed activity leading to a final explosion but enervation, dulled senses, enfeebled will, stupor, and paralysis. Then death.

Since we have not made a positive decision to exterminate ourselves but instead have chosen to live on the edge of extinction, periodically lunging toward the abyss only to draw back at the last second, our situation is one of uncertainty and nervous insecurity rather than of absolute hopelessness. We know that we may fall into the abyss at any moment, but we also know that we may not. So life proceeds—what else should it do?—but with a faltering and hesitant step, like one who gropes in darkness at the top of a tall precipice. Intellectually, we recognize that we have prepared ourselves for self-extermination and are improving the preparations every day, but emotionally and politically we have failed to respond. Accordingly, we have begun to live *as if* life were safe, but living *as if* is very different from just living. A split opens up between what we know and what we feel. We place our daily doings in one compartment of our lives and the threat to all life in another compartment. However, this split concerns too fundamental a matter to remain restricted to that matter alone, and it begins to influence the rest of life. Before long, denial of reality becomes a habit—a dominant mode in the life of society—and unresponsiveness becomes a way of life. The society that has accepted the threat of its utter destruction soon finds it hard to react to lesser ills, for a society cannot be at the same time asleep and awake, insane and sane, against life and for life.

To say that we and all future generations are threatened with extinction



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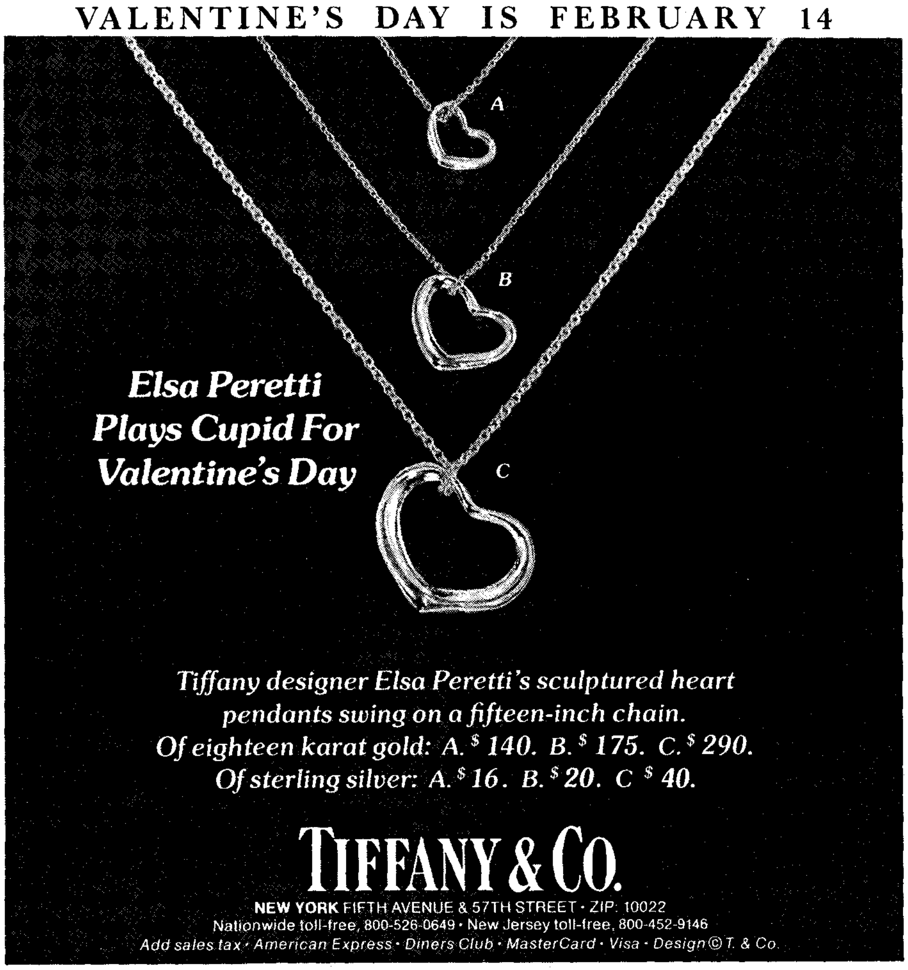

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by the nuclear peril, however, is to describe only half of our situation. The other half is that we are the authors of that extinction. (For the populations of the superpowers, this is true in a positive sense, since we pay for extinction and support the governments that pose the threat of it, while for the peoples of the non-nuclear-armed world it is true only in the negative sense that they fail to try to do anything about the danger.) Like all those who are inclined to suicide, we approach the action in two capacities: the capacity of the one who would kill and that of the one who would be killed. As when we dream, we are both the authors and the sufferers of our fate. Therefore, when we hide from ourselves the immense preparations that we have made for our self-extermination we do so for two compelling reasons. First, we don't want to recognize that at any moment our lives may be taken away from us and our world blasted to dust, and, second, we don't want to face the fact that we are potential mass killers. The moral cost of nuclear armament is that it makes of all of us underwriters of the slaughter of hundreds of millions of people and of the cancellation of the future generations—an action whose utter indefensibility is not altered in the slightest degree by the fact that each side contemplates performing it only in "retaliation." In fact, as we shall see, this retaliation is one of the least justified actions ever contemplated, being wholly pointless. It is another nonsensical feature of the nuclear predicament that while each side regards the population of the other side as the innocent victims of unjust government, each proposes to punish the other government by annihilating that already suffering and oppressed population. Nor is there any exoneration from complicity in this slaughter in the theoretical justification that we possess nuclear arms not in order to use them but in order to prevent their use, for the fact is that even in theory prevention works only to the degree that it is backed up by the plausible threat of use in certain circumstances. Strategy thus commits us all to actions that we cannot justify by any moral standard. It introduces into our lives a vast, morally incomprehensible—or simply immoral—realm, in which every scruple or standard that we otherwise claim to observe or uphold is suspended. To be targeted from the cradle to the grave as a victim of indiscriminate mass murder is degrad-

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ing in one way, but to target others for similar mass murder is degrading in another and, in a sense, a worse way. We endeavor to hold life sacred, but in accepting our roles as the victims and the perpetrators of nuclear mass slaughter we convey the steady message—and it is engraved more and more deeply on our souls as the years roll by—that life not only is not sacred but is worthless; that, somehow, according to a "strategic" logic that we cannot understand, it has been judged acceptable for everybody to be killed.

As it happens, our two roles in the nuclear predicament have been given visual representation in the photographs of the earth that we have taken with the aid of another technical device of our time, the spaceship. These pictures illustrate, on the one hand, our mastery over nature, which has enabled us to take up a position in the heavens and look back on the earth as though it were just one more celestial body, and, on the other, our weakness and frailty in the face of that mastery, which we cannot help feeling when we see the smallness, solitude, and delicate beauty of our planetary home. Looking at the earth as it is caught in the lens of the camera, reduced to the size of a golf ball, we gain a new sense of scale, and are made aware of a new relation between ourselves and the earth: we can almost imagine that we might hold this earth between the giant thumb and forefinger of one hand. Similarly, as the possessors of nuclear arms we stand outside nature, holding instruments of cosmic power with which we can blot life out, while at the same time we remain embedded in nature and depend on it for our survival.

Yet although the view from space is invaluable, in the last analysis the view that counts is the one from earth, from within life—the view, let us say, from a bedroom window in some city, in the evening, overlooking a river, perhaps, and with the whole colored by some regret or some hope or some other human sentiment. Whatever particular scene might come to mind, and whatever view and mood might be immediately present, from this earthly vantage point another view—one even longer than the one from space—opens up. It is the view of our children and grandchildren, and of all the future generations of mankind, stretching ahead of us in time—a view not just of one earth but of innumerable earths in succession, standing out brightly against the endless darkness

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of space, of oblivion. The thought of cutting off life's flow, of amputating this future, is so shocking, so alien to nature, and so contradictory to life's impulse that we can scarcely entertain it before turning away in revulsion and disbelief. The very incredibility of the action protects it from our gaze; our very love of life seems to rush forward to deny that we could do this. But although we block out the awareness of this self-posed threat as best we can, engrossing ourselves in life's richness to blind ourselves to the jeopardy to life, ultimately there is no way that we can remain unaffected by it. For finally we know and deeply feel that the ever-shifting, ever-dissolving moments of our mortal lives are sustained and given meaning by the broad stream of life, which bears us along like a force at our backs. Being human, we have, through the establishment of a common world, taken up residence in the enlarged space of past, present, and future, and if we threaten to destroy the future generations we harm ourselves, for the threat we pose to them is carried back to us through the channels of the common world that we all inhabit together. Indeed, "they" are we ourselves, and if their existence is in doubt our present becomes a sadly incomplete affair, like only one word of a poem, or one note of a song. Ultimately, it is subhuman.

Because the weight of extinction, like the weight of mortality, bears down on life through the mind and spirit but otherwise, until the event occurs, leaves us physically undisturbed, no one can prove that it alters the way we live. We can only say that it hardly stands to reason that the largest peril that history has ever produced—a peril in which, indeed, history would swallow itself up—should leave the activities of life, every one of which is threatened with dissolution, unaffected; and that we actually do seem to find life changing in ways that might be expected. Since the future generations are specifically what is at stake, all human activities that assume the future are undermined directly. To begin with, desire, love, childbirth, and everything else that has to do with the biological renewal of the species have been administered a powerful shock by the nuclear peril. The timeless, largely unspoken confidence of the species that although each person had to die, life itself would go on—the faith that on earth life was somehow favored, which found one of its most beautiful expressions in Christ's admo-

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nition "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"—has been shaken, and with it the also largely unspoken confidence that people had in their own instinctual natures has been upset. It seems significant that Freud, who pioneered our century's self-consciousness in sexual matters, should have been one of the first observers to warn that humanity was headed down a path of self-destruction. In the last paragraph of "Civilization and Its Discontents," published in 1930, he wrote:

> The fateful question for the human species seems to me to be whether and to what extent their cultural development will succeed in mastering the disturbance of their communal life by the human instinct of aggression and self-destruction. It may be that in this respect precisely the present time deserves a special interest. Men have gained control over the forces of nature to such an extent that with their help they would have no difficulty in exter*minating one another to the last man.* They know this, and hence comes a large part of their current unrest, their unhappiness and their mood of anxiety. And now it is to be expected that the other of the two "Heavenly Powers," eternal Eros, will make an effort to assert himself in the struggle with his equally immortal adversary [death]. But who can foresee with what success and with what result?

It is as though Freud perceived that the balance between man's "lower," animal, and instinctual nature, which had historically been so much feared and despised by religious men and philosophers as a disruptive force in man's spiritual development, and his "higher," rational nature had tipped in favor of the latter—so that now the greater danger to man came not from rampant, uncontrolled instinct breaking down the restraining bonds of reason and self-control but from rampant reason oppressing and destroying instinct and nature. And rampant reason, man found, was, if anything, more to be feared than rampant instinct. Bestiality had been the cause of many horrors, but it had never threatened the species with extinction; some instinct for self-preservation was still at work. Only "selfless" reason could ever entertain the thought of self-extinction. Freud's merciful, solicitous attitude toward the animal in our nature foreshadowed the solicitude that we now need to show toward the animals and plants in our earthly environment. Now reason must sit at the knee of instinct and learn reverence for the miraculous instinctual capacity for creation.

It may be a symptom of our disordered instinctual life that, increasingly, sexuality has lost its hiding place in the privacy of the bedroom and been drawn into the spotlight of public attention, where it becomes the subject of debate, advice, and technical instruction, just like any other fully public matter. In Freud's day, open discussion of sexual questions helped to free people from a harshly restrictive Victorian morality, but in our day it appears that sex, which no longer suffers from that traditional suppression, is drawn into the open because something has gone wrong with it and people want to repair it. By making it a public issue, they seem to acknowledge indirectly that our instincts have run up against an obstacle, as indeed they have, and are in need of public assistance, as indeed they are. Odd as it may seem, the disorder of our private, or once private, lives may require a political solution, for it may not be until the human future has been restored to us that desire can again find a natural place in human life.

The biological continuity of the species is made into a fully human, worldly continuity by, above all, the institution of marriage. Marriage lends permanence and a public shape to love. Marriage vows are made by a man and a woman to one another, but they are also made before the world, which is formally present at the ceremony in the role of witness. Marriage *solemnizes* love, giving this most inward of feelings an outward form that is acknowledged by everyone and commands everyone's respect. In swearing their love in public, the lovers also let it be known that their union will be a fit one for bringing children into the world—for receiving what the Bible calls "the grace of life." And the world, by insisting on a ceremony, and by attending in the role of witness, announces its stake in its own continuity. Thus, while in one sense marriage is the most personal of actions, in another sense it belongs to everybody. In a world that is perpetually being overturned and plowed under by birth and death, marriage—which for this reason is rightly called an "institution"—lays the foundation for the stability of a human world that is built to house all the generations. In this sense as well as in the strictly biological sense and the emotional sense, love creates the world.

The peril of extinction surrounds such love with doubt. A trembling world, poised on the edge of self-destruction, offers poor soil for enduring love to grow in. Everything that this love would build up, extinction would tear down. "Eros, builder of cities" (in Auden's phrase, in his poem eulogizing Freud on the occasion of his death) is thwarted. Or, to put it brutally but truthfully, every generation that holds the earth hostage to nuclear destruction holds a gun to the head of its own children. In laying this trap for the species, we show our children no regard, and treat them with indifference and neglect. As for love itself, love lives in the moment, but the moment is dying, as we are, and love also reaches beyond its moment to dwell in a kind of permanence. For

> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
> and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and
> weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

But if doom's edge draws close, love's vast scope is narrowed and its resolve may be shaken. The approach of extinction drives love back into its perishable moment, and, in doing so, tends to break up love's longer attachments, which now, on top of all the usual vicissitudes, have the weight of the whole world's jeopardy to bear.

There is, in fact, an odd resemblance between the plight of love and the plight of war in the nuclear world. Military hostilities, having been stopped by dread of extinction from occurring on the field of battle, are relegated to a mental plane—to the world of strategic theory and war games, where the generals of our day sit at their computer terminals waging shadow wars with the ostensible aim of making sure that no real hostilities ever happen. Love, too, although it has not been prevented altogether, has in a way lost its full field of action—the world that included the future generations—and so has tended to withdraw to a mental plane peculiarly its own, where it becomes an ever more solitary affair: impersonal, detached, pornographic. It means something that we call both pornography and nuclear destruction "obscene." In the first, we find desire stripped of any further human sentiment or attachment—of any "redeeming social value," in the legal phrase. In the second, we find violence detached from any human goals, all of which would

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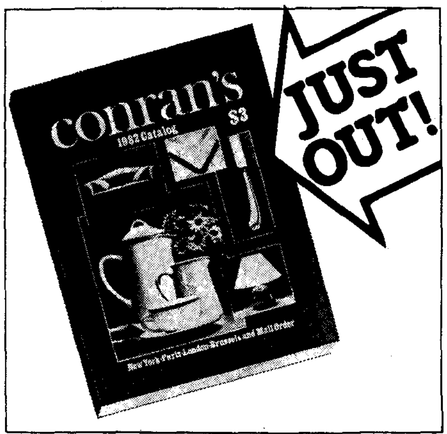

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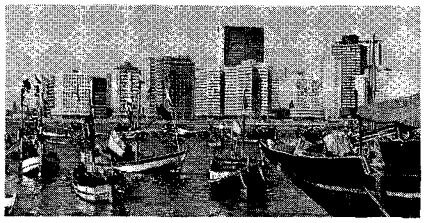

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be engulfed in a holocaust—detached, that is, from all redeeming social value.

The Japanese used to call the pleasure quarters of their cities "floating worlds." Now our entire world, cut adrift from its future and its past, has become a floating world. The cohesion of the social realm—the dense and elaborate fabric of life that is portrayed for us in the novels of the nineteenth century, among other places, inspiring "nostalgic" longing in us—is disintegrating, and people seem to be drifting apart and into a weird isolation. The compensation that is offered is the license to enjoy life in the moment with fewer restrictions; but the present moment and its pleasures provide only a poor refuge from the emptiness and loneliness of our shaky, dreamlike, twilit world. The moment itself, unable to withstand the abnormal pressure of expectation, becomes distorted and corrupted. People turn to it for rewards that it cannot offer—certainly not when it is ordered to do so. Plucked out of life's stream, the moment—whether a moment of love or of spiritual peace, or even of simple pleasure in a meal—is no longer permitted to quietly unfold and be itself but is strenuously tracked down, manipulated, harried by instruction and advice, bought and sold, and, in general, so roughly manhandled that the freshness and joy that it can yield up when it is left alone are corrupted or destroyed.

It is fully understandable that in the face of the distortion and disintegration of human relationships in a doom-ridden world a "conservative" longing for a richer, more stable, and more satisfying social existence should spring up. Unfortunately, however, this longing, instead of inspiring us to take political measures that would remove the world from jeopardy, and thus put life on a solid footing again, all too often takes the form of a simple *wish* that the world would stop being the way it is now and return to its former state, with what are often called "the old values" intact. Rather than take cognizance of the radical causes of the world's decline, with a view to doing something about them, these would-be upholders of the past tend to deny the existence of our new situation. It is only one more part of this denial—the most dangerous part—to imagine that war, too, still exists in its traditional form, in which one's enemies can be defeated on the field of battle without bringing an end to ev-

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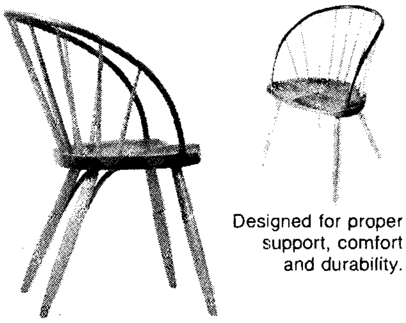

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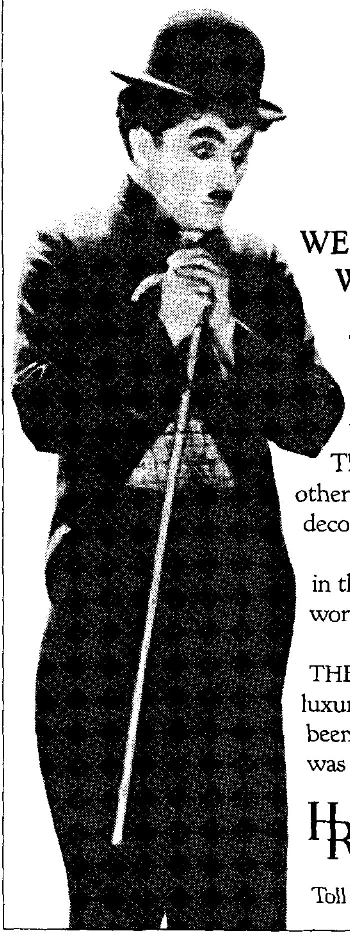
erything. Conservatism in personal and social questions has often gone together with militarism in the past, but now the combination is far more perilous than ever before. It represents a denial of what the world has now become which could lead to the end of the world. If a nation indulges itself in the illusion that, even with nuclear arms, war is possible, and that "victory" can be won with them, it risks bringing about its own and the world's extinction by mistake. Alert and realistic conservatives, by contrast, would see that everything that anyone might wish to conserve is threatened by nuclear weapons, and would recognize in them a threat not only to "the old values" but to any values whatever. And instead of dreaming of the vanished wars of past times they would place themselves in the forefront of a movement for disarmament.

Politics, as it now exists, is even more thoroughly compromised than personal and social life by the peril of extinction. Marriage lays down its map of hereditary lines across the unmarked territory of generational succession, shaping the rudiments of a common world out of biological reproduction, which without marriage would continue anyway, as it did before civilization was born, and does still among animals. Marriage is thus half submerged in the unconscious, instinctual, biological life of the species, and only half emergent into the "daylight" (in Hegel's term) of history and the common world. Politics, on the other hand, is wholly the creature of the common world, and could have no existence without it. (If people did not have reason and language, they could still reproduce but they could not set up a government among themselves.) There is no political "moment," as there is a sensual moment, to fall back on in an attempted retreat from the futility of a jeopardized common world. Politics, accordingly, is fully stuck with the glaring absurdity that with one hand it builds for a future that with the other hand it prepares to destroy. Each time a politician raises his voice to speak of making a better world for our children and grandchildren (and this is an intrinsic part of what politics is about, whether or not it happens to be explicitly stated), the peril of extinction is there to gainsay him with the crushing rebuttal: But there may *be* no children or grandchildren. And when, far more ridiculously, politicians let us know of their desire for a "place in history," it is not



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only their swollen vanity that invites anger but their presumption in trying to reserve a place in a history whose continued existence their own actions place in doubt.

Since Aristotle, it has often been said that the two basic aims of political association are, first, to assure the survival of members of society (that is, to protect life) and, second, to give them a chance to fulfill themselves as social beings (that is, to enable them to lead a noble or a good life). The threat of self-extermination annuls both of these objectives, and leaves the politics of our day in the ludicrous position of failing even to aim at the basic goals that have traditionally justified its existence. If our economy were to produce a wonderful abundance of silverware, glasses, and table napkins but no food, people would quickly rebel and insist on a different system. The world's political arrangements, which now aim at providing some accoutrements of life but fail to lift a finger to save life itself, are in no less drastic need of replacement. People cannot for long place confidence in institutions that fail even to recognize the most urgent requirement of the whole species, and it is therefore not surprising that, more and more, people do actually look on politicians with contempt, though perhaps without having quite figured out why.

As long as politics fails to take up the nuclear issue in a determined way, it lives closer than any other activity to the lie that we have all come to live—the pretense that life lived on top of a nuclear stockpile can last. Meanwhile, we are encouraged not to tackle our predicament but to inure ourselves to it: to develop a special, enfeebled vision, which is capable of overlooking the hugely obvious; a special, sluggish nervous system, which is conditioned not to react even to the most extreme and urgent peril; and a special, constricted mode of political thinking, which is permitted to creep around the edges of the mortal crisis in the life of our species but never to meet it head on. In this timid, crippled thinking, "realism" is the title given to beliefs whose most notable characteristic is their failure to recognize the chief reality of the age, the pit into which our species threatens to jump; "utopian" is the term of scorn for any plan that shows serious promise of enabling the species to keep from killing itself (if it is "utopian" to want to survive, then it must be "realistic" to be dead); and the political arrangements that keep us

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on the edge of annihilation are deemed "moderate," and are found to be "respectable," whereas new arrangements, which might enable us to draw a few steps back from the brink, are called "extreme" or "radical." With such fear-filled, thought-stopping epithets as these, the upholders of the status quo defend the anachronistic structure of their thinking, and seek to block the revolution in thought and in action which is necessary if mankind is to go on living.

Works of art, history, and thought, which provide what Arendt calls the "publicity" that makes an intergenerational common world possible, are undermined at their foundations by the threat of self-extermination. Each such work is a vessel that bears the distillation of some thought, feeling, or experience from one generation to another. In his 1970 Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Solzhenitsyn said, "Woe to that nation whose literature is disturbed by the intervention of power. Because that is not just a violation against 'freedom of print,' it is the closing down of the heart of the nation, a slashing to pieces of its memory." In reminding us that totalitarian governments seek to break the connections between generations, which are so inconvenient to all monomaniacal campaigns, Solzhenitsyn might well have been demonstrating that totalitarianism is indeed one of the precursors of the peril of extinction, which puts an end to all the generations. (The difference is that whereas totalitarianism destroys the memories, extinction destroys all the rememberers.) A work of art will often celebrate the most evanescent thing—a glance, a vague longing, the look of a certain shadow—but as soon as the artist picks up his brush or his pen he takes up residence in the immortal common world inhabited by all generations together. As the poets have always told us, art rescues love and other mortal things from time's destruction. And it is not only the artists who reach beyond their own lifetimes with art; it is also the readers, listeners, and viewers, who while they are in the presence of a work of art are made contemporary with it and, in a way, with all other readers, listeners, and viewers, in all ages. Through art, we "are able to break bread with the dead, and without communion with the dead a fully human life is impossible" (Auden). The timeless appeal of the greatest works of art, in fact, testifies to our common humanity as few other things

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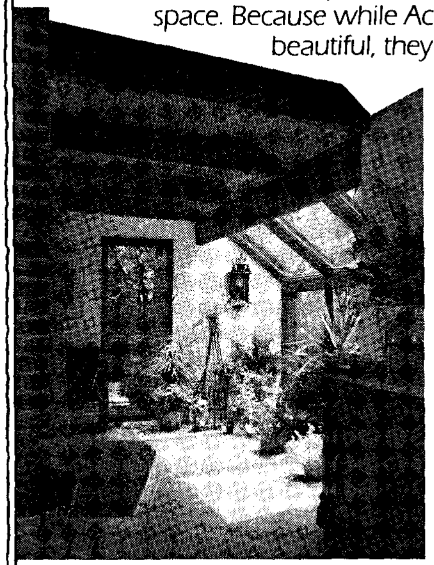

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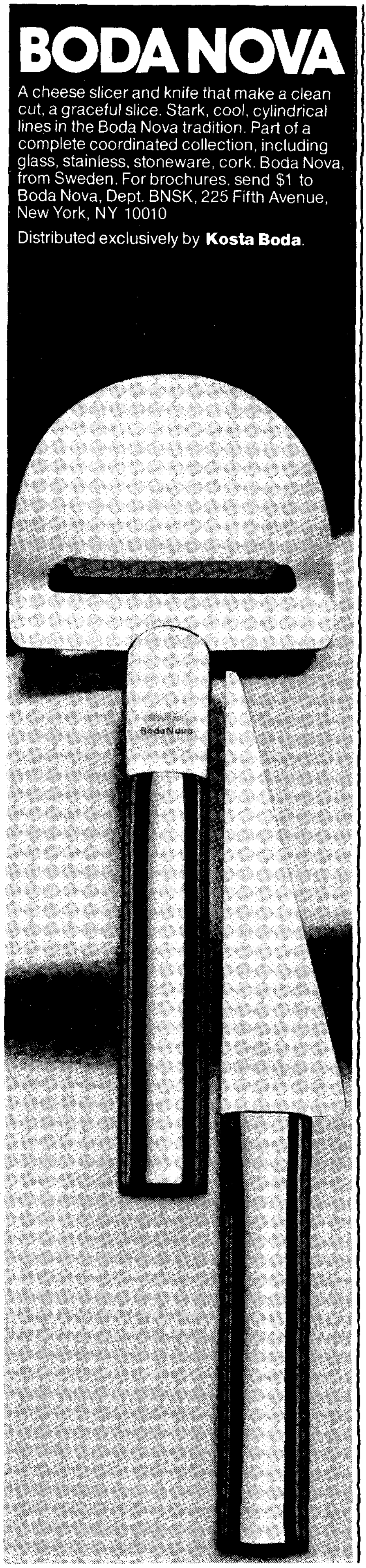

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do, and is one of the strongest grounds we have for supposing that a political community that would embrace the whole earth and all generations is also possible.

The other side of art's communion with the dead (which is the basis for Camus's lovely remark "As an artist . . . I began by admiring others, which in a way is heaven on earth") is its communion with the unborn. In nothing that we do are the unborn more strongly present than in artistic creation. It is the very business of artists to speak to future audiences, and therefore it is perhaps not surprising that they—probably more than any other observers, at least in the modern age—have been gifted with prophetic powers. (In our century, the name of Kafka, who seemed to foresee in so many particulars the history of our time, inevitably comes to mind.) Indeed, great works of art are often so closely attuned to the future that it takes the world a few decades to understand them. There is no doubt that art, which breaks into the crusted and hardened patterns of thought and feeling in the present as though it were the very prow of the future, is in radically altered circumstances if the future is placed in doubt. The ground on which the artist stands when he turns to his work has grown unsteady beneath his feet. In the pre-nuclear world, an artist who hoped to enable future generations to commune with his time might be worried that his work would be found wanting by posterity and so would pass into oblivion, but in the nuclear world the artist, whose work is still subject to this danger, must also fear that even if he produces nothing but timeless masterpieces they will fall into oblivion anyway, because there will be no posterity. The masterpieces cannot be timeless if time itself stops. The new uncertainty is not that one's work will be buried and forgotten in the tumult of history but that history, which alone offers the hope of saving anything from time's destruction, will itself be buried in the indifference of the nonhuman universe, dragging all human achievements down with it. The two fates, which now constitute a double jeopardy for artistic creation, are utterly different. In the first, it is life—the "onslaught of the generations," in Arendt's phrase—that undoes the work while itself surviving. In the second, it is death that swallows up both life and the work. The first peril makes us feel our individual mortality more keenly, but, for that very reason, makes us feel the common life of the species more strongly, and both feelings may inspire us to increase our efforts to accomplish whatever it is that we hope to offer the world before we die. The second peril threatens not each individual work but the world to which all works are offered, and makes us feel that even if we did accomplish our individual aims it would be pointless, thus undercutting our will to accomplish anything at all.

It would be futile to try to prescribe to art what it "can" and "cannot" do, as though we in the present had a visionary capacity to foresee art's future forms and, like an omniscient critic, accept some while ruling out others; but it is possible to reflect on what has already occurred, and to wonder what role political and other events in the world may have played in this or that development. Bearing in mind the irreducible mysteriousness of artistic creativity, we may note that some of the developments in art in recent decades have the look of logical, if unconscious, adjustments to the newly imperilled condition of the species. The art critic and social and political observer Harold Rosenberg has spoken of a "de-definition" of art, by which he meant a blurring of the boundary lines that have traditionally separated artistic creation from other human activities. Among the distinctions that have been lost—or deliberately breached—are the ones between the artist and his work of art and between the work of art and its audience. Rosenberg found the first breach in Action painting, in which the meaning of the work came to reside in the act of painting rather than in the finished canvas, and he found the second in all those artistic events that are called "happenings," in which the audience is more or less dispensed with and the "aesthetic effects are given by the event itself, without intervention on the part of the spectator-participant." In trying to do away with the enduring, independently existing art product and its audience, and concentrating on the act of creation, these artists, who "left art behind," seemed to be working toward an art that would fulfill itself—like the sexual act that is isolated from the past and the future—in the moment, thus giving up on communion with the dead and with the unborn: doing away, in fact, with art's whole dependence on the common world, which assumes the existence of the human future. If art could manage this, of course, it would escape the futility of trying to communicate with generations that now may never arrive. Politics is simply powerless to cut itself off from the future and compress itself into a highly charged present (although some of the radical students of the nineteen-sixties seemed at times to be making the attempt), but art may have more leeway for experimentation, perhaps because, as the traditional rescuer of fleeting things from oblivion, it starts off being closer to life in the moment. Whether these experiments can produce much that is worthwhile is another question. Rosenberg spoke of "all those ruses of scrutinizing itself and defiantly denying its own existence" by which art has survived in recent decades, but he held out little hope that these devices could sustain art much longer. Looked at in terms of the predicament of the species as a whole, art appears to be in a quandary. Art attempts both to reflect the period in which it was produced and to be timeless. But today, if it wishes to truthfully reflect the reality of its period, whose leading feature is the jeopardy of the human future, art will have to go out of existence, while if it insists on trying to be timeless it has to ignore this reality—which is nothing other than the jeopardy of human time—and so, in a sense, tell a lie. Art by itself is powerless to solve its predicament, and artists, like lovers, are in need of assistance from statesmen and ordinary citizens.

By threatening to cancel the future generations, the nuclear peril not only throws all our activities that count on their existence into disorder but also disturbs our relationship with the past generations. We need the assurance that there will be a future if we are to take on the burden of mastering the past—a past that really does become the proverbial "dead past," an unbearable weight of millennia of corpses and dust, if there is no promise of a future. Without confidence that we will be followed by future generations, to whom we can hand on what we have received from the past, it becomes intolerably depressing to enter the tombs of the dead to gather what they have left behind; yet without that treasure our life is impoverished. The present

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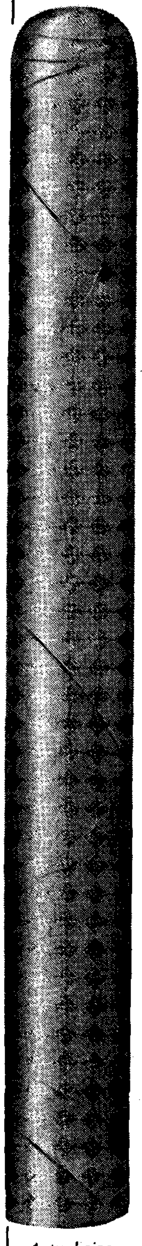

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is a fulcrum on which the future and the past lie balanced, and if the future is lost to us, then the past must fall away, too.

Death lies at the core of each person's private existence, but part of death's meaning is to be found in the fact that it occurs in a biological and social world that survives. No one can be a spectator at his own funeral, but others can be there, and the anticipation of their presence, which betokens the continuity of life and all that that means for a mortal creature, is consolation to each person as he faces his death. Death suffered in the shadow of doom lacks this consolation. It is a gap that threatens soon to be lost in a larger gap—a death within a greater death. When human life itself is overhung with death, we cannot go peacefully to our individual deaths. The deaths of others, too, become more terrible: with the air so full of death, every death becomes harder to face. When a person dies, we often turn our thoughts to the good he did while he was alive—to that which he gave to the world, and which therefore outlasts him in the world's affection. (When someone who did great harm to the world dies, we feel that death has had a more thorough victory, since there is so little of his that the world wishes to preserve. Rather, it may wish to bury him even more thoroughly than any grave can.) But when the whole world, in which the dead in a sense live on, is imperilled, this effort at remembrance and preservation seems to lose its point, and all lives and deaths are threatened with a common meaninglessness.

There have been many deaths in our century that in certain respects resembled those that would be suffered in a nuclear holocaust: the deaths of the millions of people who died in the concentration camps of the totalitarian regimes, which sought not only to kill their victims but to extirpate their memory from the historical record. Because the camps threatened people not only with death but with oblivion, remembrance has become for some survivors a passion and a sacred obligation. When Solzhenitsyn accepted the Nobel Prize, he was at pains to remind the world that he spoke on behalf of millions who had not survived, and his whole historical reconstruction of the Soviet camp system is pitted against totalitarian forgetfulness. Likewise, the command "Never forget," so often heard in connection with the Nazis' genocidal attack on

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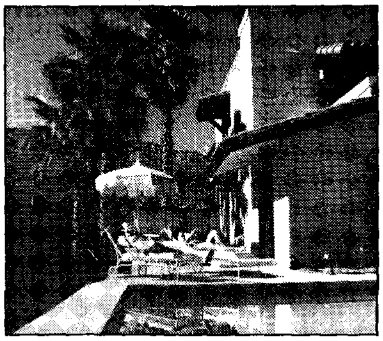

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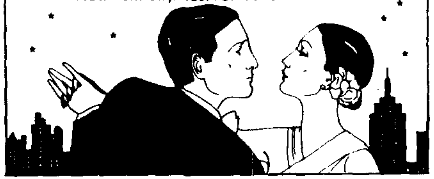

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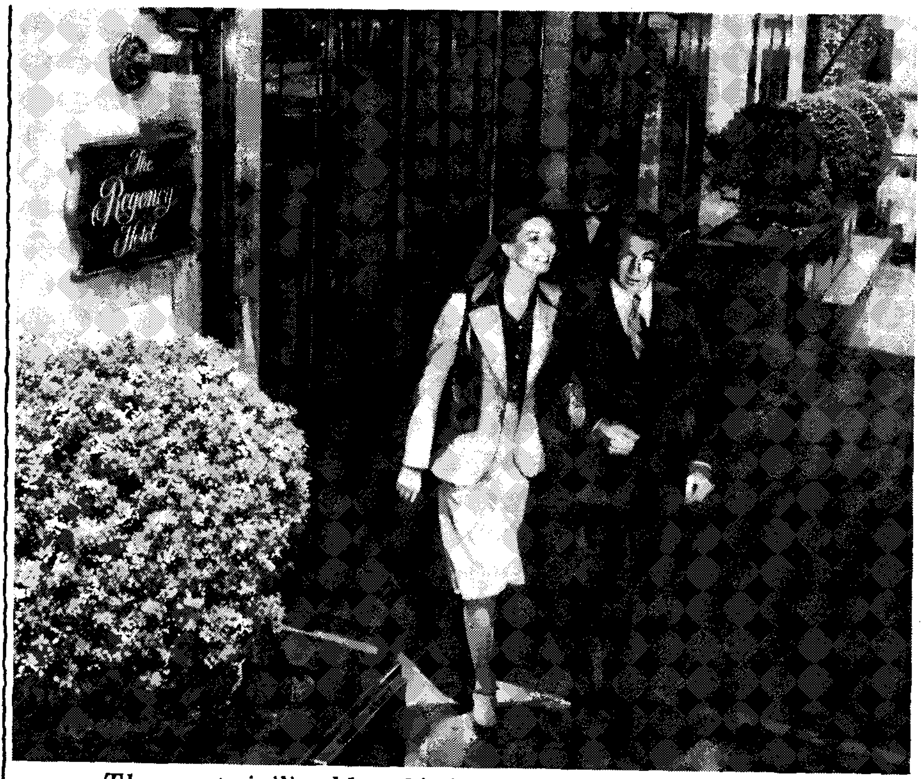
the Jews, is important not only because it may help the world to prevent any repetition but because remembering is in itself an act that helps to defeat the Nazis' attempt to send a whole people into oblivion. Just because genocide, by trying to prevent the future generations of people from being born, commits a crime against the future, it lays a special obligation on the people of the future to deal with the crime, even long after its perpetrators are themselves dead. The need to bear witness and then to remember was felt first by the inmates of the camps and only later by the world at large. The French journalist David Rousset, a survivor of several camps, including Buchenwald, has written of his experiences in those camps:

> How many people here still believe that a protest has even historic importance? This skepticism is the real masterpiece of the S.S. Their great accomplishment. They have corrupted all human solidarity. Here the night has fallen on the future. When no witnesses are left, there can be no testimony. To demonstrate when death can no longer be postponed is an attempt to give death a meaning, to act beyond one's own death. In order to be successful, a gesture must have social meaning. There are hundreds of thousands of us here, all living in absolute solitude.

Thanks to a few heroic witnesses, and to the existence outside the totalitarian world of a nontotalitarian world, which could find out about what happened and then remember it, the connections between the camp victims and the rest of humanity were never altogether severed. There *was* testimony, the "historic importance" of the events in the camps *was* preserved, "human solidarity" *was* partly maintained, however tragically late, and the "masterpiece" of the S.S. was spoiled. Indeed, if we read the testimony of those in the camps deeply enough it may help us in our effort to avoid our extinction. Arendt, writing in her classic study "The Origins of Totalitarianism," made the connection:

> Here [in the camps], there are neither political nor historical nor simply moral standards but, at the most, the realization that something seems to be involved in modern politics that actually should never be involved in politics as we used to understand it, namely all or nothing—all, and that is an undetermined infinity of forms of human living-together, or nothing, for a victory of the concentration-camp system would mean the same inexorable doom for human beings as the use of the hydrogen bomb would mean the doom of the human race.

Yet we must insist, I think, that in



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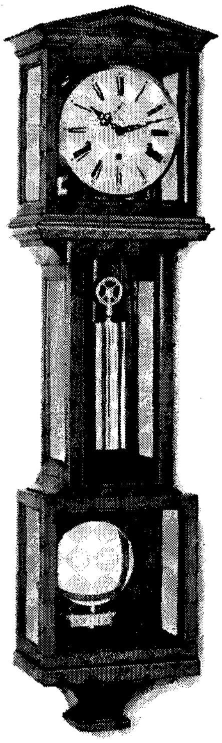

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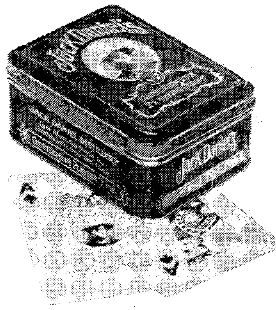
fact extinction by nuclear arms would be the more profound oblivion, since then the very possibility of remembrance or renewal—of the existence of a Solzhenitsyn or Rousset to bear witness, or of an Arendt to reflect on their testimony, or of readers to ponder what happened and take it to heart—would be gone. In extinction, and only in extinction, the connections between the victims and the rest of humanity would really be severed forever, and the "masterpiece" of the mass murderers would be perfected, for the night would have "fallen on the future" once and for all. Of all the crimes against the future, extinction is the greatest. It is the murder of the future. And because this murder cancels all those who might recollect it even as it destroys its immediate victims the obligation to "never forget" is displaced back onto us, the living. It is we—the ones who will either commit this crime or prevent it—who must bear witness, must remember, and must arrive at the judgment.

A nuclear holocaust would destroy the living and cancel the unborn in the same blow, but it is possible, as I mentioned earlier, at least to imagine that, through sterilization of the species, the future generations could be cancelled while the living were left unharmed. Although the condition of being extinct is by definition beyond experience, this remnant—the living cells of the dead body of mankind—would, like a prisoner who knows that he is condemned to die on a certain day, be forced to look extinction in the face in a way that we, who can always tell ourselves that we may yet escape extinction, are not. To them, the futility of all the activities of the common world—of marriage, of politics, of the arts, of learning, and, for that matter, of war—would be driven home inexorably. They would experience in their own lives the breakdown of the ties that bind individual human beings together into a community and a species, and they would feel the current of our common life grow cold within them. And as their number was steadily reduced by death they would witness the final victory of death over life. One wonders whether in these circumstances people would want to go on living at all—or whether they might not choose to end their own lives. By killing off the living quickly, extinction by nuclear arms would spare us those barren, bitter decades of watching and feeling the end close in. As things are, we will never experience



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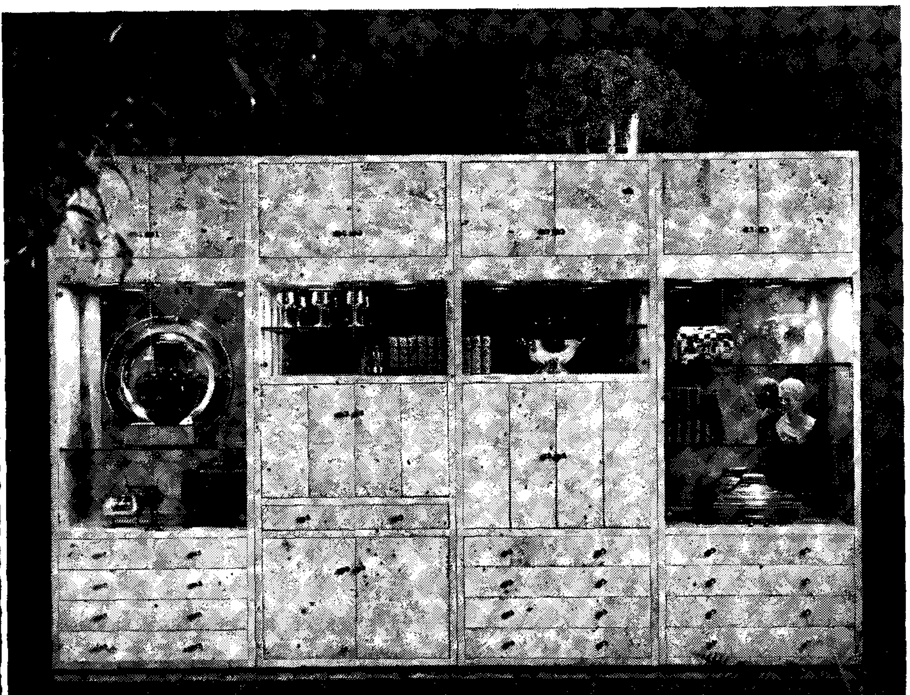
the approach of extinction in that pure form, and are left in an irremediable uncertainty. Nevertheless, the spectre of extinction hovers over our world and shapes our lives with its invisible but terrible pressure. It now accompanies us through life, from birth to death. Wherever we go, it goes, too; in whatever we do, it is present. It gets up with us in the morning, it stays at our side throughout the day, and it gets into bed with us at night. It is with us in the delivery room, at the marriage ceremony, and on our deathbeds. It is the truth about the way we now live. But such a life cannot go on for long.

BECAUSE the unborn generations will never experience their cancellation by us, we have to look for the consequences of extinction before it occurs, in our own lives, where it takes the form of a spiritual sickness that corrupts life at the invisible, innermost starting points of our thoughts, moods, and actions. This emphasis on us, however, does not mean that our only reason for restraining ourselves from elimination of the future generations is to preserve them as auxiliaries to *our* needs—as the audience for our works of art, as the outstretched hands to receive our benefactions (and so to bring our otherwise frustrated charitable impulses to fulfillment), as the minds that will provide us with immortality by remembering our words and deeds, and as the successors who will justify us by carrying on with the tasks that we have started or advanced. To adopt such an expedient view of the future generations would be to repeat on a monumental scale the error of the philanthropist who looks on the needy only as a convenient prop with which he can develop and demonstrate his moral superiority, or the more familiar and more dangerous figure of the politician who looks on the public only as a ladder on which he can climb to power. It would also put us in the company of those who, in pursuit, very often, of visionary social goals, make the opposite but closely related error of regarding the *present* generations only as auxiliaries—as the expendable bricks and mortar to be used in the construction of a glorious palace in which the future generations will take up residence. (We have merely to remember how many people have been murdered so that "history" might "go forward" to be reminded how great the costs of this mistake have been.) Whether we were subordinating the



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living or the unborn generations, this reduction of human beings to a supporting role in the completion of cross-generational tasks would suggest that we had come to place a higher value on the achievements of life than we did on life itself, as though we were so dazzled by the house man lives in that we had forgotten who lives there. But no human being, living or unborn, should be regarded as an auxiliary. Although human beings have their obligations to fulfill, they are not to be seen as beasts of burden whose purpose in existing is to carry on with enterprises that are supposedly grander and more splendid than they are. For in the last analysis these enterprises, which together make up the common world, are meant to serve life, not to be served by it. Life does not exist for the sake of the governments, the buildings, the books, and the paintings; all these exist for the sake of life. The works of man are great, but man himself is greater.

The reason that so much emphasis must be laid on the living generations is not that they are more important than the unborn but only that at any given moment they, by virtue of happening to be the ones who exist, are the ones who pose the peril, who can feel the consequences of the peril in their lives, and who can respond to the peril on behalf of all other generations. To cherish life—whether one's own or someone else's, a present life or an unborn life—one must already be in life, and only the living have this privilege. The question that the peril of extinction puts before the living, however, is: Who would miss human life if they extinguished it? To which the only honest answer is: Nobody. That being so, we have to admit that extinction is no loss, since there cannot be loss when there is no loser: and we are thus driven to seek the meaning of extinction in the mere anticipation of it by the living, whose lives this anticipation corrupts and degrades. However, there is another side to the entire question. For while it is true that extinction cannot be felt by those whose fate it is—the unborn, who would stay unborn—the same cannot be said, of course, for extinction's alternative, survival. If we shut the unborn out of life, they will never have a chance to lament their fate, but if we let them into life they will have abundant opportunity to be glad that they were born *instead* of having been prenatally severed from existence by us. The idea of escaping extinction

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before one was born is a strange one for us, since it is so new, but to generations that live deep in nuclear time, and who know that their existence has depended on the wisdom and restraint of a long succession of generations before them, we can be sure that the idea will be familiar.

Of every other bequest that the present makes to the future it can be said that that which would be gratefully received if it was given would also be sorely missed if it was withheld. Of life alone is it the case that while its receipt can be welcomed, its denial cannot be mourned. The peril of extinction, by bringing us up against this reality, concentrates our attention in a new way on the simple and basic fact that before there can be good or evil, service or harm, lamenting or rejoicing there *must be life*. (Even those who wish to exploit and harm other human beings must first want human beings to exist.) In coming to terms with the peril of extinction, therefore, what we must desire first of all is that people be born, for their own sakes, and not for any other reason. Everything else—our wish to serve the future generations by preparing a decent world for them to live in, and our wish to lead a decent life ourselves in a common world made secure by the safety of the future generations—flows from this commitment. Life comes first. The rest is secondary.

To recapitulate: In a nuclear holocaust great enough to extinguish the species, every person on earth would die; but in addition to that, and distinct from it, is the fact that the unborn generations would be prevented from ever existing. However, precisely because the unborn are not born, they cannot experience their plight, and its meaning has to be sought among the living, who share a common world with the unborn as well as with the dead, and who find that if they turn their backs on the unborn, and deny them life, then their own lives become progressively more twisted, empty, and despairing. On the other hand, if instead of asking what the act of extinction means we ask what the act of survival means—and in the nuclear world survival has, for the first time, become an act—we find that the relationship between the generations is reconstituted, and we can once again ask what the meaning of our actions will be for the people directly affected by them, who now, because they are presumed to exist, can be presumed to

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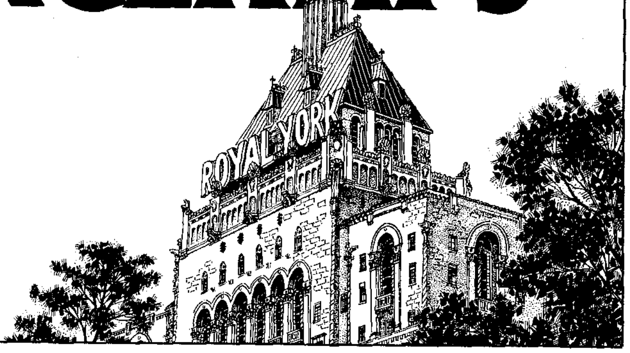

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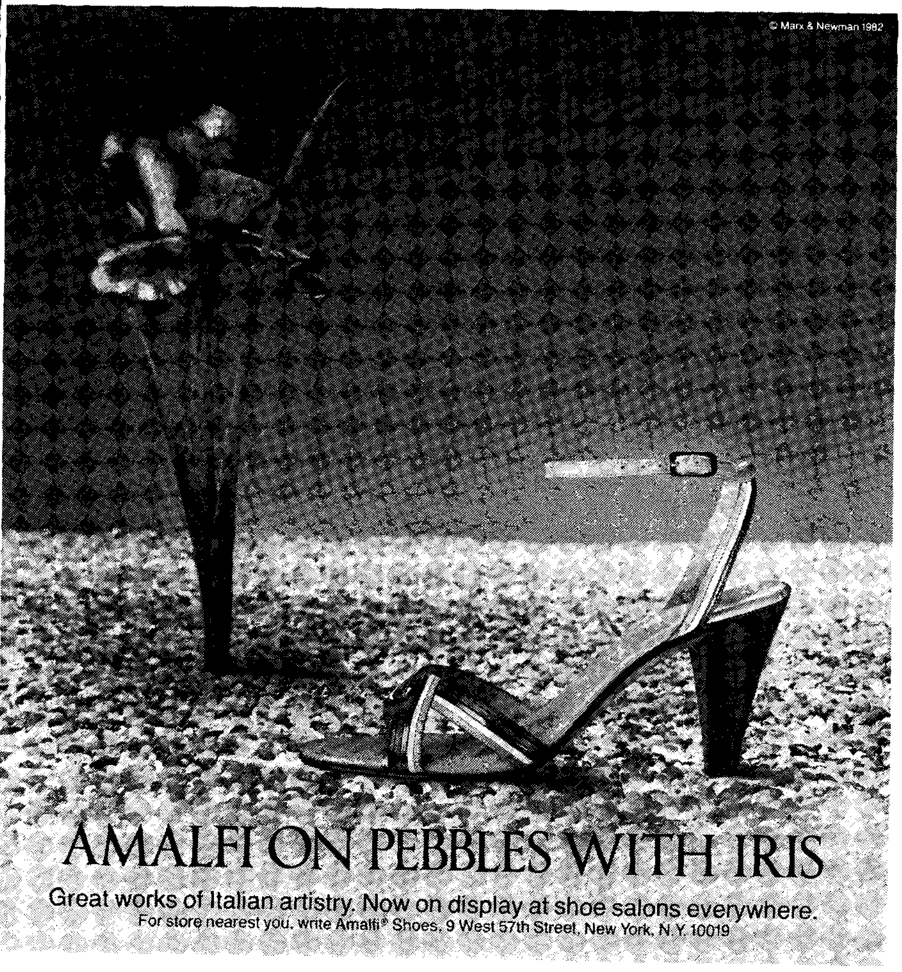
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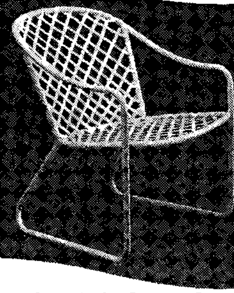

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have a response. By acting to save the species, and repopulating the future, we break out of the cramped, claustrophobic isolation of a doomed present, and open a path to the greater space—the only space fit for human habitation—of past, present, and future. Suddenly, we can think and feel again. Even by merely imagining for a moment that the nuclear peril has been lifted and human life has a sure foothold on the earth again, we can feel the beginnings of a boundless relief and calm—a boundless peace. But we can open this path only if it is our desire that the unborn exist for their own sake. We trace the effects of extinction in our own world because that is the only place where they can ever appear, yet those sad effects, important as they are, are only the side effects of our shameful failure to fulfill our main obligation of valuing the future human beings themselves. And if at first we find these future people to be somewhat abstract we have only to remind ourselves that we, too, were once "the future generation," and that every unborn person will be as vivid and important to himself as each of us is to himself. We gain the right perspective on extinction not by trying to peer into the inhuman emptiness of a post-human universe but by putting ourselves in the shoes of someone in the future, who, precisely because he has been allowed to be born, can rejoice in the fact of being alive.

WITH the generation that has never known a world unmenaced by nuclear weapons, a new order of the generations begins. In it, each person alive is called on to assume his share of the responsibility for guaranteeing the existence of all future generations. And out of the new sense of responsibility must come a worldwide program of action for preserving the species. This program would be the guarantee of existence for the unborn and the measure of the honor and the humanity of the living. Its inauguration would mark the foundation of a new common world, which would greatly transcend the old, pre-nuclear common world in importance and in the strength of its ties. Without such a program in place, nothing else that we undertake together can make any practical or moral sense. Thus, the nuclear peril, while for the first time in history placing the whole common world in jeopardy, at the same time draws into that common world much that was formerly left out, including, above

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l, the terrestrial biological inheri-
nce. Through the jeopardy of our
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at belong to what Arendt called
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sire, "the summer lightning of in-
vidual happiness" (Alexander Her-
n). Against the background of
e new double mortality of life, the
eting things seem even more flicker-
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hed.

By threatening life in its totality,
e nuclear peril creates new connec-
ons between the elements of human
istence—a new mingling of the
blic and the private, the political
d the emotional, the spiritual and
e biological. In a strikingly pertinent
mark, Arendt, speaking of the in-
vidual's capacity for action, writes,
With word and deed we insert our-
lves into the human world, and this
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lves the naked fact of our original
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In asking us to cherish the lives of
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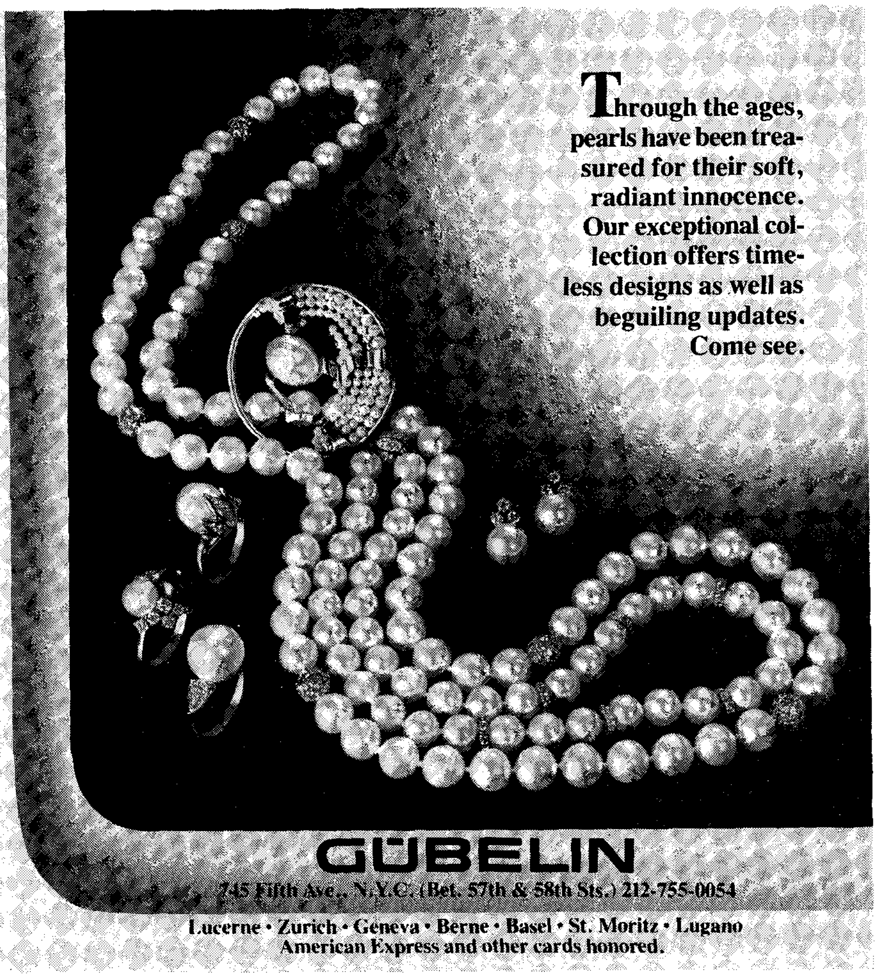

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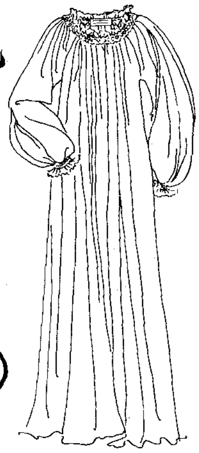

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nothingness, to the abundance of life, we find ourselves tongue-tied again, this time by the fullness of what lies before our eyes. If death is one mystery, life is another, greater one. We find ourselves confronted with the essential openness, unfathomability, and indefinability of our species. (Auden has observed that human nature is indefinable because definition is a historical act that can upset the human reality it seeks to define.) We can only feel awe before a mystery that both is what we are and surpasses our understanding.

Without violating that mystery, we can perhaps best comprehend the obligation to save the species simply as a new relationship among human beings. Because the will to save the species would be a will to let other people into existence rather than a will to save oneself, it is a form of respect for others, or, one might say, a form of love. (By contrast, the will to avoid the holocaust, which would kill off every living person, involves self-interest, and would grow, in part, out of fear. Thus, as we face the nuclear predicament in its entirety, both love and fear are present, but they are inspired by threats to different things.) This love, I believe, would bear a resemblance to the generative love of parents, who in wanting to bring children into the world have some experience of what it is to hope for the renewal of life. They know that when a child is born the whole world is reborn with it, as in a sunrise, since it is only in the mind, heart, and spirit of each human being that the human world has existence. If the ideal for the relationship among living people is brotherhood, then the ideal for the relationship of the living to the unborn is parenthood. Universal brotherhood, which seeks to safeguard lives that are already in existence, embodies the solicitude and protectiveness of love, and its highest command, therefore, is "Thou shalt not kill." Universal parenthood, which would seek to bring life into existence out of nothing, would embody the creativity and abundant generosity of love, and its highest commandment, therefore, would be "Be fruitful and multiply." But this commandment is not the strictly biological one. The nuclear peril makes all of us, whether we happen to have children of our own or not, the parents of all future generations. Parental love, which begins even before any child exists, is unconditional. It does not attach to any quality of the be-

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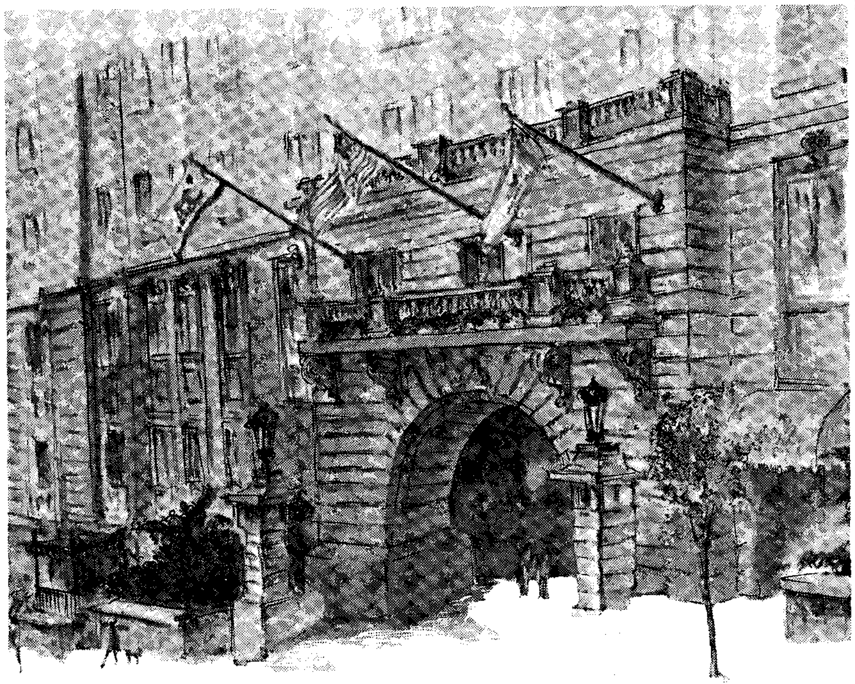
ved; it only wants him to be. But
en all love, when it is deep, has
mething in it of this character, and
ready to forgive every particular
iling in the beloved. Shakespeare
ys that "love is not love which alters
hen it alteration finds," and we
now from the Bible that "love keeps
o accounts."

The common world itself can be
en as a product of the superabun-
ance of life's fruitfulness. It is like a
urplus, beyond what each generation
an use for itself, that is passed on in a
eadily growing accumulation, en-
bling all the generations to partici-
ate in a *life* of mankind which tran-
ends individual life and is not un-
one by individual death. Extinction is
second death, and this second life is
he life that it destroys.

Since the future generations will
urely do and suffer wrong, it is part
f the work of this love to come to
rms with evil. Love is given Job's
ask: to accept and affirm the creation
ven in the full knowledge of the un-
peakable injustice and suffering that it
ontains. Thus, while our capacity for
ympathizing with the suffering of
thers is of no help in understanding
xtinction, because there is no suffer-
ng (or any other human experience)
n it, it would not be right to say that
he question of suffering does not come
p, for *in saving* the future generations
e will bring them every kind of
uffering that life holds (together with
very other human experience). The
act that it is not extinction but life
hat brings suffering, and even death,
s the clearest proof that extinction is
isconceived as a disaster in any ordi-
ary sense. On the contrary, survival
eans disaster—endlessly, as long as
ife is beset by accident and folly. In
he pre-nuclear common world, our
im was to spare all generations every
articular evil that it was in our power
o resist, but now our determination
ust be first to give the future genera-
ions all the evils, which are as much a
art of life as breathing, and only then
o set about mitigating them. Fortu-
ately or unfortunately, we cannot
ick and choose which experiences of
ife to give the future generations.
ither we keep them out of life
ompletely or we get them in for all
f it.

To favor life on these terms is dif-
icult, but it is not inhuman. We find
his affirmation in one form in parental
ove and we find it in another form in
eligious faith, as the example of Job
ttests. Augustine wrote that after his



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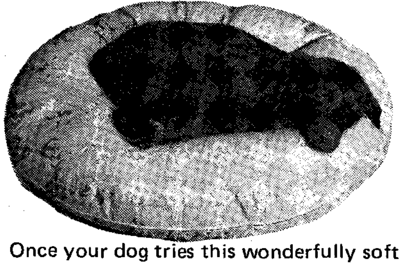

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introduction to Christianity "no more did I long for better things, because I thought of all things, and with a sounder judgment I held that the higher things are indeed better than the lower, but that all things together are better than the higher things alone." And he wrote, "All things, by the very fact that they *are*, are good." A Japanese Buddhist monk seems to have been saying the same thing even more simply when he said, "Every day is a good day." A similar affirmation runs through the ceremonial words of Christian sacramental occasions. Marriage vows, in which the couple swear to love one another in sickness and in health and "for better for worse," seem to signify an affirmation not only of the married condition but of the whole human condition. And in the words sometimes spoken in burial services the affirmation is made outright: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The first principle of life in the new common world would be respect for human beings, born and unborn, based on our common love of life and our common jeopardy in the face of our own destructive powers and inclinations. This respect would grow out of each generation's gratitude to past generations for having permitted it to exist. Each generation would look on itself as though it were a delegation that had been chosen by an assembly of all the dead and all the unborn to represent them in life. The living would thus look on the gift of life the way any political representative should look on election to office—as a temporary trust to be used for the common good. For if the surface of the globe is the breadth of the world, time, which politics is now called on to guarantee, is its depth, and we cannot expect the world to cohere horizontally if it is not joined together vertically as well. In this new world, the people of the present generations, if they acquit their responsibility, would be the oldest of the grandfathers, and their role would be that of founders.

A second principle of life in the nuclear common world would be respect for the earth. This is nothing but a full realization of the ecological principle, according to which the earth's environment is seen not merely as a surrounding element in which it is more or less pleasant to live but as the foundation of human as of other life. The oneness of the earth as a system

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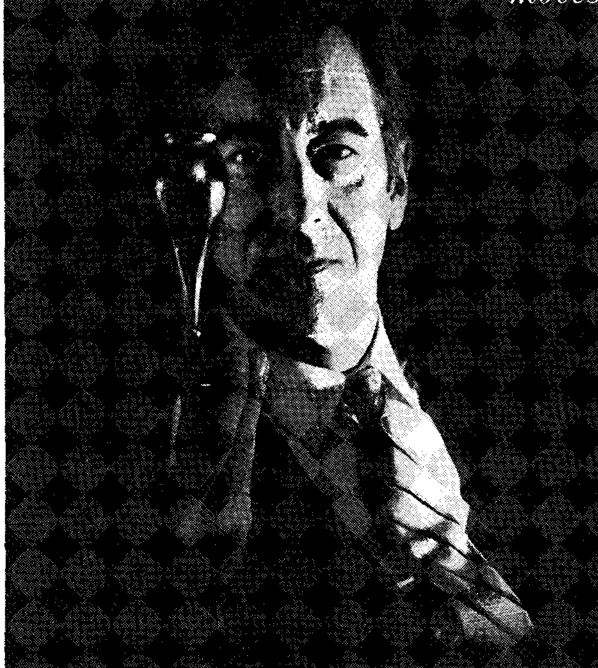
f support for life is already visible round us. Today, no matter how trenuously statesmen may assert the 'sovereign" powers of their nations, he fact is that they are all caught in n increasingly fine mesh of global ife, in which the survival of each ation depends on the survival of all. There is no "sovereign" right to detroy the earthly creation on which veryone depends for survival (although such a right is exactly what ach superpower now claims for itelf). More and more, the earth is oming to resemble a single body, or, o use Dr. Thomas's metaphor, a sinle cell, which is inhabited by billions f separate intelligences and wills. In hese circumstances, the use of vioence is like the left hand attacking the ight, or like both hands attacking the hroat. We want to maintain the independence of each person's mind and vill—for our liberty consists in this—ut in doing so we must not kill the ne terrestrial body in which we are ll incarnated together.

A third principle would be respect or God or nature, or whatever one hooses to call the universal dust that nade, or became, us. We need to renember that neither as individuals nor ıs a species have we created ourselves. And we need to remember that our wollen power is not a power to create ut only a power to destroy. We can ill all human beings and close down he source of all future human beings, ut we cannot create even one human eing, much less create those terresrial conditions which now permit us nd other forms of life to live. Even ur power of destruction is hardly our wn. As a fundamental property of natter, nuclear energy was nature's reation, and was only discovered by us. (What is truly our own is the knowledge that has enabled us to exploit this energy.) With respect to creation, things still stand as they have always stood, with extra-human powers performing the miracle, and human beings receiving the fruits. Our modest role is not to create but only to preserve ourselves. The alternative is to surrender ourselves to absolute and eternal darkness: a darkness in which no nation, no society, no ideology, no civilization will remain; in which never again will a child be born; in which never again will human beings appear on the earth, and there will be no one to remember that they ever did.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)



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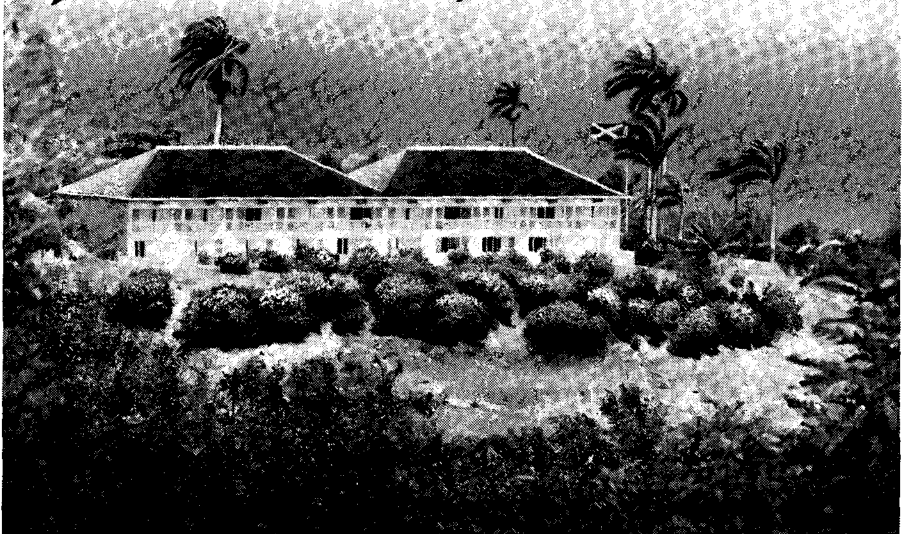

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THE THEATRE

The Bard at a Gallop

According to Alfred Harbage, "Macbeth" is the shortest of Shakespeare's tragedies, and in the version that has just opened at the Circle in the Square Nicol Williamson, serving as both the star of the production and its director, has taken pains to make the tragedy seem even shorter than it actually is by playing it straight through, skipping intermissions, and allowing scarcely a full breath to be drawn between one scene and the next. The effect is highly cinematic, and I see no harm whatever in that, but Mr. Williamson begins at so headlong a pace that the luxury of a gradual revelation of character is denied us; Macbeth is something of a nervous wreck almost from the moment he comes onstage. Now, the depiction of a mind at the end of its tether is a specialty of Williamson's, and he performs it consummately well, but in the present instance his impatience to portray Macbeth the bedevilled murderer has led him to omit the first of the Macbeths that we meet in the play—the rough-and-ready soldier who has earned Duncan's gratitude by his valor in the field and is totally unfazed by his sudden and unexpected encounter with the three witches. It is his comrade Banquo who wonders whether the witches may not be evil "instruments of darkness;" Macbeth takes them at face value—about as I can imagine General Patton doing—and says to them matter-of-factly, "Speak, if you can," then, "Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more," and, the witches having vanished, winds up the episode with a rueful aside to Banquo, "Would they had stayed!" In short, he rather liked the bearded old girls, and he certainly welcomed the nature of their prophecies. Nor is the Macbeth whom Lady Macbeth describes as being too full of the milk of human kindness a Macbeth that we catch any fugitive glimpses of in Williamson; on the contrary, he is a man already in dire want of psychiatric attention. (So, eventually, is Lady Macbeth, but in her case we have watched her personality altering from scene to scene: she marches from a ruthless, ice-cold sanity to guilty babblings that are beyond the care and cure of any doctor.)

If Williamson's Macbeth fails in part because of an overrapid deterioration, it fails also in part because of the damnable misshapenness of the space in which the play is being given. No stage designer can hope to create a successful work of art in the grim pit of the Circle in the Square—he can hope only to conceal the many compromises that its measurements make necessary. The scenery for the present production is by Kenneth Foy and consists of a couple of forbidding shadowy castle doorways and a very long stretch of bare stone floor, presumably that of the great hall of the castle. On its bleak surface rest, from time to time, a few benches and stools, a banquet table, and a throne. Williamson uses the throne as if it were a sort of jungle gym, up which he clambers when rallying his troops at the battle of Dunsinane and down which he clambers upon hearing of the Queen's death, uttering the soliloquy that so mysteriously begins, "She should have died hereafter. There would have been a time for such a word." The scenery also boasts a number of crosses, which as far as I know have little relationship to the text; Macbeth isn't likely to have been what we call today a practicing Catholic (on the evidence of the witches, he may have been an Old Believer), and the sight of a cross isn't likely to have given him a case of Williamsonian willies.

Of the cast supporting Williamson, I can find an approving word only for Andrea Weber as Lady Macbeth; she seemed to me to evince a plausible robustness, especially in the early stages of the play. What an ideal helpmeet for a murderer! Plainly, the marriage of these two born social climbers was made in Heaven. The motley assortment of costumes, designed by Julie Weiss, might well have come from a thrift shop on the Firth of Forth; the lighting is by William Armstrong; and the rumbly-grumbly organ music is by Guy Woolfenden.

—Brendan Gill

16
Wm Hamilton

"Alex is just a flag of convenience."

•

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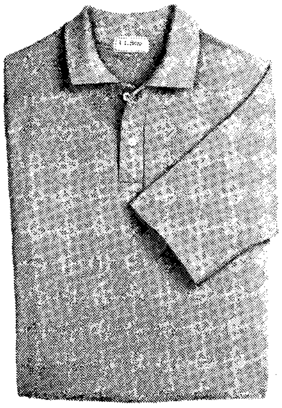

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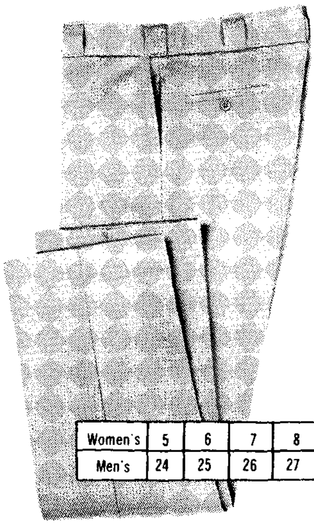

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Infinite Variety

ROGER REYNOLDS' "The Palace," which was given its New York première in a Group for Contemporary Music concert at the Manhattan School of Music recently, is an arresting, original piece. In a darkened hall, a solo singer (Philip Larson) sits behind a large desk. He is lit from the left with a brilliant white light, and from the right with a ghostly green light. In the corners of the hall are four speakers. Words of Jorge Luis Borges (translated by Alastair Reid) boom from them on tape: "The Palace is not infinite. The walls, the ramparts, the gardens, the labyrinths, the staircases . . ." These words we hear clearly, though they are electronically distorted and are placed in vast, echoing acoustics. The commentary from the soloist is at first more dimly apprehended. He sings disjointed syllables that are drawn from the text, using a strong, purposeful baritone register for what the composer calls an "active" mode of declamation, and a quiet, fluting countertenor register for a "reflective" mode. Tape and singer proceed in minutely controlled antiphony and combination. The taped speaking becomes more distorted, echoing itself endlessly: "We can take in some faces, some voices, some words, but what we perceive is of the feeblest." The singer's syllables begin to mesh together, and in the final moments he sings his one fully coherent sentence: "I know that I am not dead."

A description as bald as this can do little justice to the intricacy and imaginativeness of Mr. Reynolds' response to his text. I found the one corner of light left in the hall, and followed the score (published by Peters). The precision of Mr. Larson's realization of the elaborate, detailed notation was beyond praise; only once did he spend too long on a phrase, so that the entry of tape sound interrupted him. In the score, Mr. Reynolds provides a guide to the singer by printing the phrases from which he has derived the groups of syllables. This exegesis helps the listener, too, and I can imagine that in the school's dark auditorium the full complexity of the singer's activity may have failed to come across. I think "The Palace" would work most evocatively on a record, when these textual derivations could be followed. It is a powerfully atmospheric piece, whose form is perfectly suited to the extraordinary visionary quality of Borges's poetry, in which every word—indeed, every syllable—is crucial to the sense and feeling of the whole. Mr. Reynolds' work is well known on the West Coast, where he directs the Center for Music Experiment and Related Research at the University of California at San Diego. A few of his other works have been played here, most recently in a concert in the Washington Square Contemporary Music Series; I hope many more will soon be heard.

None of the other music in this rich but overlong program made the same impact. The evening's major new work, Bruce Saylor's "Songs from Water Street," was a fastidiously pretty setting of five James Merrill poems. Frost, a frozen pond, an ocean, waves—different watery images conjure up different memories in the poems, and Mr. Saylor captured them in a trickling, shivering chromaticism. He used mezzo-soprano voice, viola, and piano. Some of the keyboard writing created a suspicion that his fingers had wandered idly over the keys, but the firm harmonic control belied that. The vocal part was not memorable; though Constance Beavon sang firmly, warmly, and with evident understanding, she often ignored Mr. Saylor's very precise markings. These subtle settings required a more subtle rendering. All three performers (Maureen Gallagher was the violist, Aleck Karis the pianist) were too often too loud; many crescendos, diminuendos, and phrasings went for nothing.

I very much enjoyed Tobias Picker's "Nova," bubbling and brittle, in a confident performance with the composer at the piano. Francis Thorne's Concerto for Cello and Ten Instruments, written in 1974-75, was odd, angular, continually restless; except for its introspective second and fourth movements (which are planned, Bartók-style, as mirror images around the third movement), the music never settled down or considered one idea for long. Fred Sherry was the energetic, accurate soloist; Charles Wuorinen conducted. Gunther Schuller's "Sonata Serenata" was a dispensable revival; Ursula Mamlok's "Panta Rhei" a neat, uninteresting new work.

THE Juilliard School has been holding its annual Festival o Contemporary Music at Alice Tully Hall and the Juilliard Theatre. This year's festival, judged on the basis o the first three concerts, is a livelier and more purposeful affair than last year's Perhaps this indicates only that the works played have been more to my taste; nevertheless, the appearance on the bills of composers as diverse as Lutoslawski, Donatoni, Schnittke, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, David Diamond and Vincent Persichetti (with a new work) is welcome. Music by Elliot Carter and George Crumb began the festival, in an ambitious concert by the Juilliard Orchestra, under Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Carter's "Variations for Orchestra" is twenty-seven years old, but its complexities remain fearsome. The continual rhythmic shifts and developments that give such an exhilarating feeling of growth to the music are difficult for an orchestra to control, and it cannot be said that the Juilliard players—brilliantly though individual parts were rendered—had firm enough ensemble. Mr. Skrowaczewski's sharp, spiky beat hit the bar lines accurately but did not draw the orchestra together. The finale went with a bang, and the central allegro-misterioso variation was nicely misty, but the ingenious fourth and sixth variations, which are based on continual rallentandos and accelerandos—and so are almost impossible to coördinate—came out very confused. Crumb's "Echoes of Time and the River" presented fewer purely musical problems, and the performance was accomplished, including the final whistling by members of the orchestra But the Tully Hall stage was so cramped that the processionals, which form an integral part of the work, had to be omitted; without them the noises were still striking but the effect was thin. In the second half was Peter Mennin's Eighth Symphony, a resolutely approachable work whose movement epigraphs—"Dies Irae," "De profundis," and so on—recall those of Honegger's "Symphonie Liturgique" of nearly forty years ago. It received the best performance of the evening—strong and supple, well paced by Mr. Skrowaczewski.

It is revealing of the European attitude toward American contemporary music that in Paul Griffiths' cogent

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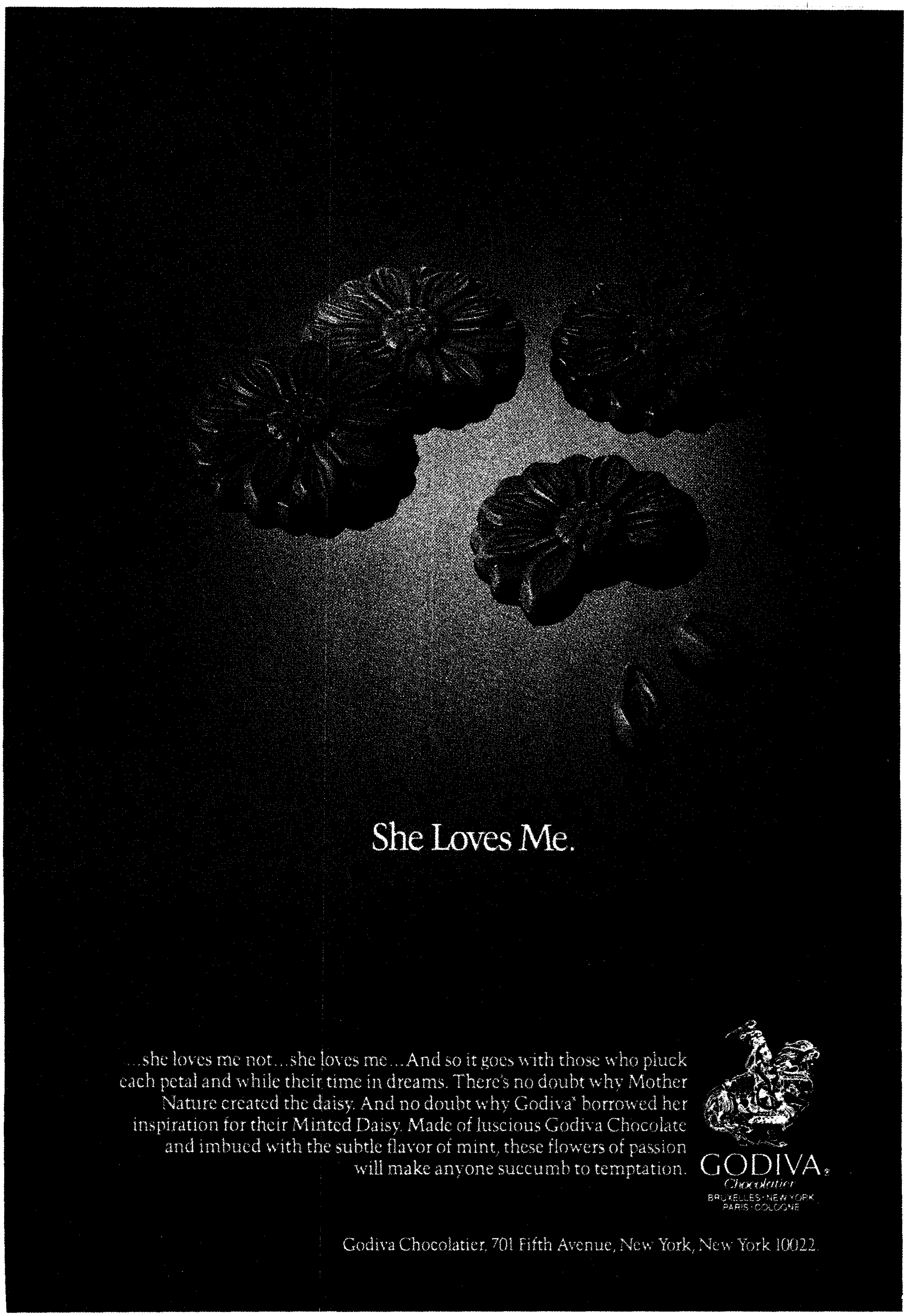

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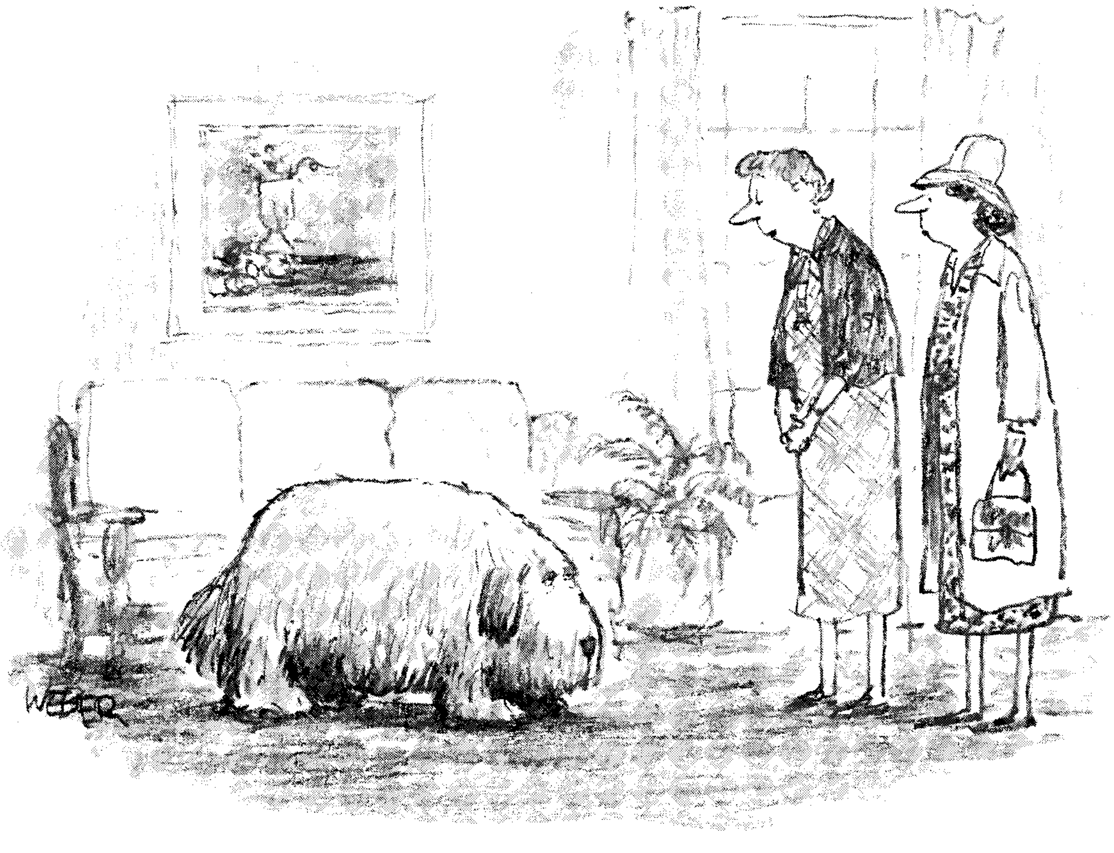
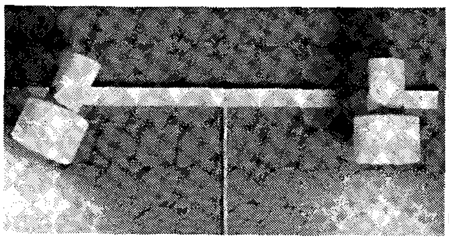
nd well-organized survey, "Modern Music: The Avant Garde since 1945" Braziller; $10.95), the music of Carter and also of Roger Sessions) is scarcely onsidered. Crumb slips into a chapter n "Quotation," but for Mr. Griffiths, who is a music critic for the London *Times*, the two dominant figures of ostwar American music are John Cage and Milton Babbitt. Cage and he American experimental tradition all a chapter called "Indeterminacy → Changing the System," while Babbitt tands at the head of the chapter "American Serialism → Computer Music." Babbitt is indeed a formidable nd influential figure, but his music is ll too little performed here. I don't et feel I have the measure of his output. The Juilliard made a small ontribution in its second festival conert—a chamber-music program in he Juilliard Theatre, in which Robert Taub played Babbitt's "Reflections," or piano and tape, of 1974. It's a bumpy, bewildering babble of converation between synthesizer sounds some of them pianolike) and piano exture (much of it disjointed and stacato); the interaction is always intersting but never quite intelligible. Mr. Taub, who has made a fine recording on CRI, which includes another Babbitt piece, played with conviction. Easier to appreciate in he same concert were Lawrence Widdoes' amiable "Acanthus," or vibraphone and harp, nicely "touched" by Jan Hagiwara and Ulrike Brinksmeier; and Leslie Bassett's convincing "Music for Saxophone and Piano," n an unexploratory but coherent idiom, forceully projected by Peter Saiano and Daniel Horn. Roy Harris's curious Piano Quintet, of 1936, was patchy, perhaps because of an underpowered performance; this resourceful reinvention of the techniques of passacaglia and fugue, separated by a cadenza for all the instruments, seemed to become bogged down in a quest for thematic unity—and the theme, though memorable, could not sustain the whole piece.

The third concert of the series was again orchestral. A modest world première, the Symphonic Fantasia No. 3, by Otto Luening, opened the evening. In its one-and-a-half-minute span, it produced some quirkily surprising sounds and (more noticeable) rests; it was fun, but it scarcely justified the adjective "symphonic." Mr. Luening's Symphonic Interlude No. 3, which followed, was rather longer; the music was exuberant and youthful for a composer now over eighty, and it was conducted with panache by José Serebrier. The concert ended with a brilliant, raunchy rendering of Charles Ives' "Decoration Day," the brasses blaring vulgarly, the strings moaning dreamily.

In between, there were works by Virgil Thomson and Leonardo Balada, and the local première of a successful piece of West Coast minimalism, John Adams' "Common Tones in Simple Times." But I slipped out and down Broadway to the Merkin Concert Hall, where the Turkish pianist Idil Biret was giving a rare performance of Pierre Boulez's Second Piano Sonata. Miss Biret's way with the piece was astonishing. She slammed into the keyboard and attacked the music tempestuously. She played from memory, and drove the music with an unrelenting virtuosity, scarcely even pausing between movements. All the gestures of the work—the stark contrasts of register and volume, the angular structure of the phrases, the sharp delineation of the part-writing—were there in outline. And Miss Biret's playing was for the most part amazingly accurate. But she often skated over passages or left out odd notes if they got in the way of her vision of the music. Her speeds were very fast. Maurizio Pollini, in his brilliant recording (Deutsche Grammophon), knocks a couple of minutes off Boulez's timings in the score, but Miss Biret reduced the eleven-minute second movement to less than nine minutes, and the eleven-minute final movement (which Pollini does in ten) to eight and a half. No wonder she couldn't get quite all the notes in. Nevertheless, this was a gripping, impressive account of a commanding score. What Mr. Griffiths describes in his book as "the massively powered developments of the sonata's outer movements," which "bring an auto-destructive impetus to the classical moulds of sonata allegro and fugue," were here given an electric charge; Miss Biret proved Mr. Griffiths' conclusion that "the violence of the work is not just superficial rhetoric but symptomatic of a



"These are his sunset years."



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whole aesthetic of annihilation." An invigorating twenty-four minutes; would that it had lasted a full half hour.

IN an all-Schumann recital at Carnegie Hall, Charles Rosen presented the prepublication version of the Fantasie in C Major, Opus 17, under its first title, "Dichtungen." Schumann's remarkable original thoughts in this piece have already been heard in New York: at a recital (which I missed) last November at the 92nd Street Y, Jeffrey Siegel introduced and played the first version. Mr. Rosen set his performance in a broad context by also including the early version of the "Davidsbündlertänze," Opus 6, and by writing an article for the January issue of *Keynote* which raised the question of the relation between Schumann's revisions and his deepening mental instability. Mr. Rosen's argument that the alterations Schumann made in his piano works in the early eighteen-fifties were "almost without exception deplorable," because Schumann was then "no longer interested in the improvised forms of his twenties," cannot apply to the Fantasie. That was revised in December, 1838, only a couple of years after it was written; it was published in April, 1839. Nevertheless, there is a compelling case to be made—and Mr. Rosen made it in his performance—for returning to Schumann's first thoughts in the piece. Though it was dedicated on publication to Liszt, it was conceived as a tribute to Beethoven (to raise money for a Beethoven memorial), with programmatic movement titles and a quotation from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in the last movement. The work was also permeated with references to Clara Wieck; many of these, the scholar Eric Sams has argued, are hidden in musical ciphers. In both versions, these two preoccupations come together at the end of the first movement, where Schumann clearly quotes from Beethoven's song cycle "An die ferne Geliebte," the reference to Clara being obvious. The most startling difference in Schumann's original is that this quotation returns at the end of the last movement to close the piece in place of two bars of arpeggios. One bar of the melody is reharmonized with a seventh chord in place of a second inversion—a marvellous change, which Mr. Rosen played with moving simplicity.

Schumann's revisions were discovered by Professor Alan Walker in the

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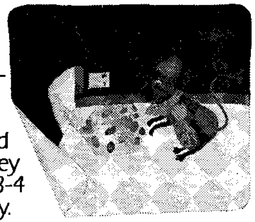

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Jational Széchényi Library, in Budaest; he found a fair copy of the origial version, which Schumann had corected for the printers, and he wrote bout it in *Music & Letters* in 1979. The autograph of the first movement urfaced in a Sotheby's sale in 1977, ut no trace of Schumann's original anuscript of the final pages has been ound. Performers wanting to try the new" ending need not travel to Buapest, for it can be read from a facmile in Professor Walker's article. ut there were other differences in the ersion that Mr. Rosen played—notaly a squaring-off of the rhythm of one elodic phrase in the finale. This was ot, I thought, a change for the better. rofessor Walker wrote tentatively, It is possible to regard the [original] oda as an alternative ending. . . . It is ertainly worth a hearing." After one earing, I am more inclined to agree ith Mr. Rosen's conclusion in *Keyote:* "I should think it would be dificult for anyone who knows what chumann originally wrote ever to go ack to what he finally printed."

A WORD of praise for the telecast of the Metropolitan Opera's new roduction of "La Bohème," which ucceeded in concentrating attention n the superbly detailed acting and the onvincing personal drama that lie at e heart of Franco Zeffirelli's extravgant production. And a word of wonerment that NBC should have earlier evoted a precious hour and a half of Live from Studio 8H" to a frothy oncoction of arias and orchestral exerpts performed by Placido Domingo nd the New York Philharmonic uner the title "Caruso Remembered" which goes to show how much people an forget). "Live from the Met" had een recorded, which scarcely matered; "Live from Studio 8H" was ctually live, which was a positive nd paradoxical drawback to the imediacy of the proceedings, since, for xample, the audience had visibly to e-start its applause after the last comercial break. —NICHOLAS KENYON

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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

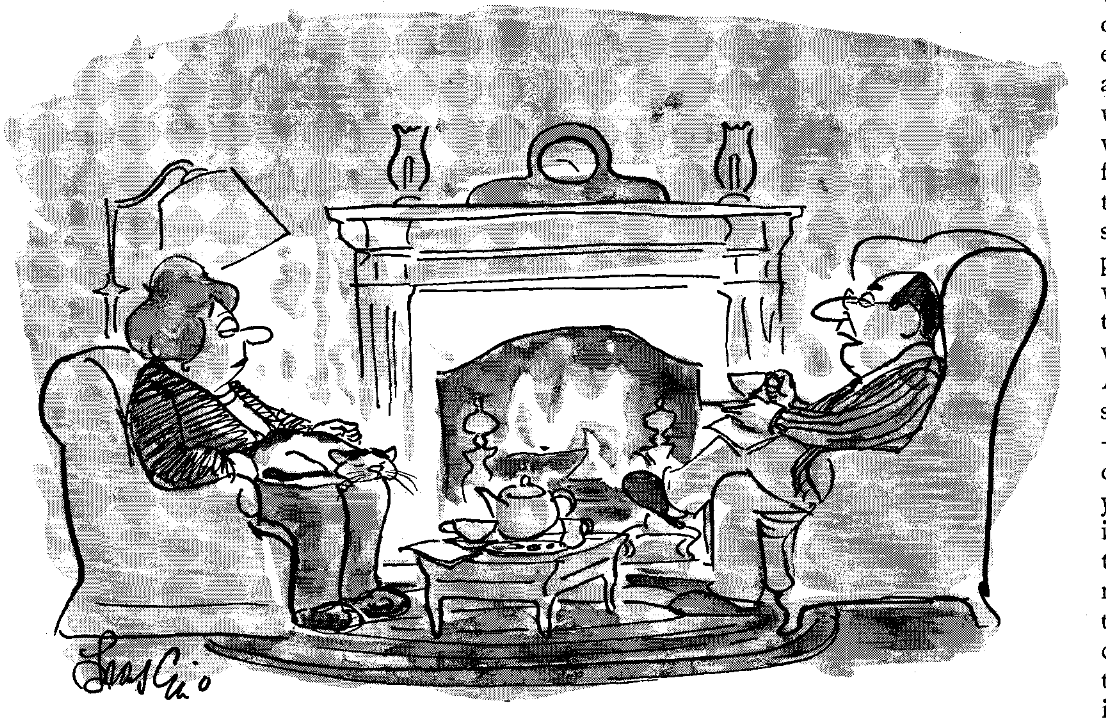
A NEW YEAR

IN effect, Washington doesn't begin the new year until Congress returns to open its new session and the President goes before it to give his State of the Union Message. The President's aides had been talking of the State of the Union speech as a chance for a new start ever since last fall, when the President's economic program began to go aground, and in the early weeks of this year their anxiety to get on with it increased. A State of the Union Message is a President's opportunity to redefine reality, and one of Ronald Reagan's most important political talents has been his ability to set the agenda. He has a remarkable capacity for turning the spotlight in another direction. The President's proposal to turn a large number of programs over to the states met his long-expressed desire to diminish the role of the federal government—and, the White House hoped, set the agenda for 1982, distracting attention from the economic difficulties. One of the President's aides said to me early in January, "We have to have a program that's imaginative enough and large enough in scope to be used as a blueprint for action by the Administration and Congress. Otherwise, we'll be faced, at best, with somebody else's plan, or perhaps no plan at all." Turning the audience's attention elsewhere would be difficult this time, because of other decisions the President had made.

Reagan had boxed himself into budget deficits large enough to alarm even his own Party, which, like him, had long preached the virtues of a balanced budget, and to give the Democrats an opportunity to appear to be the fiscally responsible ones. Originally, the President's aides hoped that the federalism proposal would provide a way around his stubborn resistance to reversing course on taxes. They hoped to entice him into approving an increase in excise taxes by suggesting that the revenues would be used to accomplish something he wanted to do. A week before the State of the Union speech, he came close, reluctantly, to accepting this idea, and then backed off. Actually, by the time the excise-tax proposal reached him it wasn't very large. Excise taxes on beer and gasoline had already been ruled out by his advisers as politically unpleasant. Other taxes had been dismissed as incapable of winning the President's approval. Though there was disagreement within the Administration—a number of the President's advisers argued that, with such large deficits, the President was running the risk of undermining an economic recovery, while the supply-siders said that everything would be fine—it was decided to risk the economic and political consequences of higher deficits. The deficits had become so large that it was considered not worth the trouble of trying to reduce them—throug excise taxes, at least—by a mere fiftee or twenty billion dollars. Some o the President's aides assumed tha Congress would cut spending for th military below the President's request the argument within the Administration over military spending ended las summer.

Reagan places a high premium o consistency, and his aversion to th idea of appearing to offset the effects o his tax cuts goes back a long time Early in the 1980 campaign, I aske him whether he was given pause in hi support of substantial tax cuts by th example of Britain, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had pu through a tax cut without positive results. Reagan replied instantly tha Mrs. Thatcher had made the mistak of imposing a value-added tax on consumer items after cutting incom taxes. It was this explanation for wha had gone wrong in Britain that Reagan had absorbed and, as is his wont clung to. Clearly—and understandably—he did not now want to have t listen to Representative Jack Kem and other supply-siders forever accus him of undermining his own program.

One Presidential aide said to m early this year, "The President is naturally against taxes of any kind." Reagan is fond of saying, "I have no reverse gear." (But, as on of his associates has pointed out, he does have a artful way of reorienting vehicle without using reverse.) The President, defining the argument in hi terms, talks of whether h should amend his tax-cu program as a question o whether he should "raise" taxes. The proposals tha were being made outside the Administration—people inside had long since given up—were to reduce the size of the reduction in future years and postpone the third installment, or make it contingent upon certain economic circumstances. As the tax bill stands, it will cost the government ninety-three billion dollars in the 1983 fiscal year, a hundred and fifty billion



"You must admit we've never wanted for coziness."

ollars in fiscal 1984, and a hundred nd ninety-nine billion in fiscal 1985. ,ast summer, when Reagan was tryıg to persuade the House to pass his ıx bill, he was willing to indicate exibility. Representative Elliott Leitas, Democrat of Georgia, who was ·oubled about the size of the cuts in ıture years, said in the House debate ıat he had talked with the President ıe previous evening, and, said Levitas, He told me that in the event there are :onomic problems, if the anticipated :onomic recovery had not occurred y this third year he would come to ;ongress with proposals which would aise the revenues, if necessary, or take ther actions to rectify that." Thus ssured, Levitas supported the bill.

Few people in Washington doubted ıat the President's proposal to lop off ederal programs and send them to the :ates would stir up a storm—and that ; one way of changing the subject. ˜he question of the appropriate role of ıe states and the federal government ; an old one, the subject of hundreds f reports and conferences, and there ad been widespread agreement that ome carefully thought through sortıg out was in order someday. But the leological cast of the President's roposals, their sweeping and at the ame time vague nature, as well as the conomic context in which they were ffered, guaranteed a row. Once again, owever, the President was in a posiion to command the high ground of he debate: he was for streamlining the ederal government, reducing its size, nd cutting the bureaucracy and its egulations. Reagan's pollster, Richard Virthlin, had taken soundings that ndicated that the ideas of shrinking he size of the federal government and f having programs run by governnents closer to home were popular.)pponents of Reagan's proposal would e reduced, as Reagan's opponents ften are, to a "yes, but" position. In a olitical debate, the tactical advantage f making something sound very simle is that those who oppose it are ften forced to make it sound comlicated and appear to be against omething worthy—as those who have pposed Reagan over the years have earned. They were for lowering taxs, but not by as much or in the same vay; they were for reducing government spending, but not as drastically or n the same way; they were for maintaining a strong defense, but not at uch great cost or in the same way. As)emocrats, who had just begun to ense that they had Reagan on the

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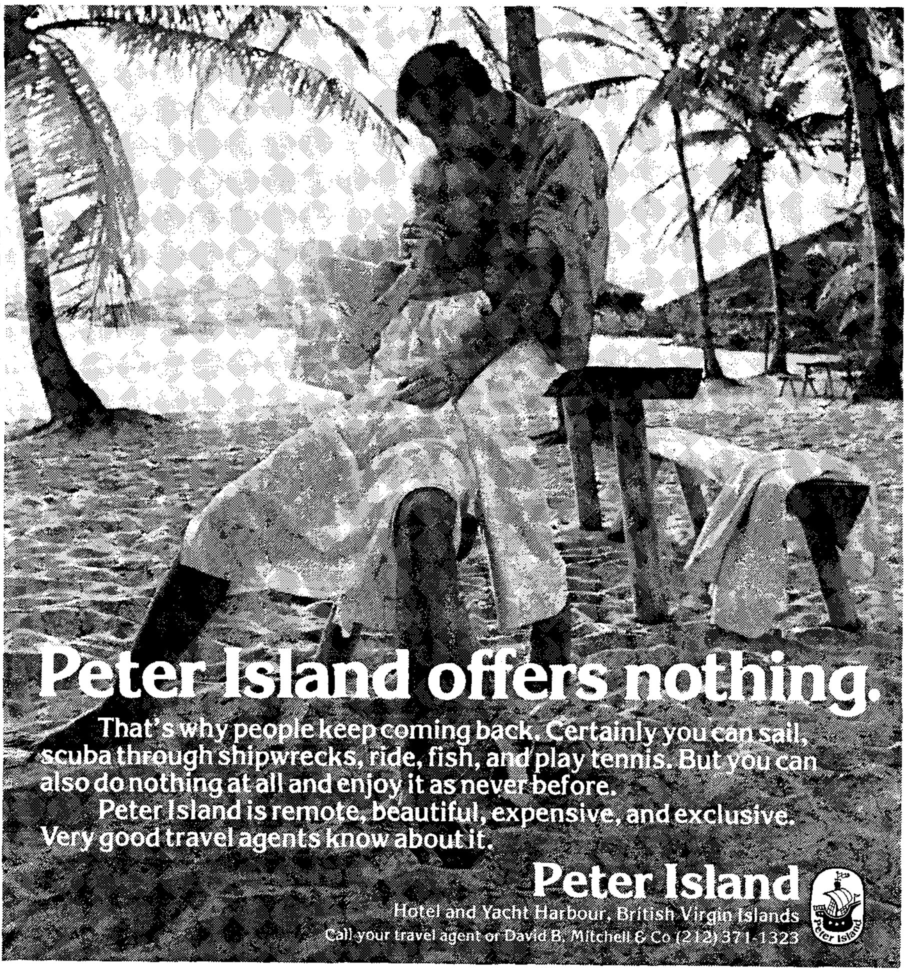

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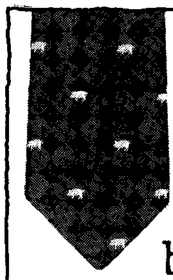

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defensive because of the state of the economy, got wind of his federalism program, they had the uneasy feeling that, once again, they were being maneuvered into a "yes, but" position.

THE enthusiasm with which the appointment of William Clark as the President's new National Security Adviser was greeted in Washington was like the welcome given calm air after a series of squalls. The *Sturm und Drang* of the arrangement between Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig, Jr., Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, and Richard V. Allen, Clark's predecessor, was, while newsworthy, hard on the nerves, not to speak of the making of foreign policy. Clark is tall, genial, composed, without sharp edges. He looks like the peaceable sheriff in the old Westerns. Because he lacks sharp edges, and because he is secure and self-assured—and because his relationship to the President is unquestionably close—he is capable of mediating among strong-willed men. But not even Clark's fans within the Administration argue that he is any genius, or that—for all the talk of his being a "quick study"—he knows a lot about foreign policy. (Of course, some of the foreign-policy "experts" who have filled the National Security Adviser's job have caused difficulty.) Also, Clark likes to make things move, get things done. That's fine as long as the people involved know what they're doing. This Administration is notably weak in foreign-affairs experience at the highest levels: of all the key figures—Haig, Weinberger, Clark, and the President—only Haig has substantial experience in the field. Clark is now moving to surround himself with people who have expertise. And experienced foreign-policy officials say that he is open, willing to listen, and, though he shares Reagan's view of the world, nondoctrinaire. He is expected to be able to bring an end to certain debates over issues—something that Allen was not empowered to do and that neither Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor, to whom Allen reported, nor the President was inclined to do.

Periodically, rumors sweep Washington that Meese will leave the White House, and not entirely of his own volition—rumors helped along by some of Meese's colleagues. But such is Meese's pride and the strength of his relationship with Reagan that he is unlikely to leave unless his departure appears to be of his own volition. The Reagan campaign suffered fro Meese's lack of organization, and s does the Reagan White House. Meese judgment is sometimes in questio too. He has the same affable, imperturbable style as Clark—and Rea gan. He talks confidently, even when is not clear that he knows what he talking about, and he appears to act times on incomplete information. Th imperturbable style, the apparent eas ness—in contrast to, for exampl Haig—deflects criticism. But Mee has had his critics within the Whi House for some time. The crac within the President's "troika"– James Baker, Michael Deaver, an Meese—came to the surface public last summer when Meese failed wake the President during the aeri dogfight off the coast of Libya. The broke wide open over the recent iss of tax exemptions for private schoo that practice racial discrimination.

The White House managed to g into the tax-exemption mess because was wearing its ideological blinder was being given incompetent guic ance, and was trying to soothe a important political constituency. Th segregated academies that sprang up– many of them under fundamentali Christian auspices—after publ schools were ordered desegregate have been an important rallying poi for the right wing. Since 1970, the ta exemption of these schools had bee denied, pursuant to a district-court o der, which was upheld by the Supren Court the following year. Schools lo their exemptions if they turned dow black applicants or if they refused state that they did not discriminat But a few years after the Court rulin the original plaintiffs brought a ne complaint that the rules weren't worl ing, and in the interim evidence ha accumulated that schools specifical formed to avoid desegregation we still getting tax exemptions. In 197 the Carter Administration's Intern Revenue Service, under Jerome Kurt proposed a ruling that would ha placed a greater burden of proof on t schools that they were not discrimina ing—and the roof fell in. The funda mentalist movement mobilized itse politically as never before in order fight the ruling. Some say that it w this issue that got the movement in politics. Conservatives pushed legisla tion through Congress that prohibite the ruling from going into effec In 1980, a new court order was issue that essentially embodied the regula tion, but it applied only to priva hools in Mississippi, where black arents had brought the complaint. espite the fact that the Carter ruling ever went into effect, the right car- ed on its crusade against it. Aides ıd allies of Senator Jesse Helms, epublican of North Carolina, suc- eded in getting into the 1980 Repub- can platform a call for a halt to the unconstitutional regulatory ven- etta launched by Mr. Carter's I.R.S. ommissioner against independent hools." Helms, whose state contains large number of Christian acade- ies, including the Goldsboro Chris- an Schools, which were at issue in e recent events, and Senator Strom hurmond, Republican of South Car- lina, where Bob Jones University, hich was also at issue, is situated, ad been leaders among those fighting r tax relief for private fundamental- t schools. Bob Jones and Goldsboro ad been denied exemptions under the riginal ruling, back in 1970. Repre- ntative Trent Lott, Republican of Iississippi, whose letter to the White Iouse suggesting that the President ıvolve himself in the pending Supreme ourt case regarding Bob Jones Uni- ersity received an affirmative response, as not the only interested politician. o the Reagan Administration, hav- ıg first filed a Supreme Court brief efending the denial of a tax exemp- on to Bob Jones University and the oldsboro Schools—a denial that had een upheld in the lower courts— eversed course. As the layers of the ory were peeled away, it became clear ıat the President was more deeply in- olved than his aides had at first sug- ested, and that the aides themselves new more about it than they had at rst indicated, and that their ideology ad trapped them. When Meese and red Fielding, the White House ounsel, both of whom had worked on ıe matter, described it in a senior staff ıeeting—incorrectly—as a decision y the Justice and Treasury Depart- ıents to reverse a Carter Administra- ion regulation, others, by their own ater testimony, on hearing the words Carter" and "regulation," were sat- sfied. But it is clear that they did now that the issue involved Bob ones University and race, and knew hat there would be trouble—or what hey have referred to as "a communi- ations problem." The handling of his was turned over to David Gergen, Assistant to the President for Com- ıunications, and the decision was an- ıounced by the Treasury and Justice Departments rather than by the White

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House—and on a Friday afternoon, when announcements that it is hoped will receive little attention are made. The President's aides were also aware that the Administration was reacting to political pressures. "We had people on the Hill clamoring for the decision we made," one White House aide said to me shortly afterward. Another said, "Ed mentioned that he'd had a number of calls on it."

In the scramble to mitigate the damage to itself, the Administration considered, along with offering legislation to deny tax exemptions to schools that discriminate, issuing a statement that no schools should be given tax exemptions while the legislation was pending. But that would have required it to go to the Supreme Court and reverse itself once again, which it wasn't willing to do. So it requested that the I.R.S. grant no exemptions in the interim—except for Bob Jones and Goldsboro. Officials have said publicly that the reason these schools are at least temporarily being allowed tax exemptions—an arrangement that Kurtz considers "lawless"—is that the Administration had already made the case before the Court moot. In fact, the Court had not yet acted on its request to forget the whole thing. Helms' office, with help from some White House staff members, kept in close touch with all the maneuvering. The very act of asking for legislation undermines the idea that the Internal Revenue Service was rightly acting under court instructions and that no legislation was needed. One of Helms' tactics in fighting the I.R.S. regulation in the first place had been to offer legislation embodying the denial of tax exemptions, but on terms that would have made it more difficult for the government to enforce. The President, in his recent press conference—after he had ample opportunity to learn otherwise—sought to perpetuate the idea that the I.R.S. was making "social law" on its own. And while some White House aides offer assurances that the legislation will go through Congress easily, others concede that they aren't so sure. Heln and his allies are lying in wait. change of a few words in the bill coul render it meaningless.

Even before the recent events, se eral Republican politicians in Cor gress and elsewhere—the South ir cluded—were troubled by the Admir istration's treatment of blacks. The saw an Administration that, in its po icies explicitly covering race and in i cutbacks in social programs, appeare to be systematically removing tl props from under blacks. Beyond tl moral qualms that this gave son Republican politicians, there were tl political considerations. Many Re publican politicians count on son black support. Moreover, Republica were shaken by two off-year electio in the South last year—one for House seat from Mississippi and or for the governorship of Virginia—i which blacks marshalled strong turr outs and helped elect Democrats offices formerly held by Republicans.

AS the Administration and Congre began to gear up for the year, could find few people who believe that, beyond the noise, very muc would be accomplished in this cor gressional session. It seems to be as sumed that most people's energies wi be devoted to getting into position fc the November election. It may be th as far as the legislative picture goes tl year will consist of, as someone her has suggested, a "war of impressions. Public misgivings about a Preside have a way of growing imperceptib at first and then taking root. As Cor gress returned to Washington, Re gan's economic program remained ur proved, and the public was registerin more concern about the program's ec uity. The Reagans' sensitivity towar those not so well off was in doubt, was the President's grasp of the issu before him. His old habit of citin facts and telling anecdotes that ar open to question was getting more at tention. It would take more than State of the Union speech to overcon these things. —ELIZABETH DRE

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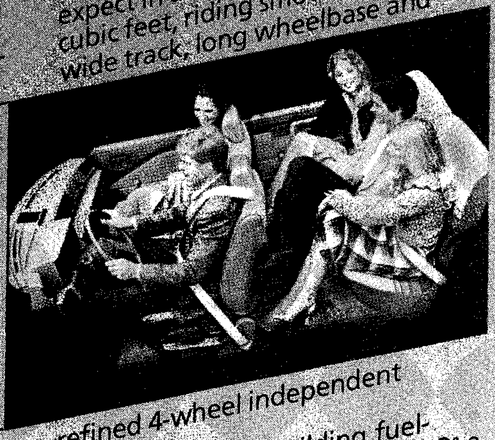

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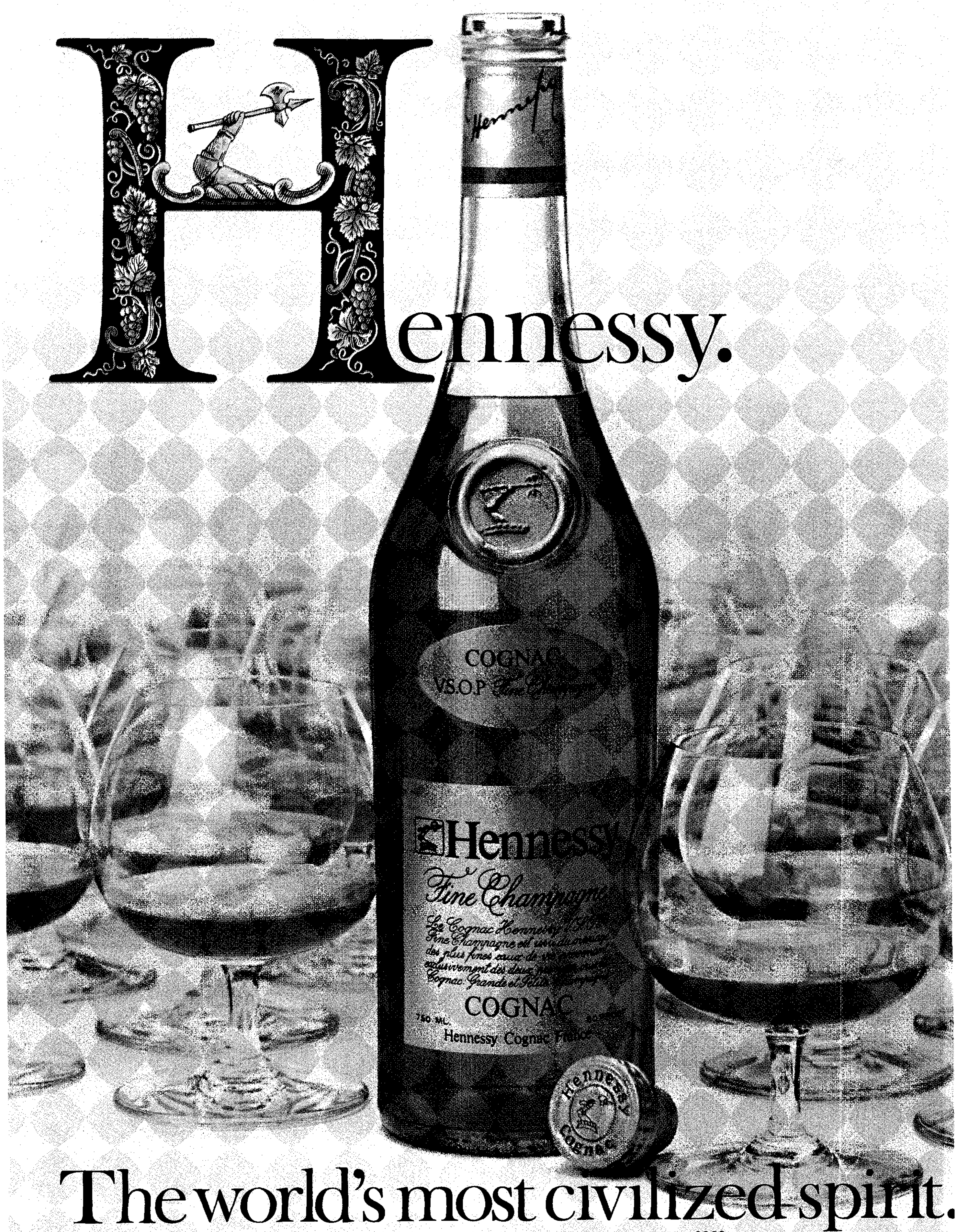
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BOOKS

All Told

TOM McHALE is a novelist notable for his sensational plots and impetuous, high-flying prose. He has written six novels, tarting with “Principato,” in 1970. The most recent is “Dear Friends,” ubtitled “A Novel of Marriage and Obsession” (Doubleday; $16.95). Whether the tag was the publisher's dea or the author's, it is redundant and, as a come-on, somewhat bland—no way to inaugurate the work of a hetorical daredevil like McHale. The book opens with a tortuous, mystifyng reminiscence that incorporates opics and tropes familiar to readers of one or more of McHale's previous books—“Farragan's Retreat” 1971), for example, or “The Lady rom Boston” (1978). Threats of etribution are mentioned, and “a ost American past,” Boston, Italian gangsters, laughter, tears, and death. As for tropes, “hyperbole” is the pertinent term: “memorable,” “demented,” “powerful,” “lurking,” “terorized,” “the maelstrom of his own moral nature,” “dark passion,” “botomless” pity.

The introductory chapter of “Dear Friends” is more revealing about the author's preoccupations than about his subject, and not as concise as the first lines of “Farragan's Retreat,” which pinpoint without delay McHale, his hero, and the main line of the plot:

> Farragan had absolutely no intention of murdering his son, Simon; fathers did not usually quash their own seed, after all, given the time and trouble it took to make it grow.

In fact, “Dear Friends” is not as coherent a novel as “Farragan's Retreat.” It is more arbitrary in its development, it leans on false leads, it is digressive, it plods; it is overcrowded with minor characters of no special interest, and is unnecessarily rich in reports on time, weather, geography, and cuisine. The subdivision of the book into VIII Parts and thirty-nine chapters, each bearing a title, may be a sign of a struggle to pull it together. “Farragan” was held to nineteen titled chapters, “The Lady from Boston” to twenty-four chapters and three Parts. Progressive structural disintegration could finally leave only gaudy fragments to marvel at in McHale's future works.

“Dear Friends,” however, although more splintered than “The Lady from Boston” and just as seemingly reckless in form and style, is a more purposeful book, being centered on a single major dilemma. To judge from these three of his books, at least, McHale's preferred theme is the panic of a middle-aged, middle-class man faced with some unavoidable challenge to his physical and emotional comfort. The crucial age varies; James Sutherland, of “Dear Friends,” sees himself at thirty-seven as “a genuine middle-aged artifact,” Arthur Farragan is forty-six, and Dwight David Aldrich, the born-again Republican adventurer of “The Lady from Boston,” is about thirty. Aldrich was introduced with a typically momentous summary of his plight:

> All told he had thought that for people like himself America was really quite a manageable Republic from sea to shining sea, until all sorts of unforeseens ganged up on him and harshly smote him down.

The same could be said of Farragan, a prosperous, outwardly upstanding Catholic citizen of Philadelphia who is assigned by an older brother and sister to kill his own son as a punishment for draft evasion (the story takes place in 1968) and who, in the course of trying discreetly to sidestep that particular

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family duty, becomes a prospective victim of murder himself. That's not all. Entangled as a consequence of McHale's malicious inventiveness in religious and sexual crises, too, Farragan is even obliged to be honest with himself about his feelings for his mother. Like Farragan, James Sutherland rather suddenly finds himself "flat up against the prospect of his own death"—after he discovers that he is not the father of the child he thought was his. This may be the most terrible thing that can happen to a man, perhaps worse than being ordered to kill his son, and McHale is appropriately unrestrained in his celebration of the catastrophe. Sutherland suffers prematurely from "immense self-loathing," and is beset before learning the worst by the "nagging intuition" that "his known world had somehow begun the irreversible process of dismembering itself." Accumulating revelations cause him to feel that "the world as he knew it was teetering on the edge of insanity."

Chapter headings set the tone and trace the frenzied course pursued by the violated husband, proclaiming Blizzard, Madness, Attack, Suicide, War, Final Solution, and, toward the end, hinting at a reversal—Anger. "God!" "Lord!" "My God!" "Oh God!" "Jesus Christ!" "Jesus H. Christ!" "Cripes!" "*Mein Gott!*" the characters exclaim as they are caught up in one aspect or another of the melodrama. "Zo!" "Oh, my God, no!" "*Salaud!*" "Tsk! Tsk!" Speaking, Sutherland growls, hisses, spits, snaps, and spurts ("'Jesus Christ!' Sutherland spurted involuntarily"). In the grip of emotion, he is inclined to laugh or weep. McHale makes note of convulsive laughter, quiet laughter, tears of laughter, hysterical laughter, howling laughter, tears, and sobs. In "The Lady from Boston," at the prospect of suicide "unabashed tears of joy roared down Aldrich's face." In one of the best scenes in "Farragan's Retreat," McHale writes that at their mother's wake Farragan and his brother Jim had "pummeled their eyes with handkerchiefs." McHale reels from rhetorical heights to depths of vulgarity, from references to "The Scarlet Letter" and "Dubliners" to execrable ethnic caricature. His sense of humor is questionable: following a delicatessen proprietor's comments about his Japanese daughter-in-law and "slit-eyed little grandchildren," he has Sutherland shake "with quiet laughter" and think that "Mordechi was one of the funniest men he had

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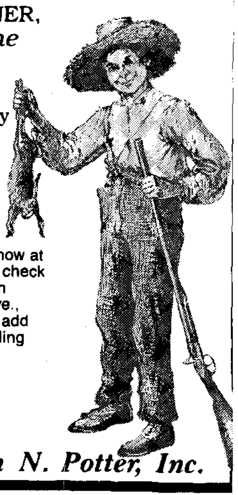

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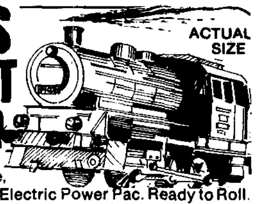

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ver met.” He trips over his own enhusiasm for winter scenery in an mage of warehouse roofs “covered niformly with a blanket of snowlike hite icing on a long row of wedgehaped cakes.” The absent-mindedess that appears to be at the heart of hat simile may also account for Sutherland could hear audibly,” and or a reference to “the Moriscos, the ews of Spain” (instead of Marranos). till, extravagance is McHale's special-. He is awkward at routine narrative nd description, and although he can rite naturalistic dialogue, he favors ialogue that resembles antiphonal eclamation. His impatience with just ne way of putting an idea and his mpropriety are what make him worth eading. At one moment, Sutherand, in a sentimental mood, envisions he driver of a wrecked trailer truck as a black man hastening home in time or a warm Christmas with a family n Titusville,” while his friend, a deective named Mallory, calls the ame driver “some throttle jockey pade barrel-assin' his way back to the and of sunshine in a blizzard.” In anther case, plain speaking—“ ‘I don't it women,' he told her bluntly”— thrillingly paraphrased: “Banging omen around was not his ethic.”

What mainly sets “Dear Friends” part from “Farragan's Retreat” and The Lady from Boston” is a deliberte anticlimax. Sutherland, unlike arragan or Aldrich, is distracted rom his potentially fatal self-absorpion by a sense of responsibility to his amily and a friend. His surrender to iddle age comes as a surprise, which urns out to have been neatly arranged y McHale under cover of the apparntly haphazard movements of his haracters and shifts of scene. It could e that the idea of surrender took McHale by surprise, too. A crying baby nd a spring thawing of a river could s well have accompanied a more catstrophic finale. But the perfect terse xchange that ends the book suggests hat McHale is more artful than his ectic manner leads one to suppose.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ECRET PLACES, by Janice Elliott (St. Martin's; $9.95). “This is Laura. She has come from Abroad.” With these words, a skinny schoolgirl in a flouncy frock is introduced to her classmates halfway through their Latin lesson. The time is the start of the Second World War, and the place is an English girls' day school. A big-boned, thoughtful girl named Patience is instructed to share her textbook with Laura, and the result is that they become fast friends. In the course of the next several years, Patience (whose father is fighting Rommel in North Africa) comes to pity Laura's mother, an exotic Russian-French *morphiniste* ensconced in a boudoir full of old jewels and Worth dresses, and to admire Laura's father, a German physicist who fled Germany with his wife and daughter after his son denounced him to the Nazis, and who must decide whether to collaborate with Allied scientists on the Bomb. At first, “The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie” springs to mind, as Laura and Patience listen to their friends and learn new words for new sensations and watch their starchy teachers for clues to what started the battle of the sexes, but the battles that soon begin among their classmates are mostly because of Laura's German background—she is denounced as both a Jew and a Nazi—and the story turns out to be a subtle one about families as well as friends, and about the war as well as about the childhood peace that ended with it.

BYZANTIUM ENDURES, by Michael Moorcock (Random House; $14.50). A picaresque novel about how one Maxim Arturovitch Pyatnitski (to give him the first and the last of the several names he finds it expedient to use), born in Kiev in 1900, survived the Bolshevik Revolution. The author, a well-known English science-fiction writer, pretends that the story came to him from Pyatnitski—in conversations and autobiographical papers—in London just before the aged exile's death, in 1977. It is thus a tour de force, and an extraordinary one. Mr. Moorcock has somehow acquired an impressive understanding of Kiev and Odessa in the early nineteen-hundreds, of St. Petersburg (where Pyatnitski was an engineering student at the Polytechnic Institute) at the outbreak of the revolution, and of the Ukrainian battlegrounds of the various Bolshevik, Nationalist, Socialist Revolutionary, Anarchist, and homespun bandit armies. He has also created in Pyatnitski a wholly sympathetic and highly complicated rogue—a gifted engineer, a linguist fluent in French, English, Polish, and German, a womanizer and cocaine user

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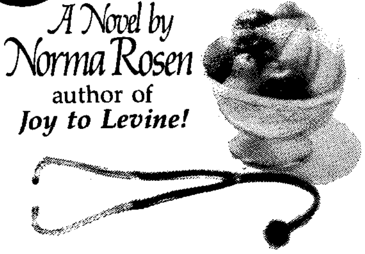

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from the age of fourteen, an effortless role player, a devout Greek Orthodox Christian (hence the title), and a violent anti-Semite (though he is possibly half Jewish), anti-Roman Catholic, and anti-Muslim. There is much vigorous action here, along with a depth and an intellectuality, and humor and color and wit as well: "The Revolution had been a work of modern art: convulsive, undisciplined, emotional, and formless."

THE DARK HORSE, by Rumer Godden (Viking; $11.95). A slim story set in India in the nineteen-thirties, which is where and when Miss Godden first heard it told. It stars a quirky, clever English race horse named Dark Invader, which is sold to a Calcutta racing stable. A number of complicated people—all dark horses, all invaders—have a lot to gain if Dark Invader should win the big Viceroy's Cup race: the owner, a *millionaire* scorned by local British high society because he is of "mixed blood" (apparently part Jewish and part Arab); the trainer, a former British cavalry officer, ostracized ever since he resigned his post to marry a half-Indian woman; and the aging stable boy, who was a valued English jockey until, fifteen years earlier, he lost his wife, and then his grip, and also his license, and who is now about to get a second chance to ride. A few days before the race, the Sisters of Poverty, a religious order down the road, find their prayers for a draft horse (to haul their food wagon) almost answered when Dark Invader shows up on the premises. The ending, after some fierce contests on and off the track, is happy for one and all. Detailed descriptions of Calcutta relieve some of the heavy symbolism and slow pace of a story that should have been told quickly—in, say, five minutes.

GENERAL

RICHARD III, by Charles Ross (University of California Press; $24.50). Any biographer of the last Plantagenet King of England must contend with two directly opposed schools of opinion. There are those who paint Richard all black, all evil ("Thou elvish-marked, abortive, and rooting hog" is how Shakespeare's Queen Margaret amiably addresses him), and there are the revisionists, a fiercely contentious tribe, whose members produce books and articles

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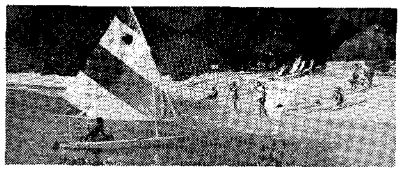

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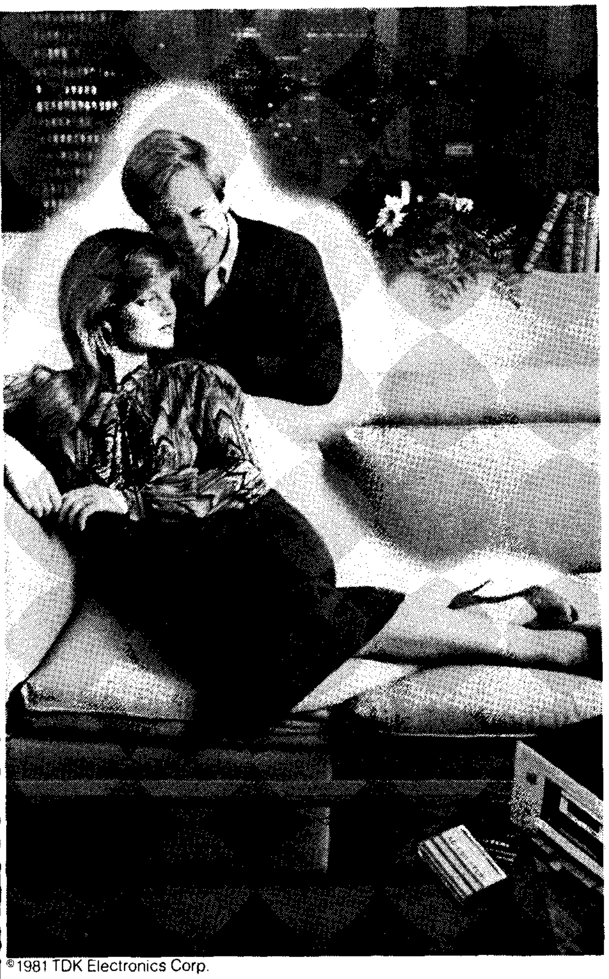
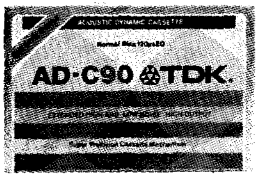
and a periodical, *The Ricardian*, all devoted to clearing the King of wrongdoing. This author, professor of medieval history at the University of Bristol, sees Richard of Gloucester, who usurped the throne upon the death of his brother, Edward IV, in 1483, simply as a man of his time, whose resort to violent means and illegal actions to attain his ends was in no way unique, and who ruled in a reasonable and moderate manner once he had become king. Professor Ross can find no reason to suppose that Richard was misshapen or crippled, for no contemporary ever remarked on any deformity, and he cites a modern X-ray examination of a portrait done from life which shows the famous hunchback to have been painted in over a straight shoulder line. He does not absolve Richard of the murder of his two young nephews in the Tower, as the revisionists do; the evidence is too strong, he says. He concludes a fascinating portrayal by observing that the placing of Richard in the context of his own violent age makes him not a morally better man—just a more understandable one.

THE GERMANS, by Gordon A. Craig (Putnam; $15.95). The author, an American specialist in German history, appears to know everything about that country's past and its culture, and, using his fund of lore with deftness and discretion, he tells us what the contemporary Germans are like, the problems the two Germanys face, and the current status of everything from German prose to German feminism. His method is to take a subject—religion, say—and go as far back as necessary to explain recent developments and the position of the German churches today. Inevitably, much less is known by Americans about East Germany than about West Germany, and the future relationship of the two is a question to which no one has an answer. In East Germany, Mr. Craig tells us, there has been an energetic propaganda effort within the armed forces to insure that if there is war East Germans will fire upon West Germans. The prevailing anxiety in, and about, West Germany is centered on whether the acceptance of parliamentary democracy and civil liberties since the Second World War can withstand the stress of economic hard times. Mr. Craig has plenty of firsthand experience to





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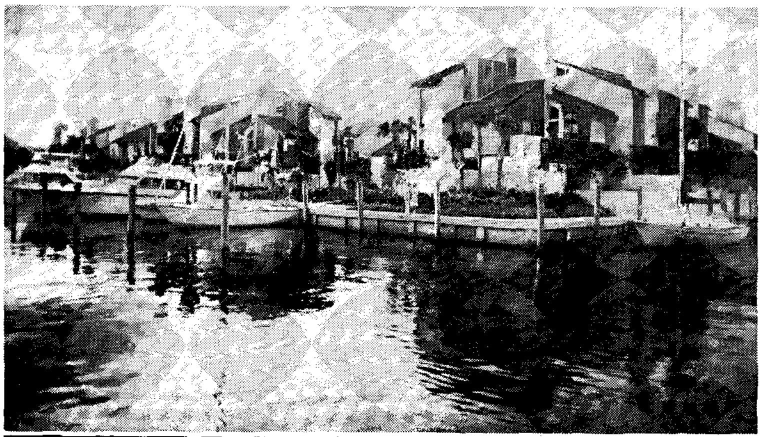

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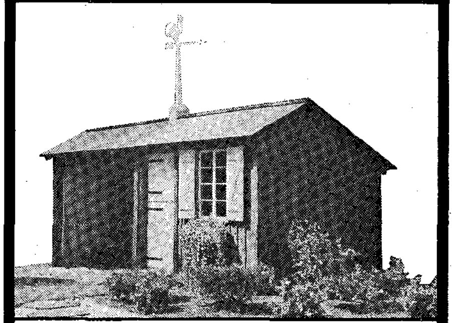

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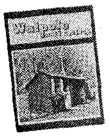

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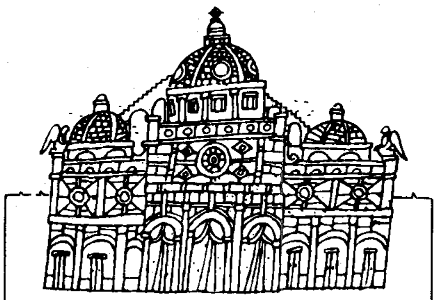
enliven his writing, and his style is easy.

An End to Silence, translated from the Russian by George Saunders and edited by Stephen A. Cohen (Norton; $19.95). In 1964, after the ouster of Khrushchev and the consequent decline of his anti-Stalinist reform movement, Roy Medvedev, the Soviet historian, started circulating a typewritten *samizdat* magazine to a very small circle of fellow political dissidents. This clandestine journal, consisting at first of a few pages but later numbering as many as two hundred, was open to writers who wanted to criticize various political and economic aspects of Soviet life that could not be discussed in the official press; chiefly, however, it was devoted to keeping the spirit of anti-Stalinism alive. It lasted seven years; then it became too much for one man to handle, and Medvedev dropped it. This book is made up of selections from the files of the journal, including poems and personal accounts by victims of Stalin's terror, polemical essays, political testaments, and denunciations of former Gulag officials. The book is a remarkably revealing one, not so much for what it tells us of the Stalinist past as for what it says about the intelligence, resilience, and political wisdom of dissident members of Soviet society.

The Borgias, by Marion Johnson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $19.95). A history of the three Borgias we know best: Rodrigo, who became Pope Alexander VI; his son, Cesare; and his daughter, Lucrezia. While the book (which is beautifully illustrated) is in no sense an apologia for a family that is singularly unmourned in history, it does strive to get at the truth of the Borgia legend. Alexander VI was a venal and licentious Pope who got rich by selling spiritual indulgences (it was he whom Martin Luther raged against), but he was not the first of that kind, the author reminds us, or the last, or the worst. He was also a man of great charm, intelligence, and administrative skill, a great forgiver, and a master of compromise who held the Church of Rome together in a dangerous time. The handsome Cesare, whom Machiavelli used as a model of the successful practitioner of ruthless politics, is the Borgia hardest to stomach—a murderer many times over, a tyrant and scourge, whose



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nly redeeming quality was his
oyalty to his sister (even though he
ad her second husband strangled).
ut, again, the author says, there
ere more brutal and rapacious con-
ottieri loose in the Italian land-
cape at that time, some of them
embers of the oldest and most dis-
inguished noble families. And, fi-
ally, there is Lucrezia, depicted in
er day as a Messalina, as a poi-
oner, and as a willing partner in
ncestuous relations with both father
nd brother; she, according to Mar-
on Johnson, was more a victim of
er father's dynastic ambitions than
 sinner. One explanation for the
orgias' poor reputation among the
talians, the author thinks, is that
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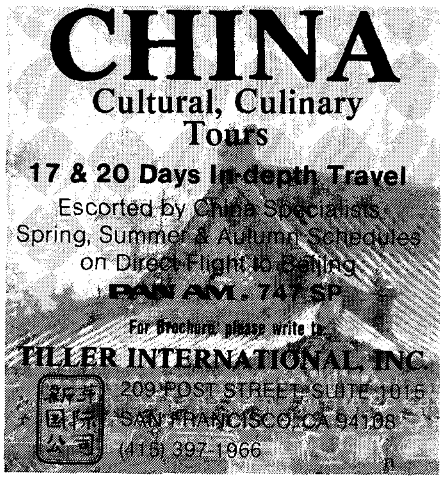

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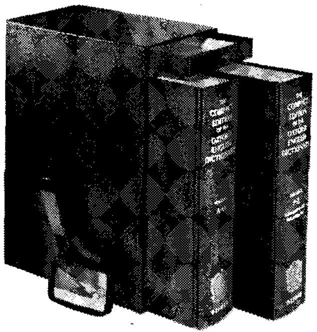

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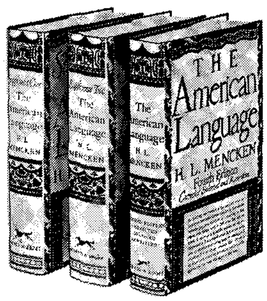

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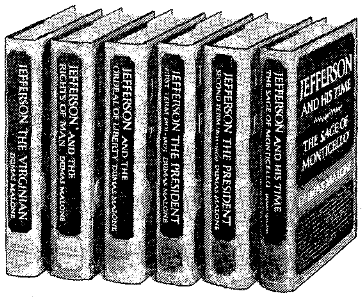

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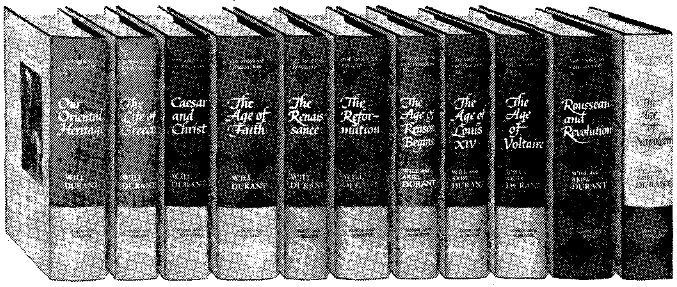

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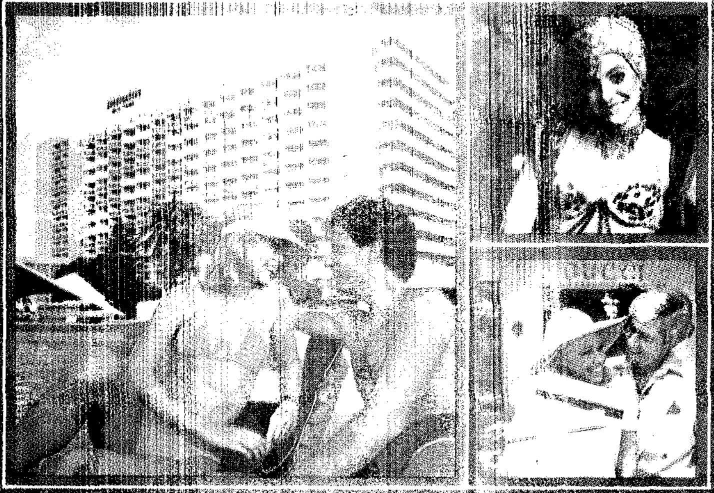

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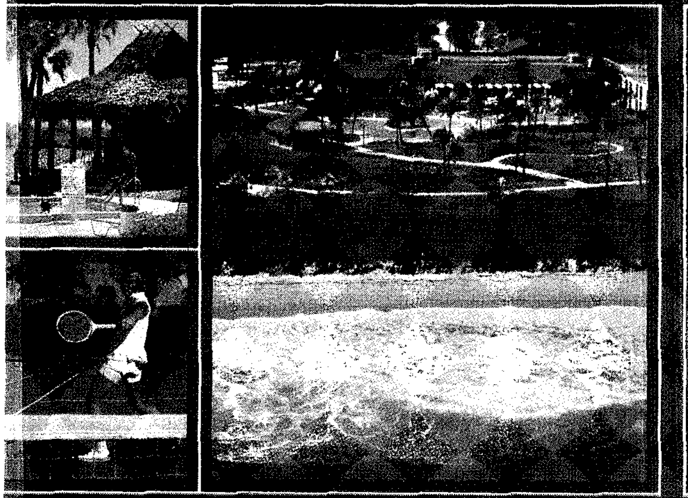

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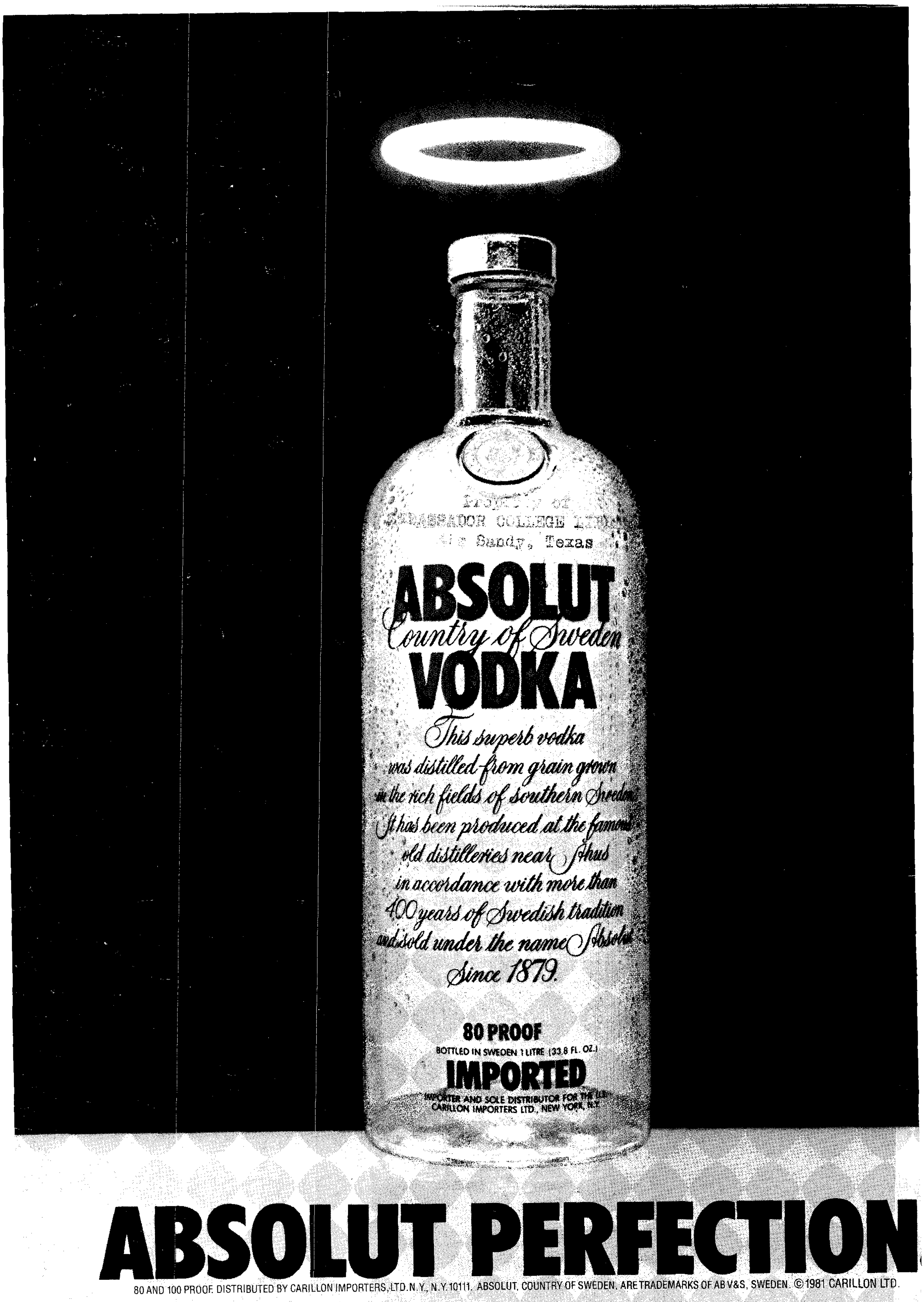
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